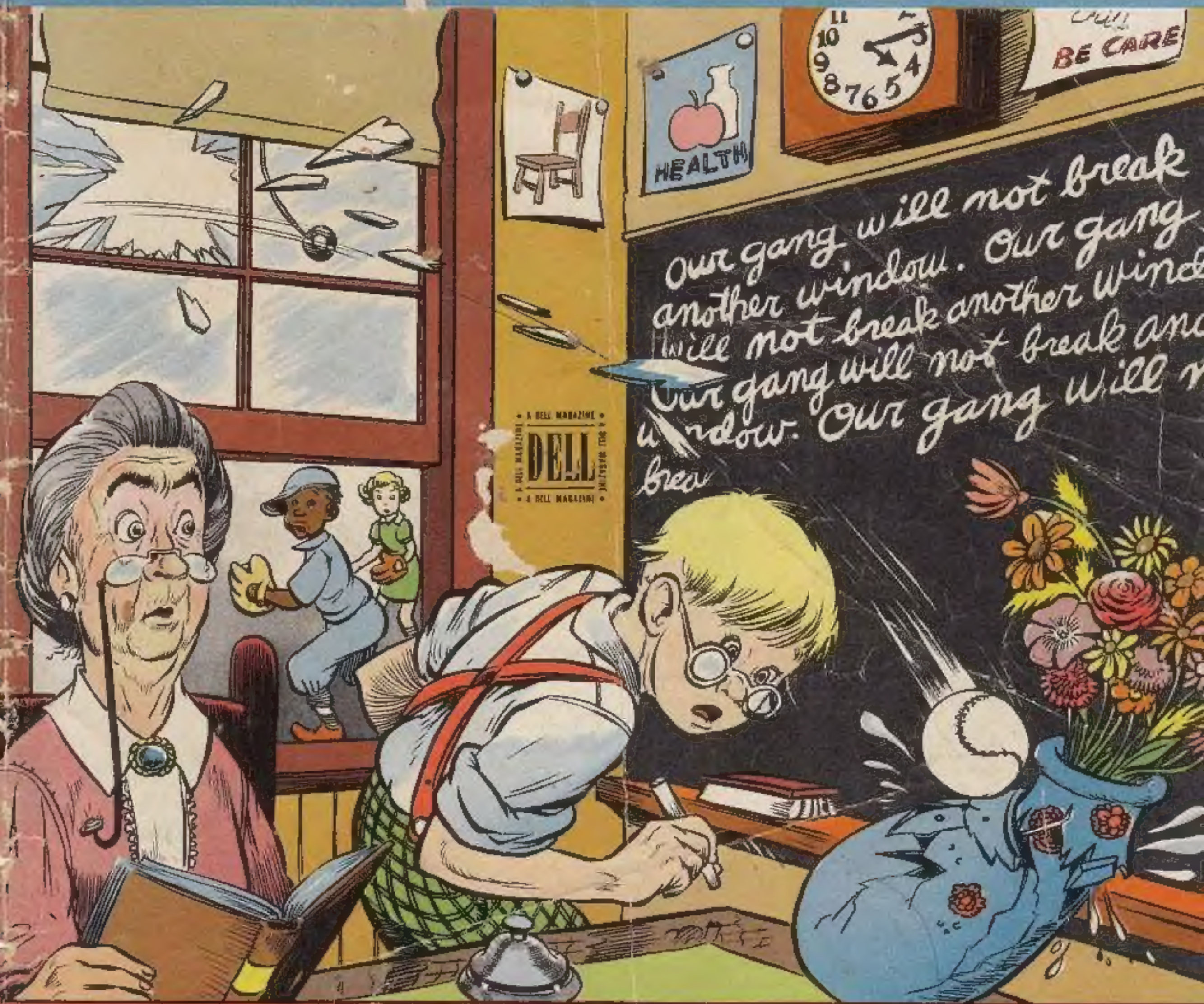


Our Gang

10¢

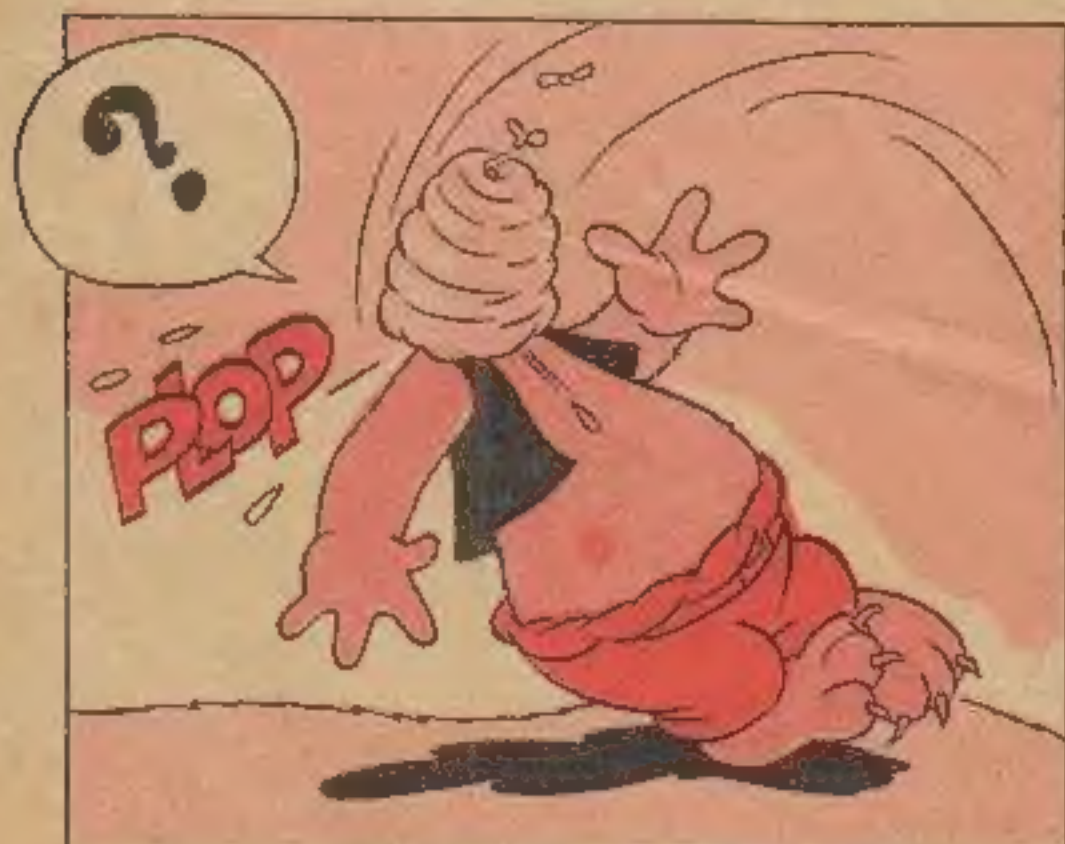
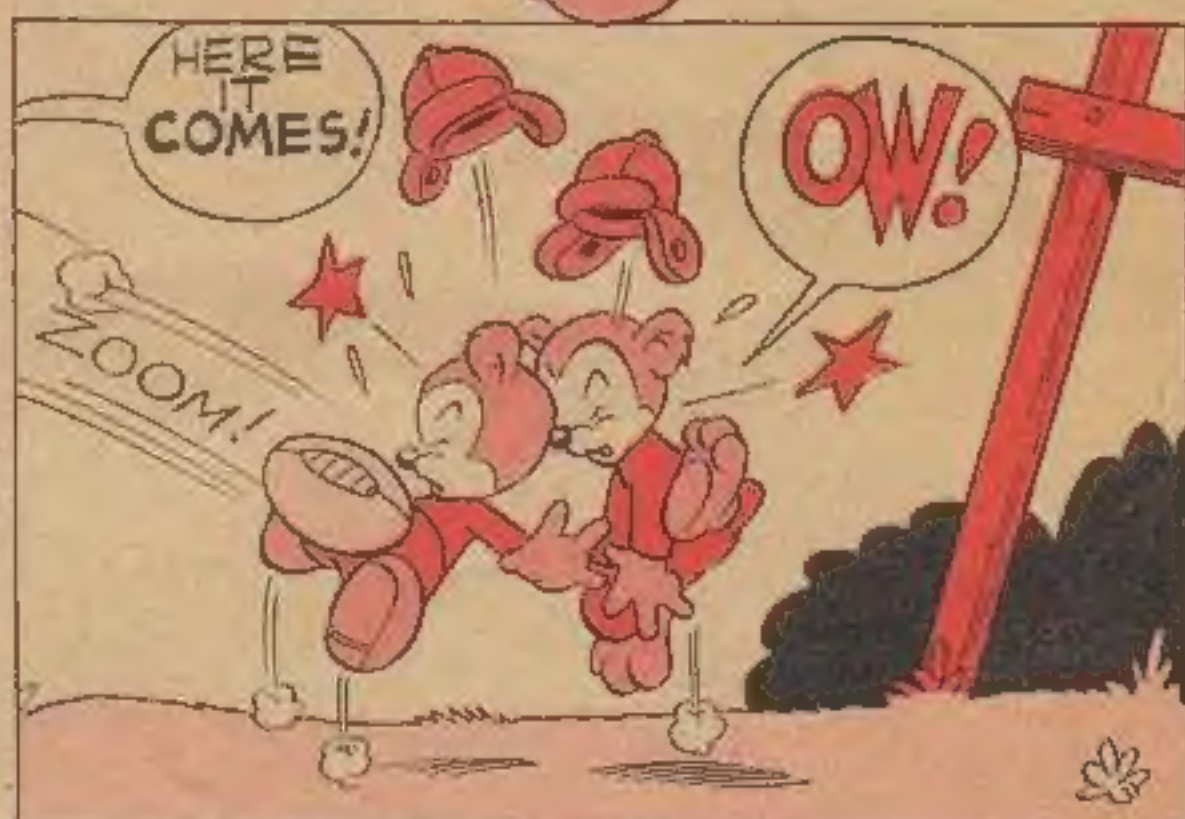
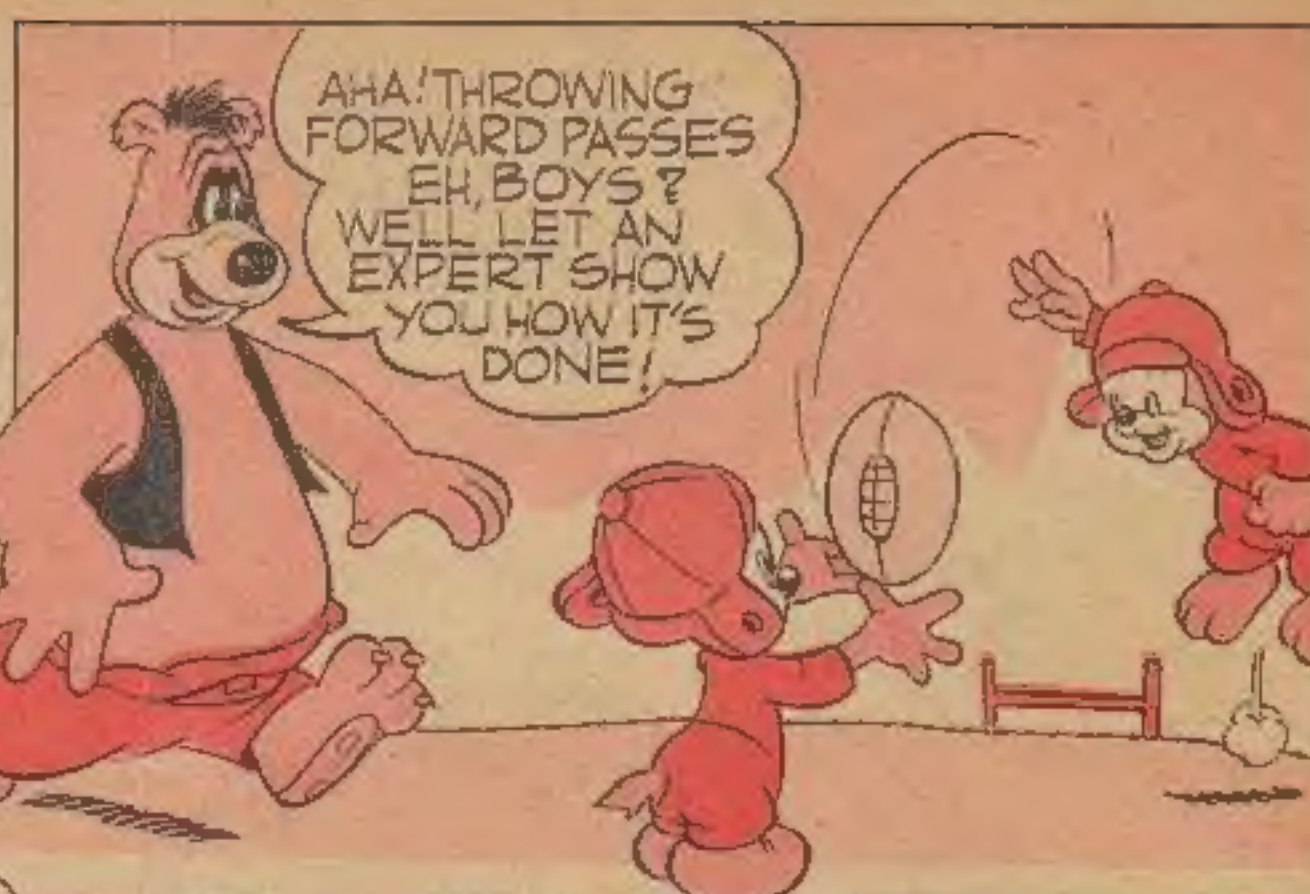
MARCH-APRIL

No. 16 COMICS



Our gang will not break
another window. Our gang
will not break another window.
Our gang will not break another
window. Our gang will not
break

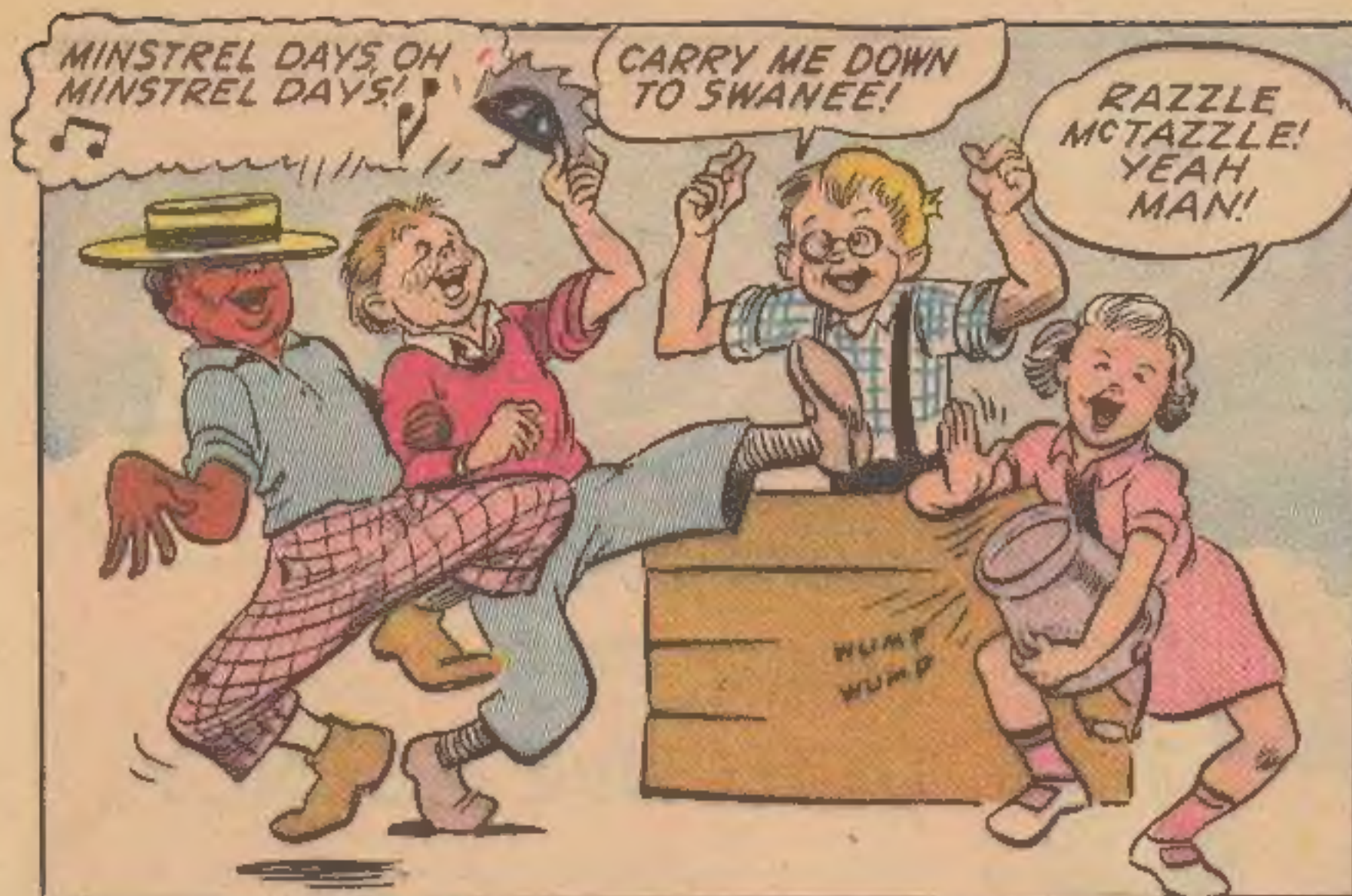




Our Gang

and the
FEARLESS
DETECTIVE AGENCY



MINSTREL DAYS OH
MINSTREL DAYS!

CARRY ME DOWN
TO SWANEE!

RAZZLE
MCRAZZLE!
YEAH
MAN!

WHEE-EW—HOLD ON!
WE'RE WASTING OUR
ENERGIES—WE
HAVEN'T MADE A
NICKEL SO FAR!



SEE? THERE ISN'T ANY
MONEY IN MINSTREL
SHOWS—BUT CAST
YOUR EYES ON THIS
CLIPPING FROM A
MAGAZINE

"LEARN MODERN DETECTIVE
METHODS...PREPARE FOR
A CAREER OF CRIME-
BREAKING...EARN
TOP MONEY!"

THAT'S GREAT! WE'LL
BE THE SCOURGE OF
THE UNDERWORLD...
I'LL BE A REGULAR
SHAMROCK TRACY!



WHAT MONEY WOULD WE
MAKE BEIN' DETECTIVES?
WHY, YOU KIDS CAN'T FIND
YOUR WAY HOME AT
NOON, ON A
CLEAR DAY!

STOP
GIVIN' ME
THE NEEDLE,
WATSON...

DID YOU EVER STOP AN'
THINK OF THE DISGUISES
WE COULD USE? THINK
OF YOURSELF AS THE
MYSTERIOUS LADY
IN RED...THINK OF
THE ROMANCE AN'
THE ADVENTURE!

WHAT PIPE DREAMS! AN'
THINK OF THE WAR
BOND YOU WON'T BE
ABLE TO BUY IN
SPITE OF ALL
THE ROMANCE!





WELL, THE GANG'S GOT THE IDEA WE OUGHT TO BE DETECTIVES.. MOVIN' BOXES MIGHT BE BENEATH 'EM NOW, DOCTOR



WELL, LET'S SEE—IT OUGHT TO BE WORTH FIVE DOLLARS TO GET THAT STUFF OUT THERE

WHERE'S THE SHACK?



IT'S OUT ON GORMLEY'S FOLLY—THAT ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER... AND—SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA ON HOW WE CAN GET THE BOYS TO TAKE THE STUFF OUT THERE!

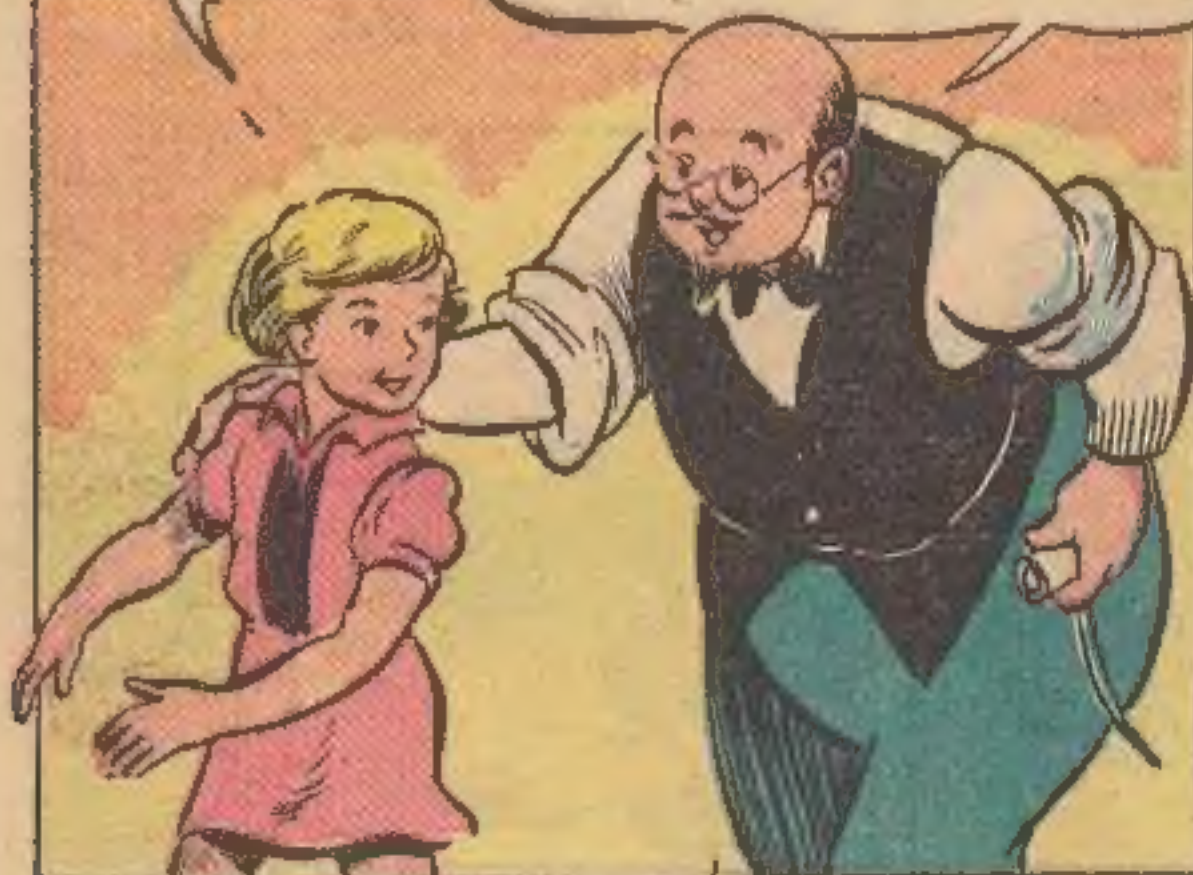


GOLLY, THAT'S GOOD—HOW, DOCTOR?

NEVER MIND THE DETAILS, JANEY—JUST COME BACK WITH THE BOYS IN TEN MINUTES...

TELL 'EM YOU HAVE A DETECTIVE JOB—AND COME RIGHT IN WITHOUT RINGING...

OKAY, DR HAWKE, I'LL FIND THEM



WONDER WHERE THEY ARE?

SHH—GET READY—WE'LL SCARE THE DICKENS OUT OF HER!

SHE WON'T KNOW US!

YEOW!





GOLLY, I'M GLAD I FOUND YOU!
I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT
JOB FOR YOU!

YOU MEAN
YOU'RE NOT SCARED?

YOU KNOW WHO IS WE?



COME QUICK—THIS
IS AN IMPORTANT
DETECTIVE JOB!

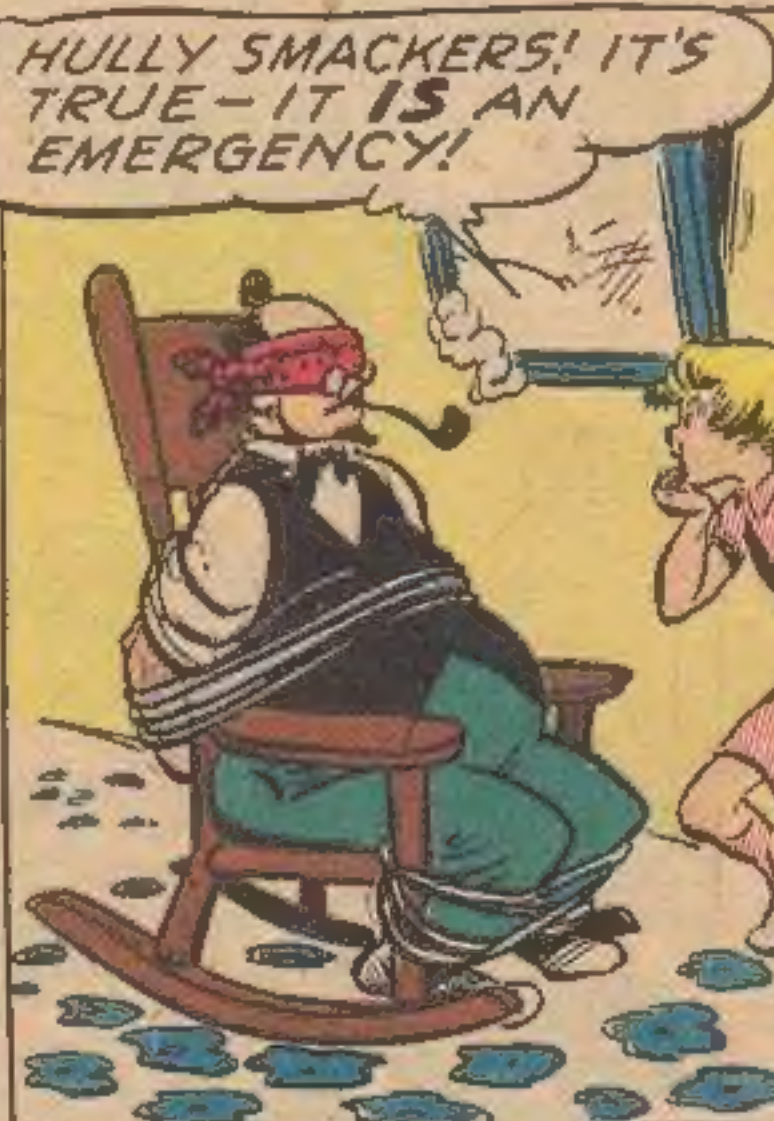
HECK! I THOT
WE'D SCARE
YOU!

SHE'S GOT
NERVES
OF IRON!



HEY—THAT'S DR.
HAWKE'S HOUSE,
AN' YOU'RE
GOIN' RIGHT
IN...

SURE—COME
ON—IT'S AN
EMERGENCY.



HULLY SMACKERS! IT'S
TRUE—IT IS AN
EMERGENCY!



GOSH—
WHAT'S
WRONG?



YIPE!
WOW!

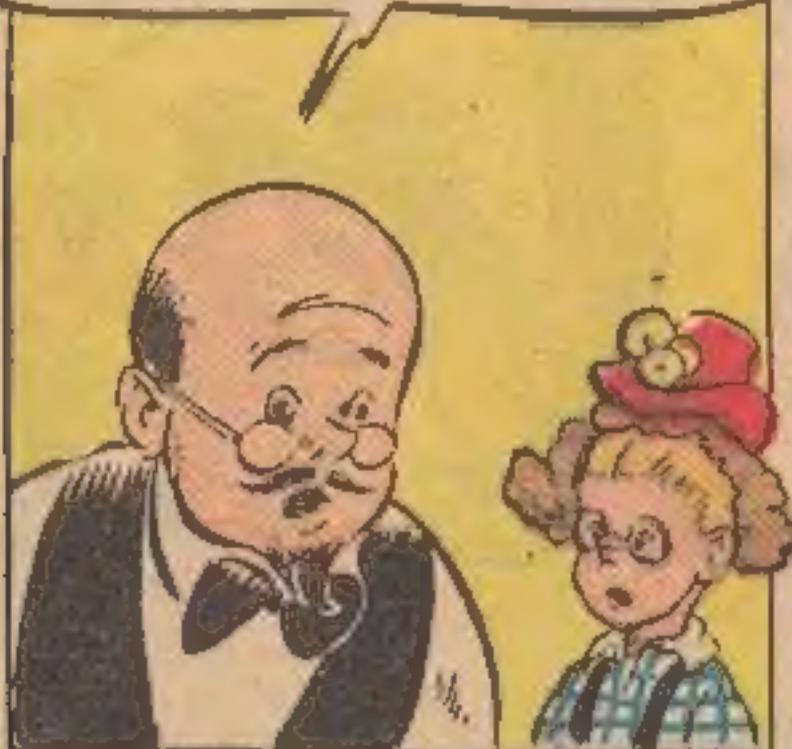
GOSH, HE LOOKS LIKE
HE'S HAD A HORRIBLE
FRIGHT—UNTIE HIM!



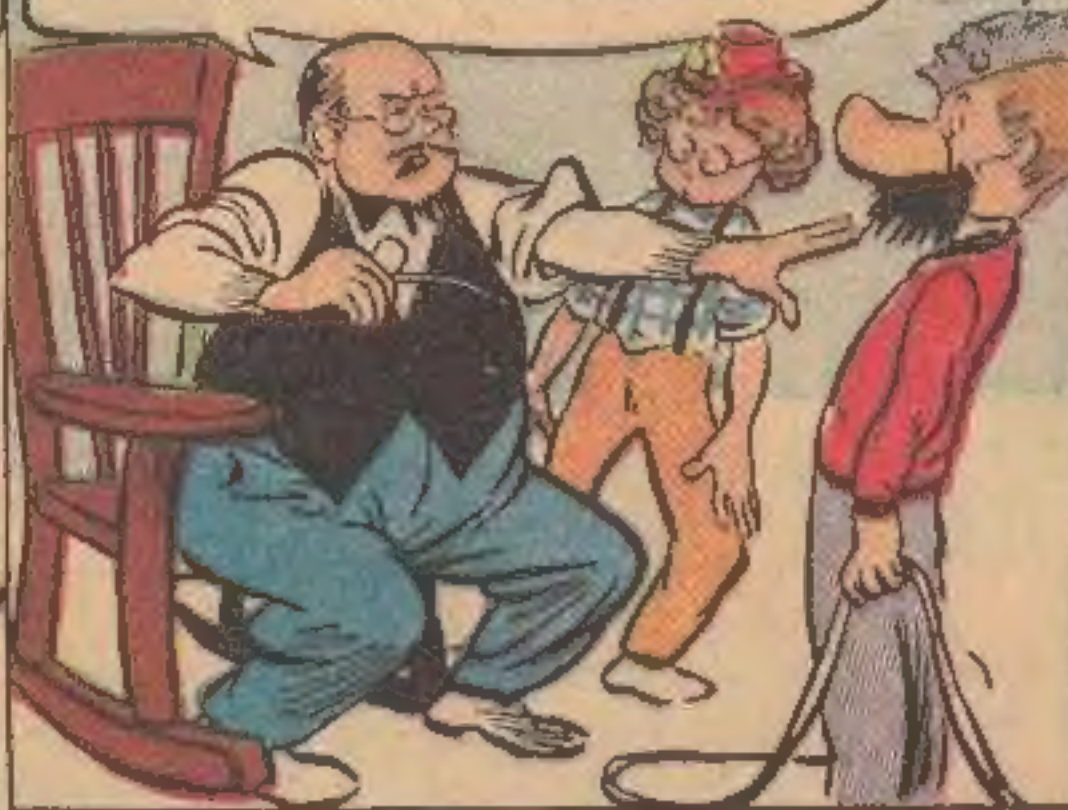
I DID—I DID! I'M SURE GLAD
TO SEE YOU—UH—MEN! THOSE
MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS ATTACKED
ME AGAIN, JANNEY, WHILE YOU
WERE GONE.

OH!

MY WORD, IT WAS TERRIBLE! THEY SNEAKED IN AND BEFORE I KNEW IT THEY OVERCAME ME—THEY WERE SEARCHING FOR THE SACRED TRAPPINGS OF THE WODDAMI TRIBE!



THEY TIED ME FAST—HAND AND FOOT, AND GAGGED ME. THEN THEY ASKED ME WHERE I HAD THE TREASURES HIDDEN... THEY TORTURED ME BUT STILL I REFUS—



IF YOU WERE GAGGED HOW COULD YOU ANSWER? AN' BESIDES WHEN WE CAME YOU WERE BLINDFOLDED, NOT GAGGED.

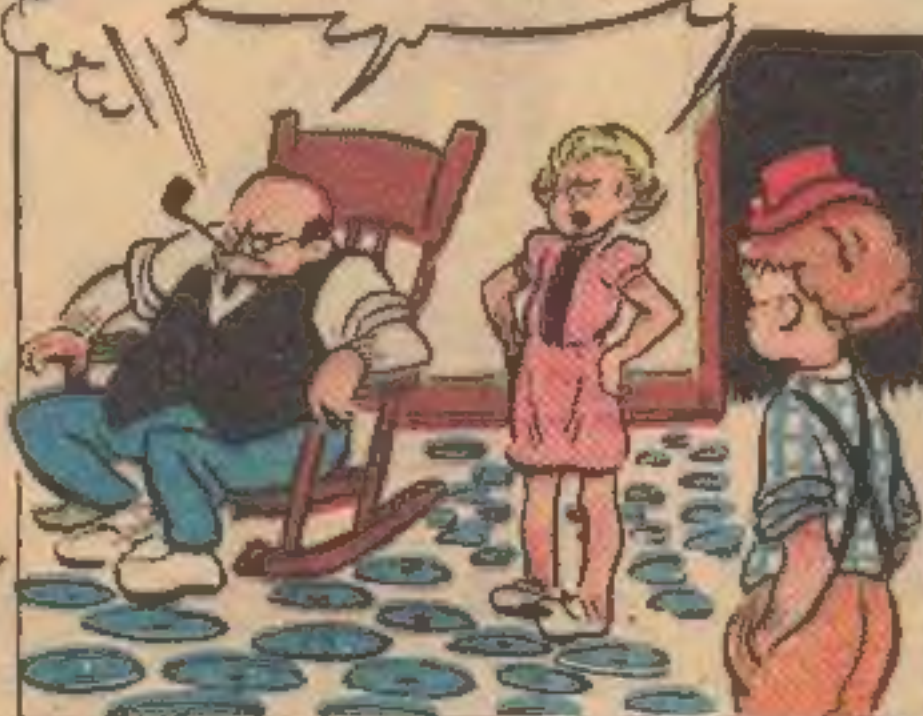


YAS—AN' 'SCUSE ME FROM PROTRUDIN', BUT YOU WAS SMOKIN' YO' PIPE, MISTER DOC.

AHRUMPH! YES, THAT'S RIGHT... WELL, YOU SEE, THEY TORTURED ME AND I WAS UNABLE TO REMEMBER ALL THE DETAILS—EH, JANEY?

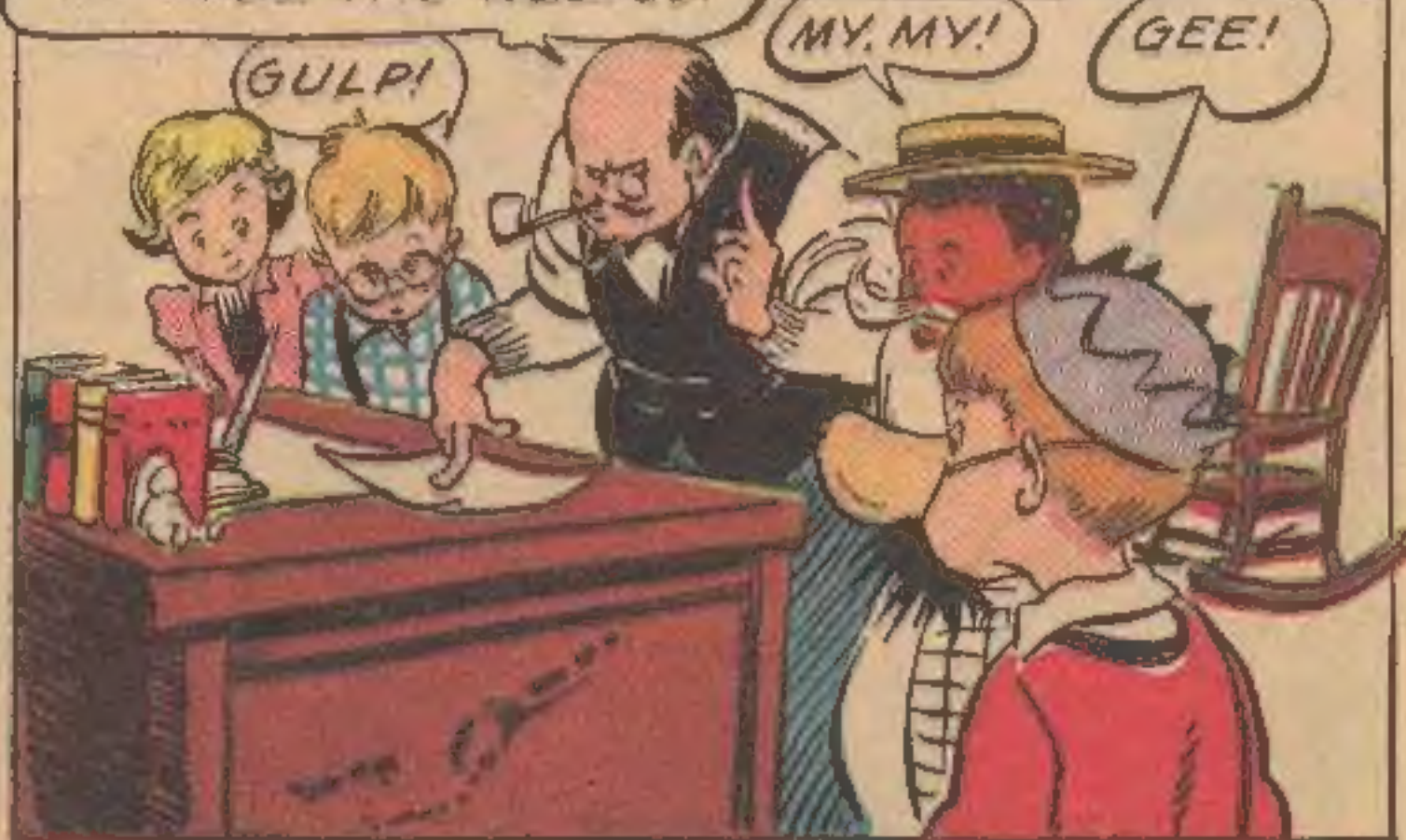
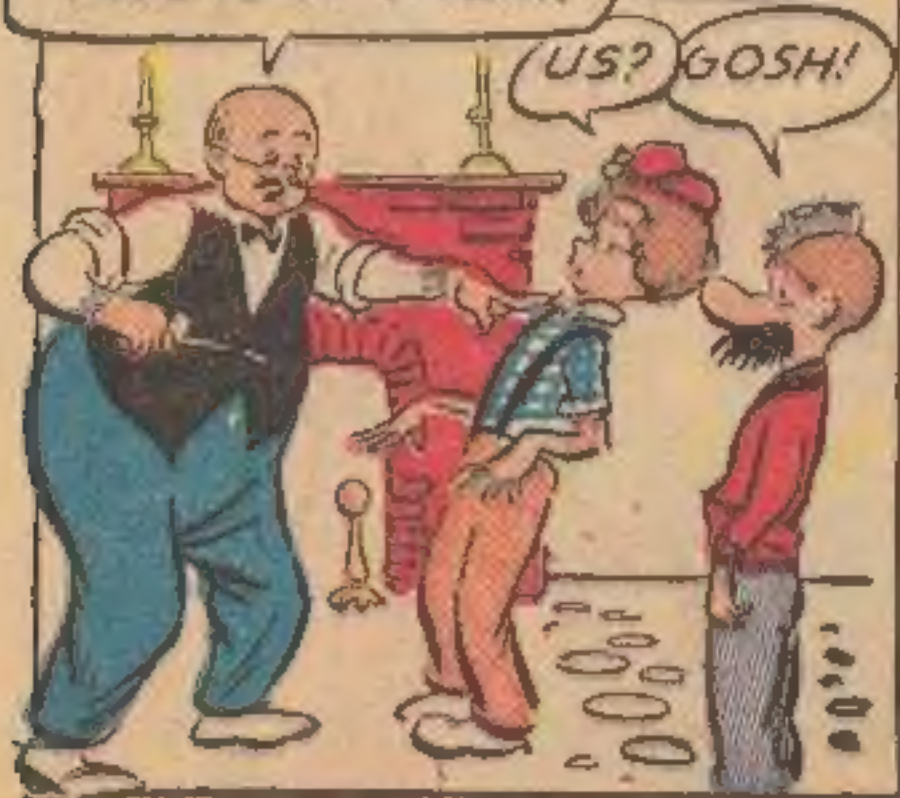
I JUST SAID WHY DON'T THEY KEEP QUIET? WHY BOTHER THE DOCTOR WITH SILLY THINGS NOW?

SO—I'M FORCED TO SAFEGUARD THE WODDAMI RELICS... I MUST HIDE THEM SOMEPLACE.



AND THAT'S WHERE YOU BOYS—UH—I MEAN DETECTIVES, COME IN! YOU MUST HIDE THE SACRED RELICS—YOU MUST PROTECT THEM!

NOW HERE I HAVE A MAP... ON IT ARE MARKED GORMLEY'S FOLLY, THE ISLAND, AND MY FISHING SHACK... THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE TO HIDE THE RELICS.



MEANWHILE

HOW DID YOU HAPPEN
T' PICK OUT DIS
GORMLEY'S FOLLY
FER A HIDEOUT?

EASY! NOBODY
COMES HERE THIS
TIME OF
THE YEAR.

SO YA FIGGER NOBODY'S GONE
NOTICE SMOKE FROM OUR
FIRE—ER DIN'T YA THINK
WE'D NEED A FIRE? I AIN'T
GONNA FREEZE, MONK,
DAT I AIN'T!

NOW, NOW, DO YOU THINK OL'
MONK AIN'T THOUGHT THAT
OUT? THERE'S A FISHIN'
SHACK HERE... WE KIN
STOW AWAY THERE OUT
OF THE WIND.

AND LOOK—THE GUY WE GOT LINED UP
ROWS OUT WITH THE BOXES OF BLACK
MARKET BUTTER... WE TAKE IT DOWN-
STREAM TONIGHT—THEN BACK
HERE FOR MORE.

HE'S PICKIN' IT UP FR'M
THE FARMERS, EH?

COME ON,
HAMMER, WE'LL
FIND TH' SHACK.

THERE SHE IS—
GOSH, LOOKS
KINDA SPOOKY,
EH, HAMMER?

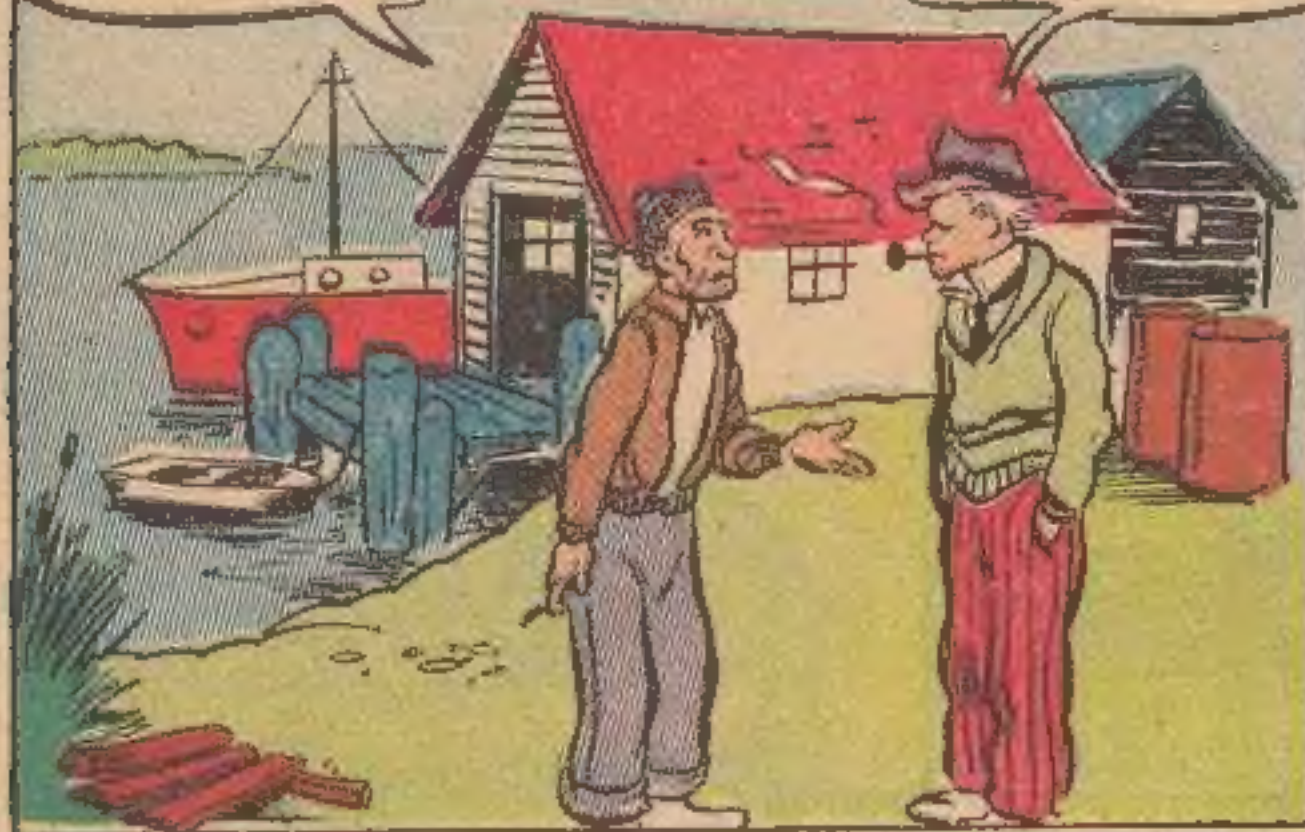
YEH—BUT YA KNOW, IT'S
A BIGGER SHACK DAN
I THOUGHT!

BACK AT THE TOWN.

COME ON, BRUISER,
LET ME BORROW YER BOAT
FOR A HOUR—I'LL PAY YA.

ANY TIME YOU
PAY, JAKE, THERE'S
SOMETHIN' CROOKED
GOIN' ON—
WHAT'S UP?

LISTEN, BRUISER, I COULD USE
YOU IN THIS, BUT SINCE YOU
REFORMED AFTER LETTIN'
THOSE GANG KIDS TALK YOU
INTO BEIN' A BOY SCOUT,
YOU AIN'T TRUS' WORTHY.



YEAH?

YEAH—I'M MAKIN'
OVER A HUNDERD
JES' FER A DAY'S
WORK—IT'S EASY
MONEY.

AN' IT'S PERPECTED WORK,
TOO... NOT ON'Y THAT, BUT
IT'S A PUBLIC SERVICE—
T'INK OF IT!

OKAY, WHAT'S THE GAG,
JAKE? I'LL BITE!

I'M PICKIN' UP BUTTER
AN' SENDIN' IT DOWN
TH' RIVER... THEY
GIT A BUCK AND
A HALF A POUND.



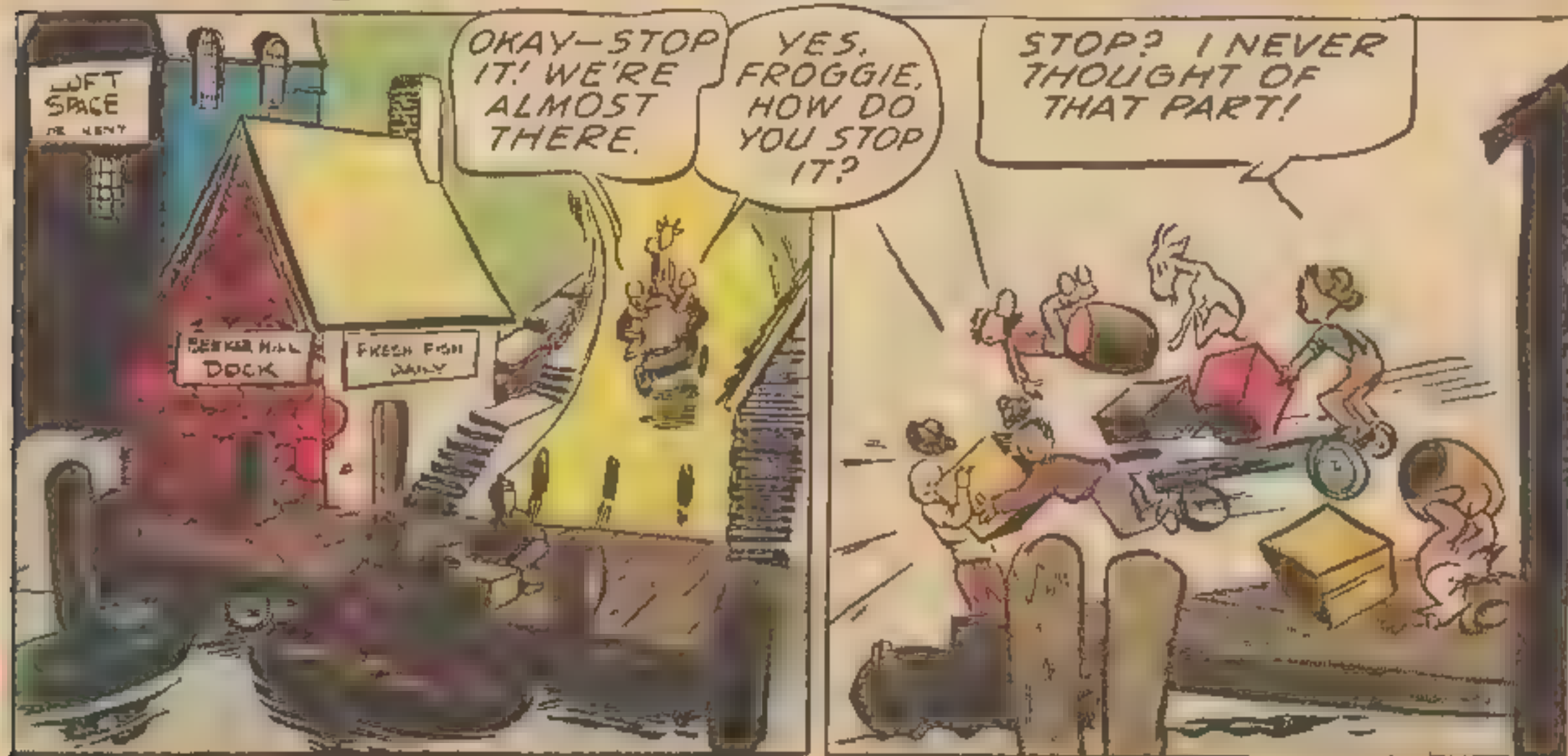
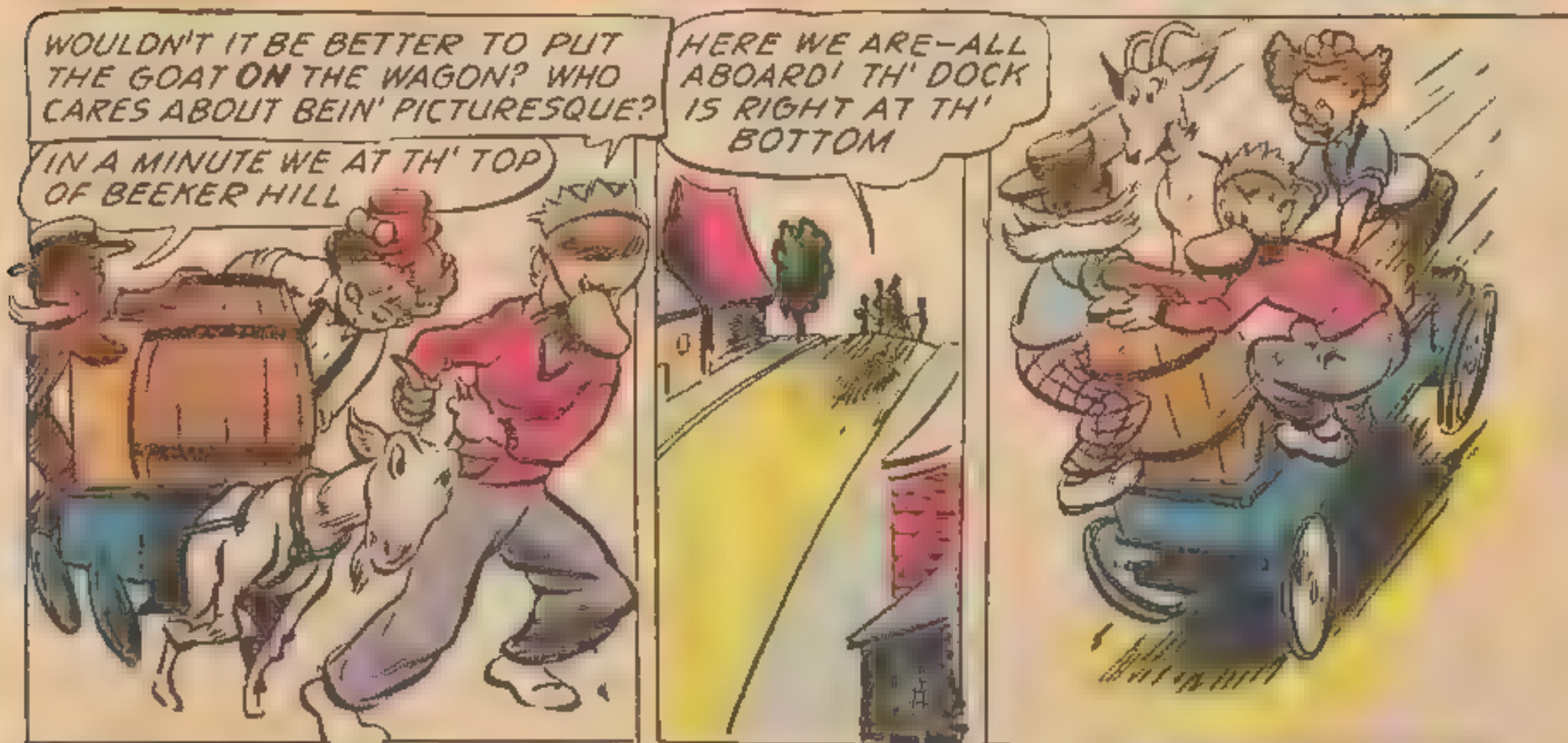
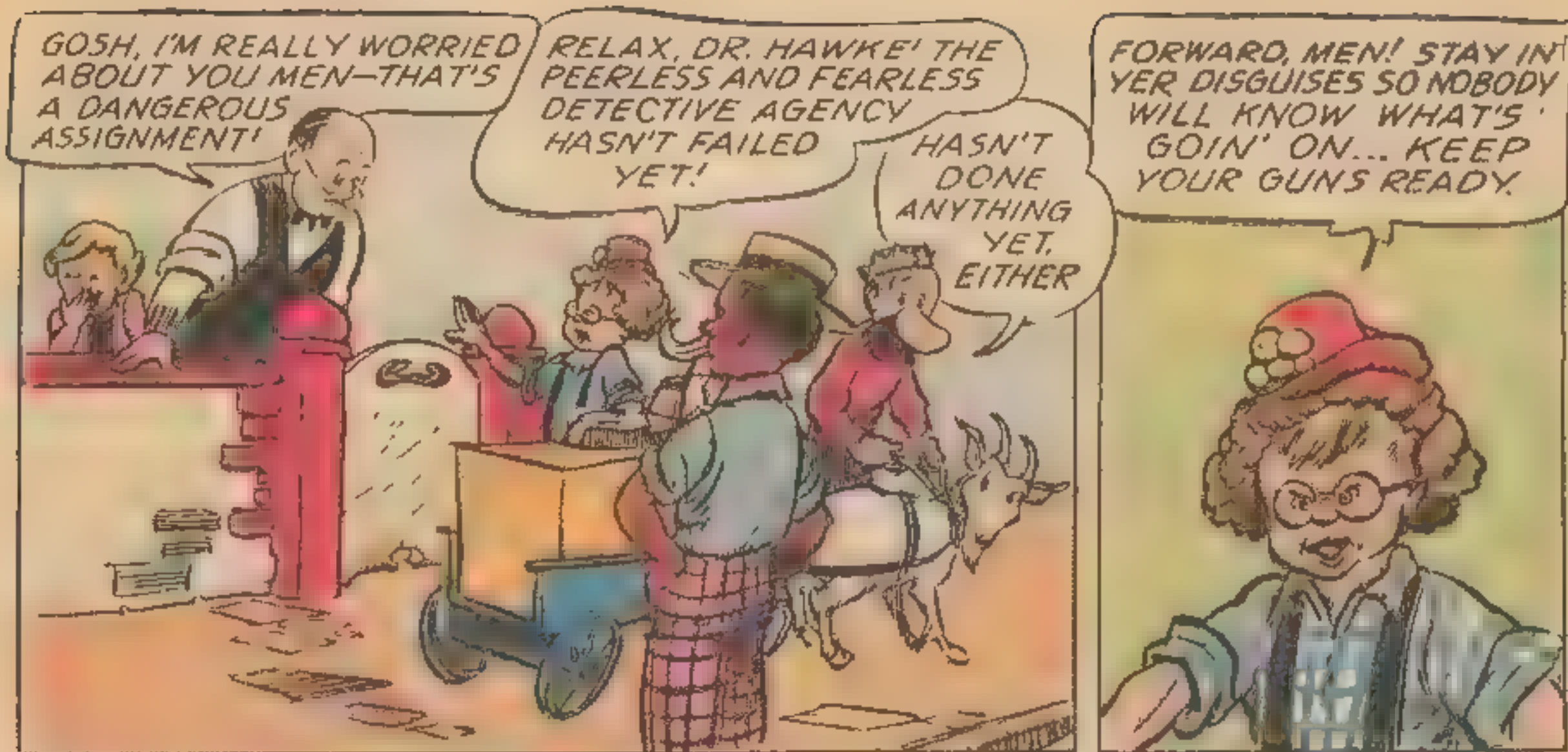
THERE'S THE BOAT, JAKE...
SINCE YER A MILLIONAIRE,
THE PRICE IS
TEN BUCKS A DAY.

I'LL PAY TWENTY-
FIVE FER YOU
AN' TH' BOAT
EACH DAY.

WELL, SEEIN' AS IT'S A
PUBLIC SERVICE, I'LL DO
IT... WE DON'T WANNA
GET MIXED UP IN
NOTHIN' DISHONEST.
DO WE, JAKE?

WHY KID, YOU KNOW
ME! I GOT A HEART
LIKE TH' DRIFTED SNOW.
PULL ALONG THE
SHORE BRUISER, I
GOT SOME HONEST BOXES
TO PICK UP AT BEEKER
HILL.





BRUISER!—AND JAKE!
YOU SAVED OUR LIVES
BY STOPPIN THE WAGON!



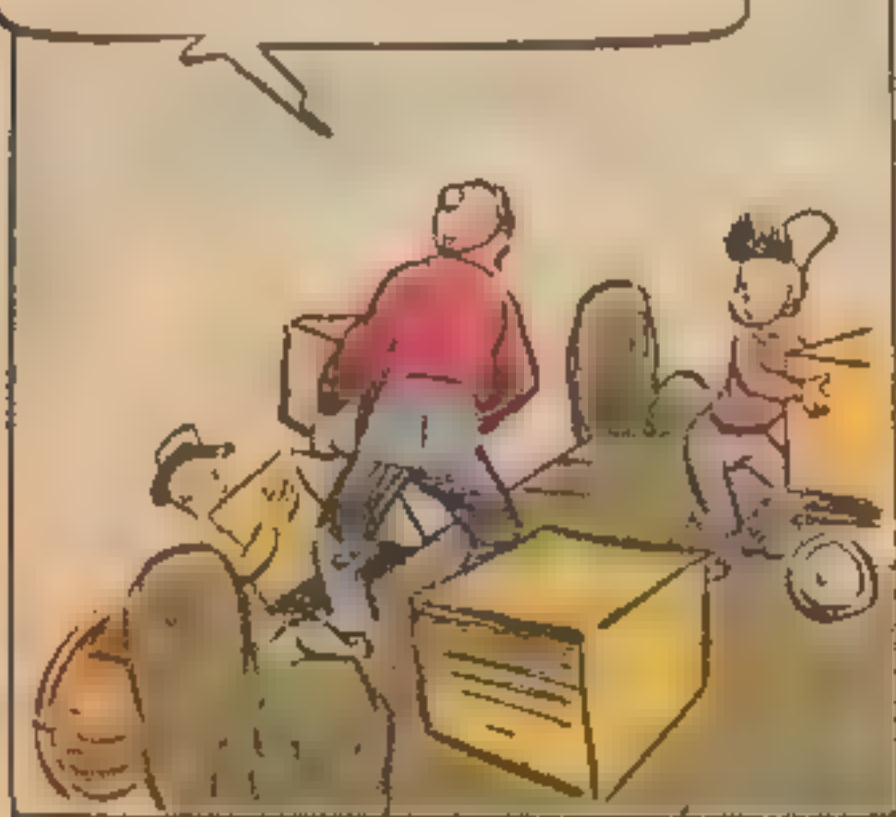
WHO IN SAM
HILL ARE
YOU?

AW, IT'S OL' RED
MCDUGAL—WHAT
YA TRYIN' TO DO,
RED, KILL SOMEBODY?
AN' WHAT'S ON YER
HEAD?

I'M A
DETECTIVE!



WELL, YOU KIDS CAN JUS'
DETECK YERSELFS OUTA
HERE...TAKE YER BOXES
AN' STUFF AN' BEAT IT!
YER INTERFERIN' WIT'
TH' WAR EFFORT.



LET'S GO,
BRUISER,
THEM KIDS
ALMOST UPSET
THE WORKS!

AAH, THEY
DIN'T MEAN
ANY HARM

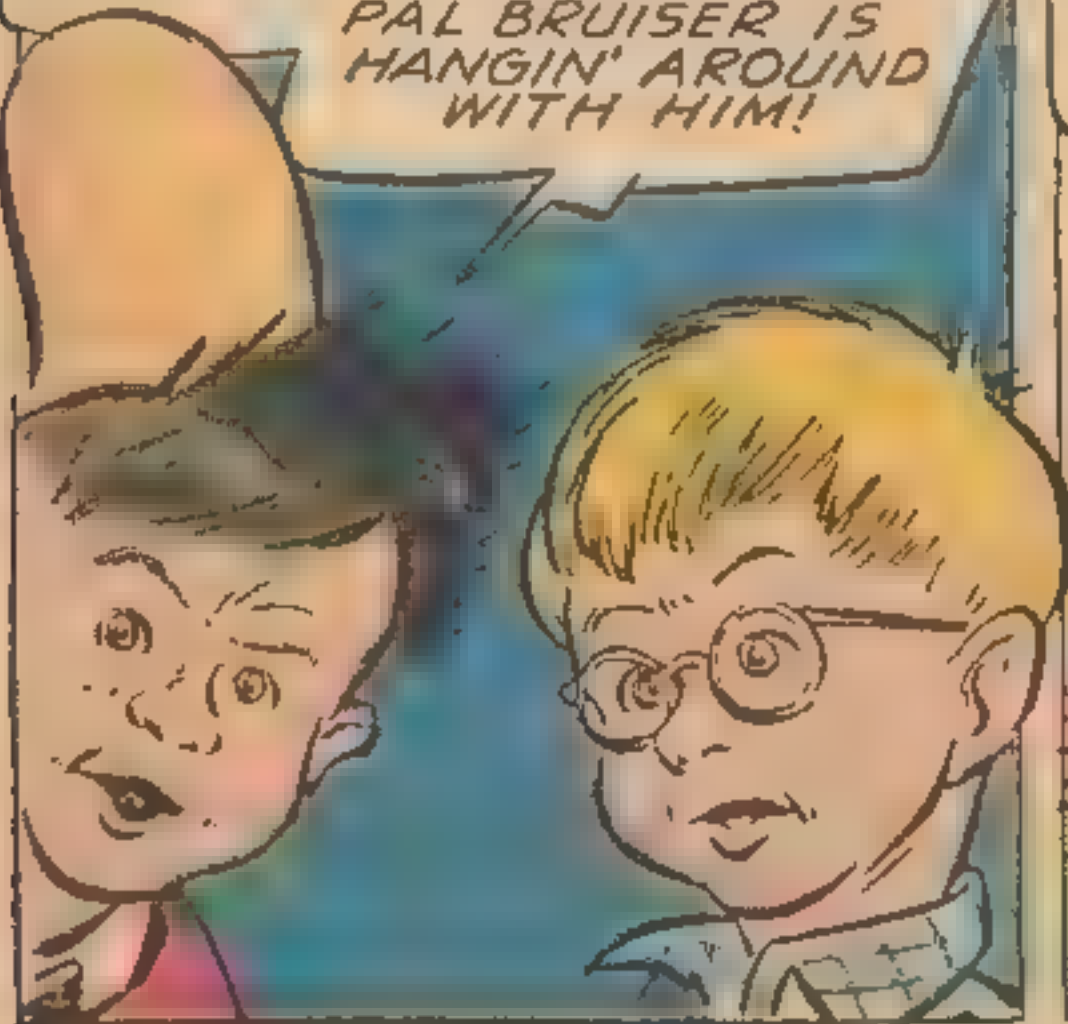


GEE, I'M GLAD OUR DISGUISES
WERE KNOCKED OFF—THEY'D
HAVE THOUGHT
WE WERE
CRAZY.

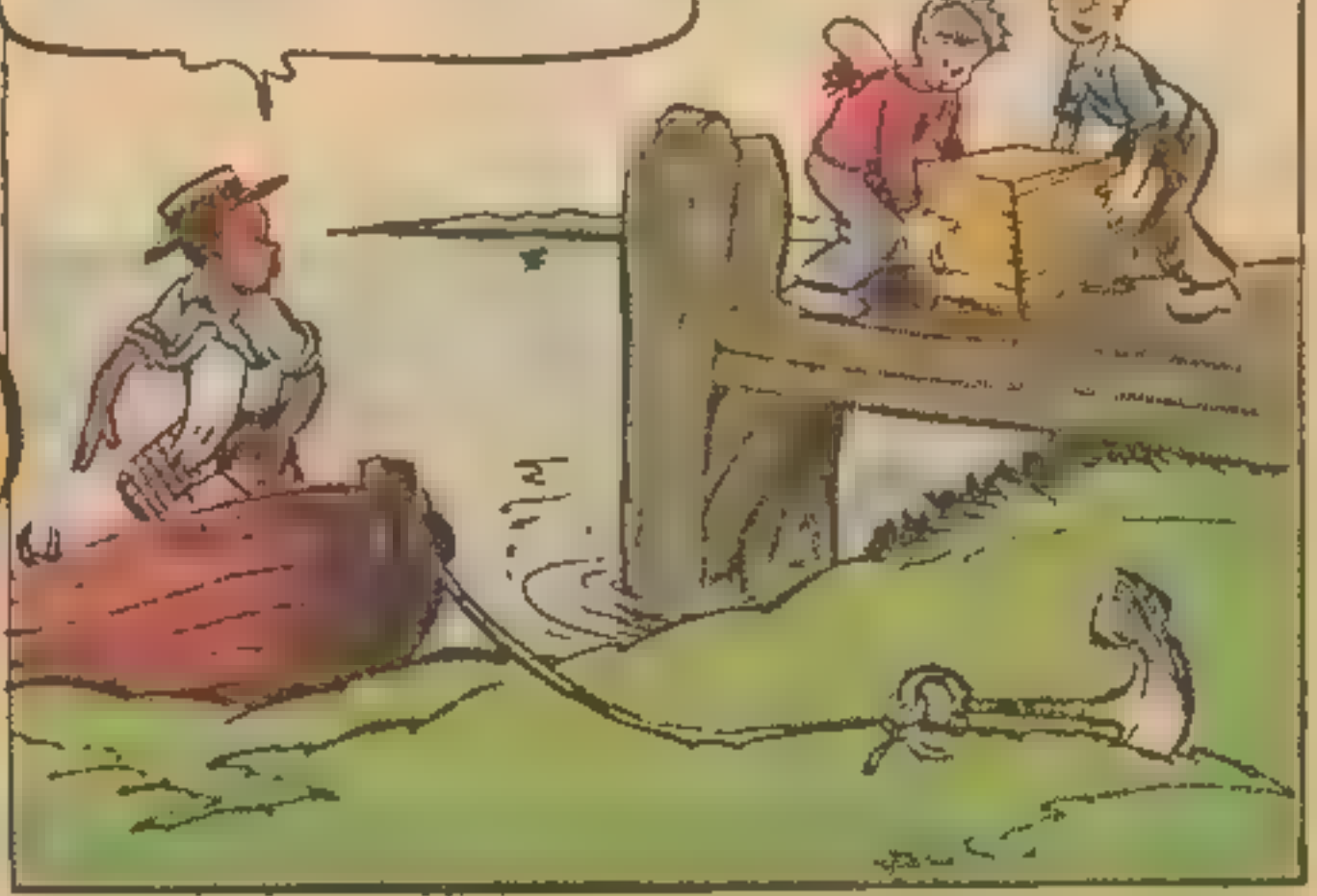
I DON'T
LIKE THAT SET-
UP, FROGGIE!



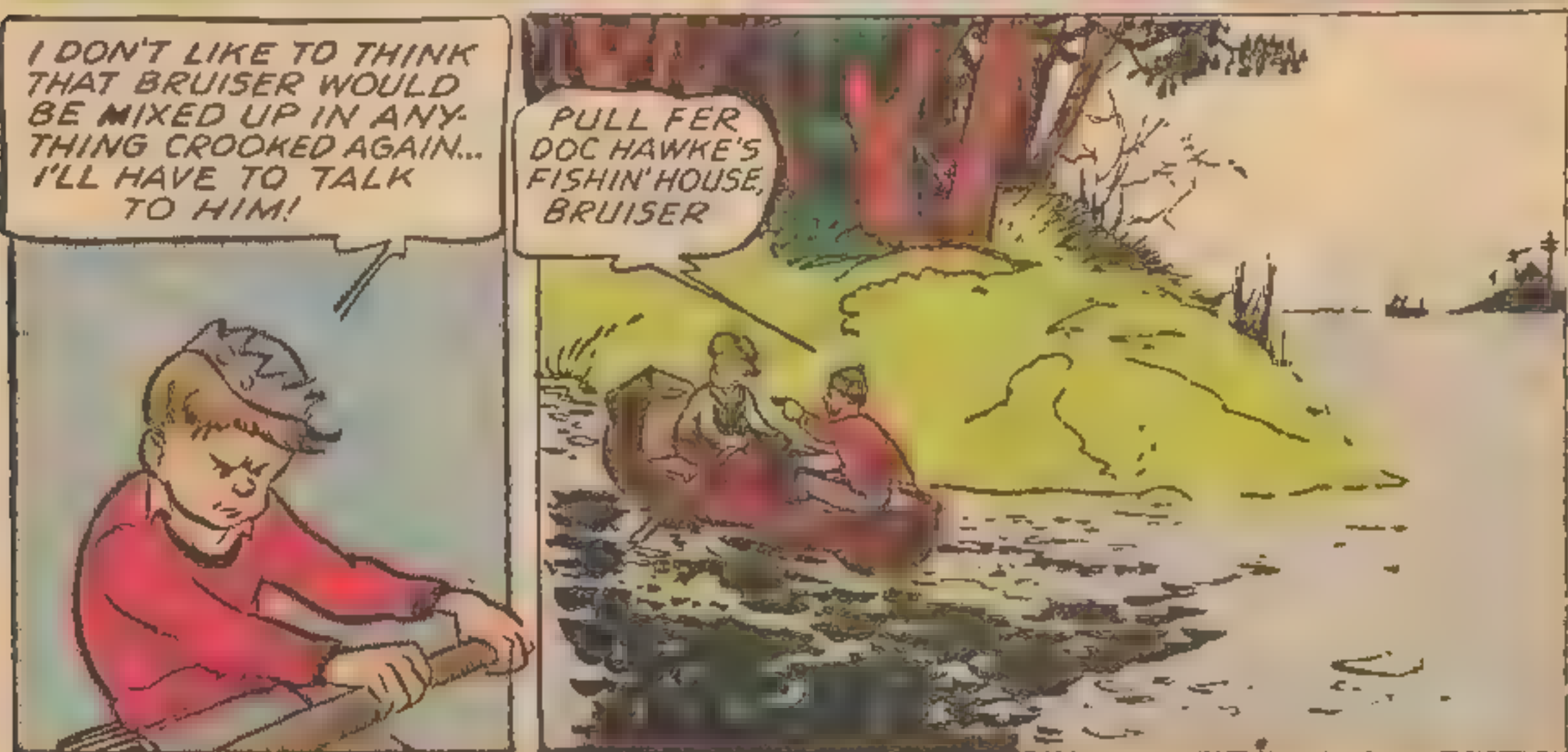
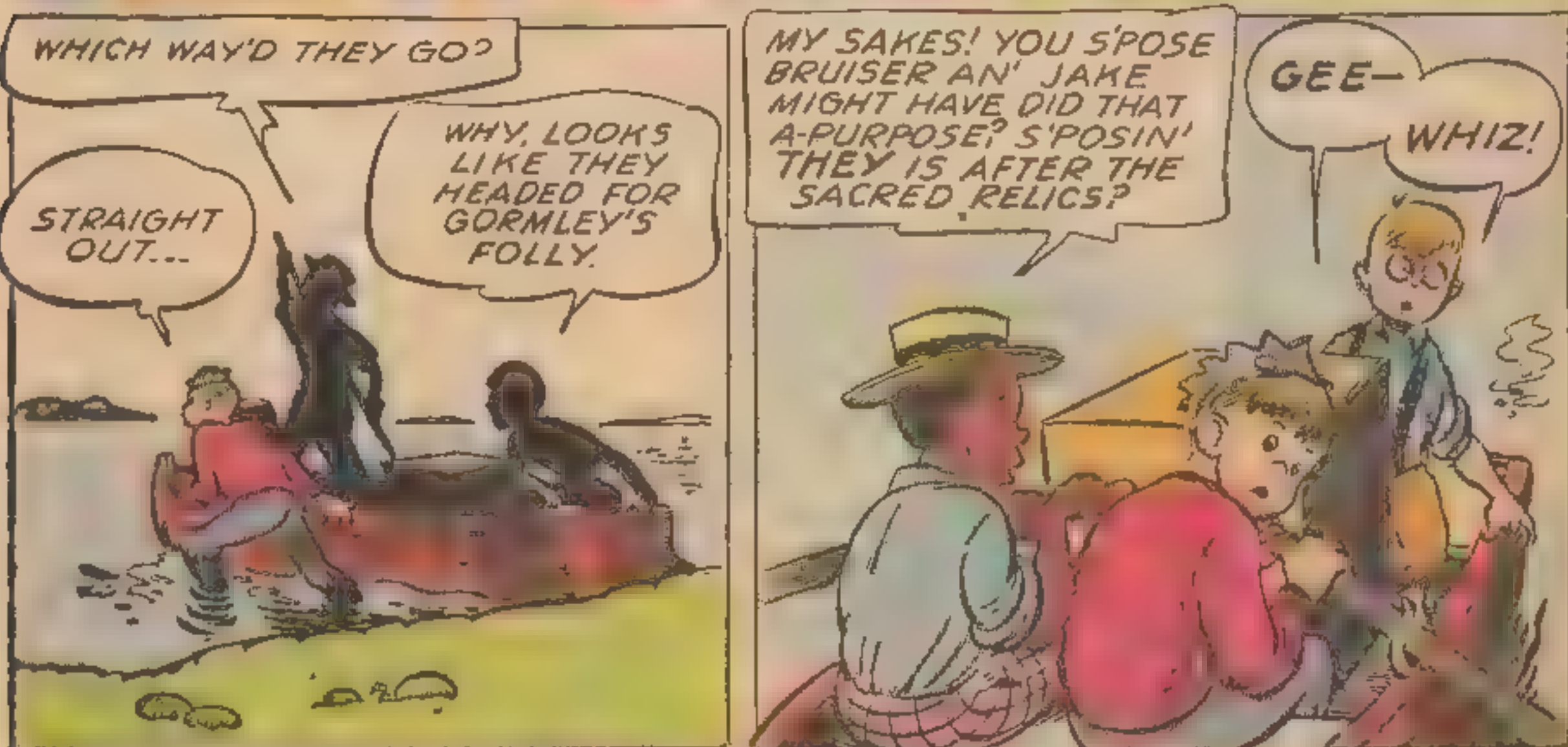
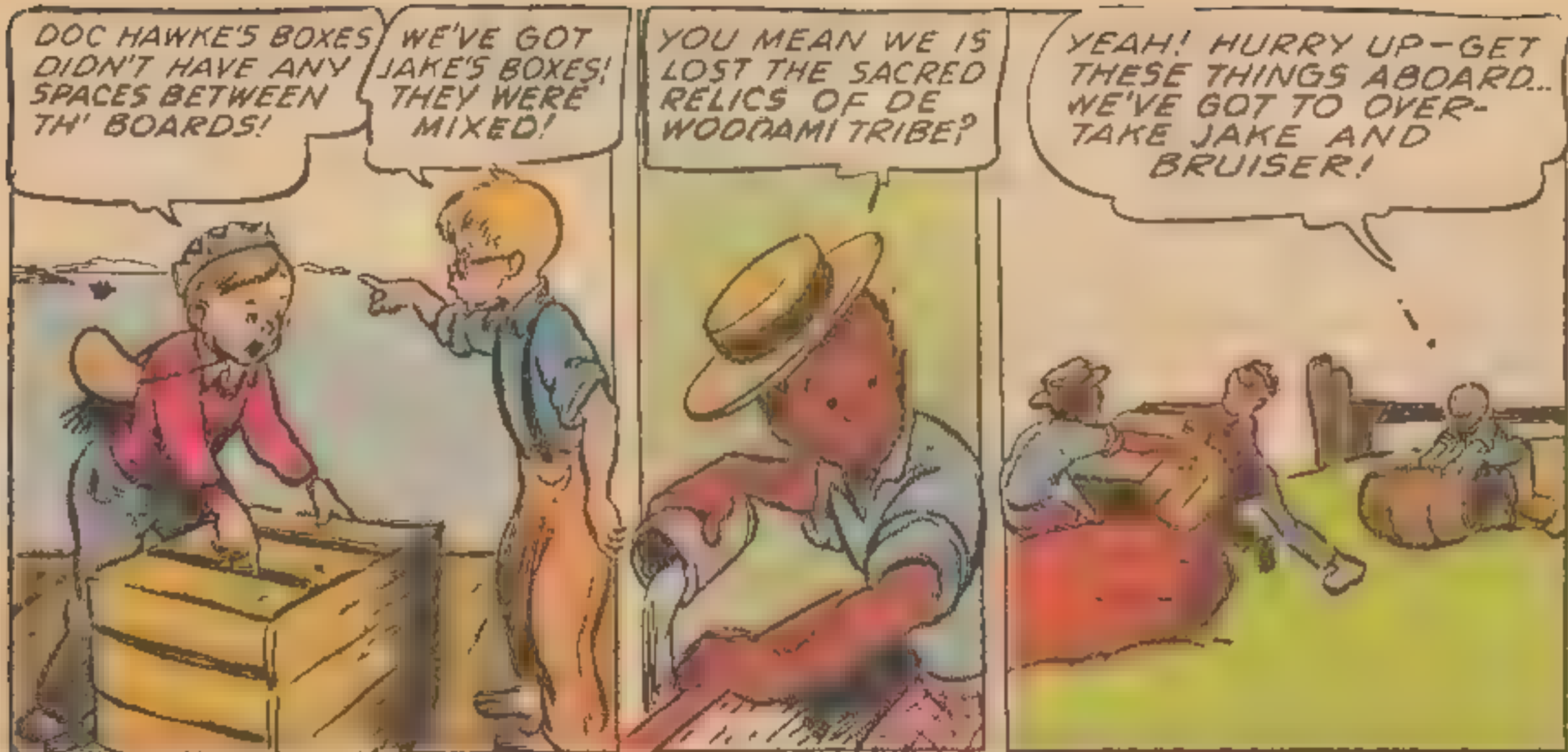
THAT JAKE NEVER DOES ANY
HONEST WORK, AN' MY OLD
PAL BRUISER IS
HANGIN' AROUND
WITH HIM!

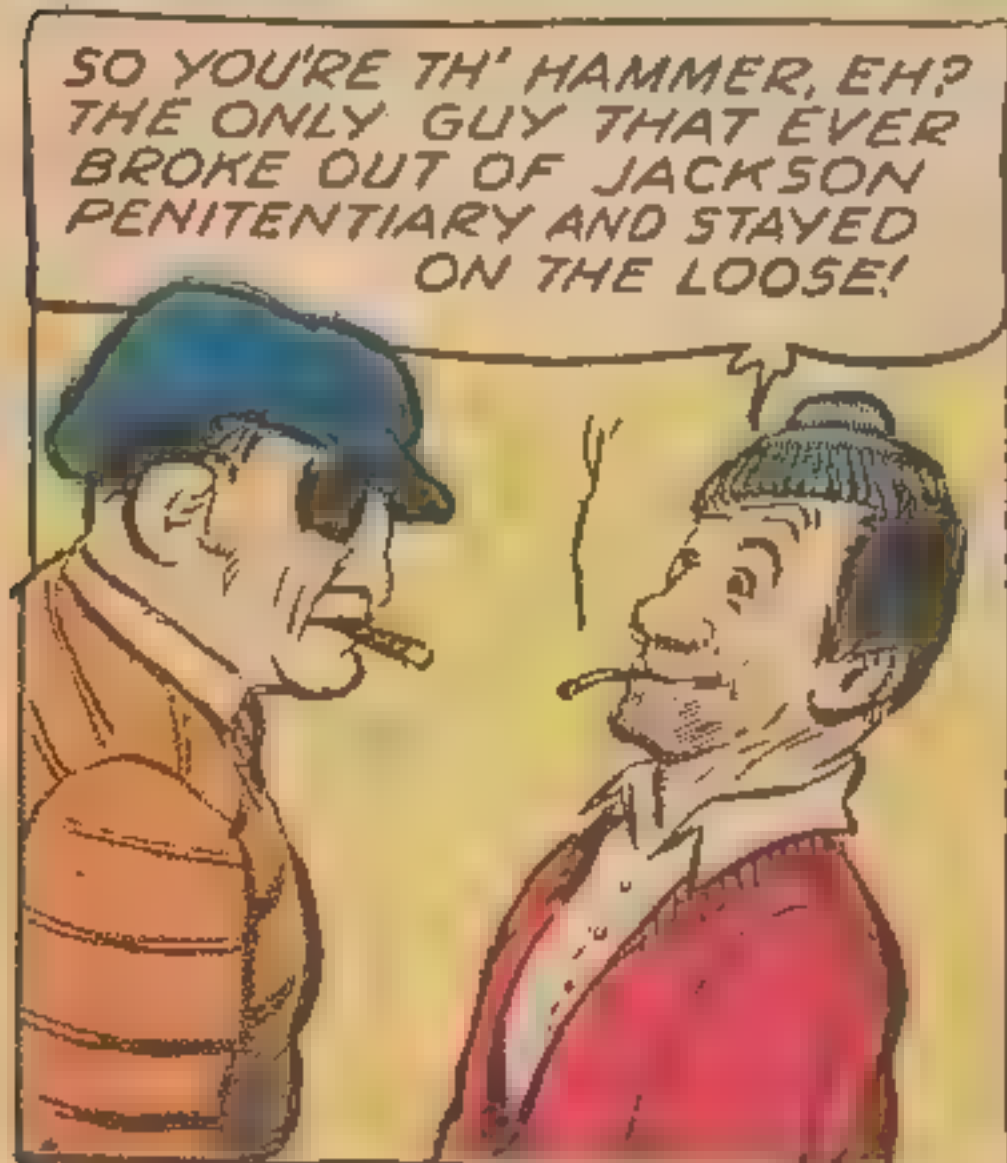
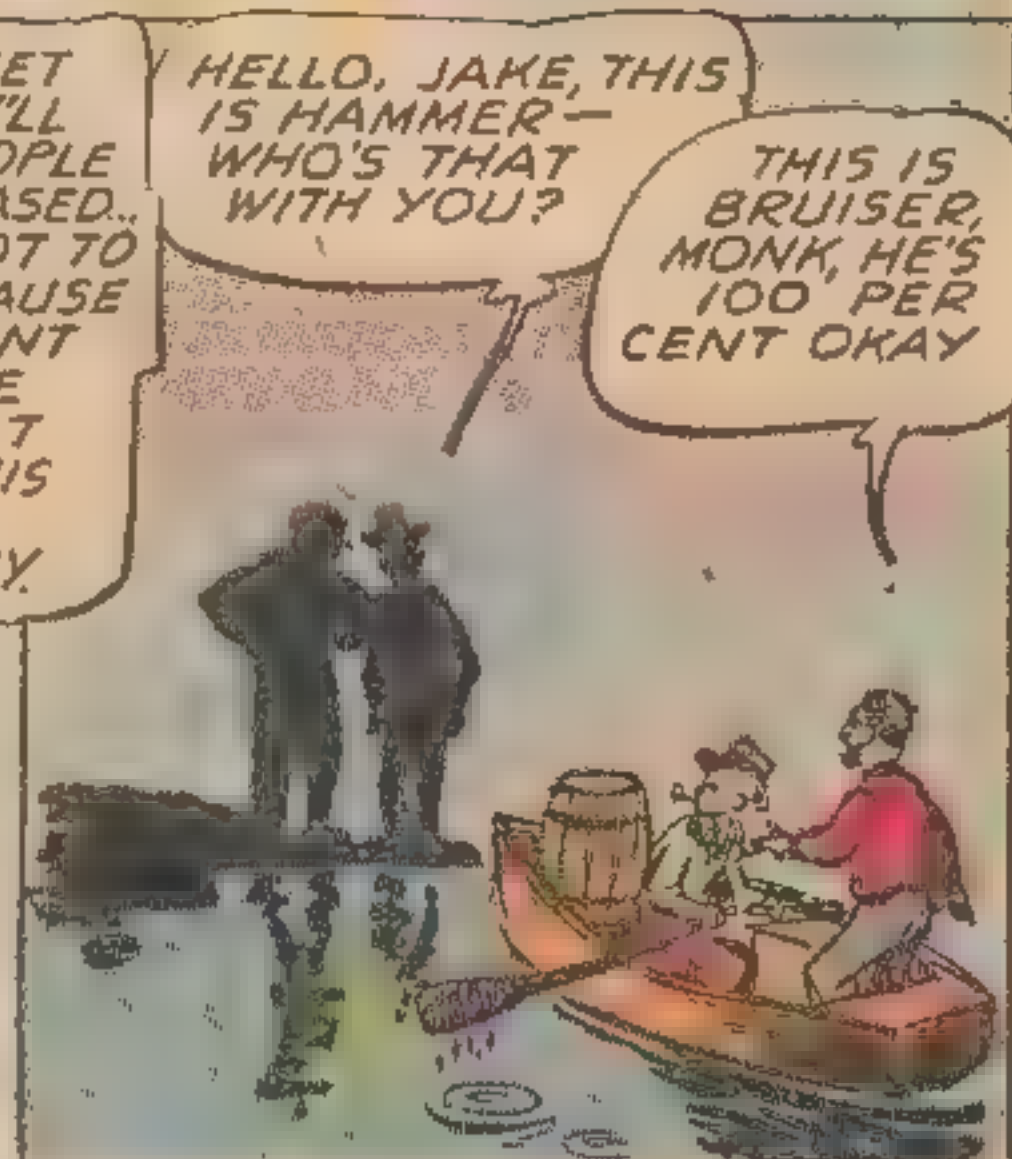
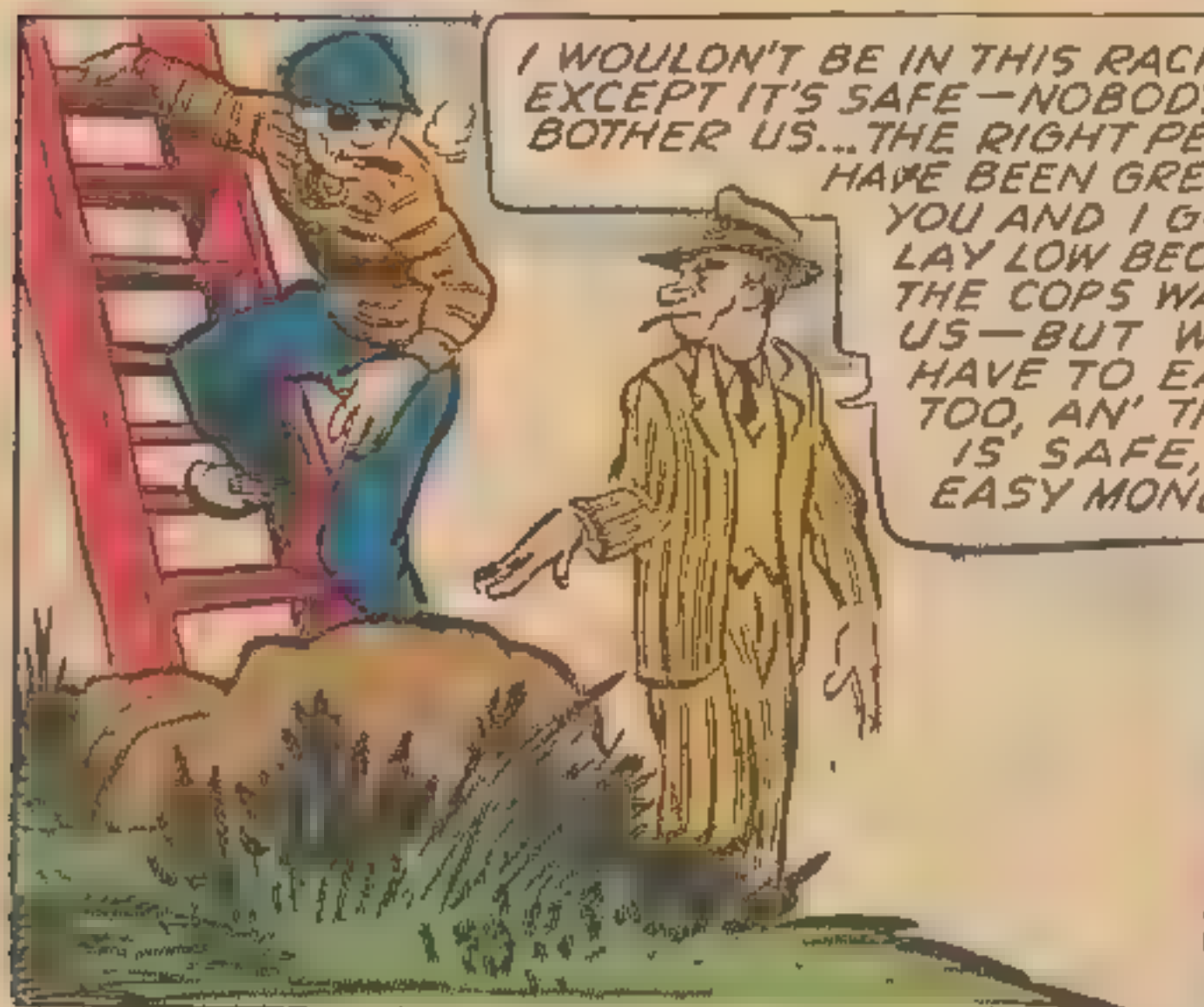
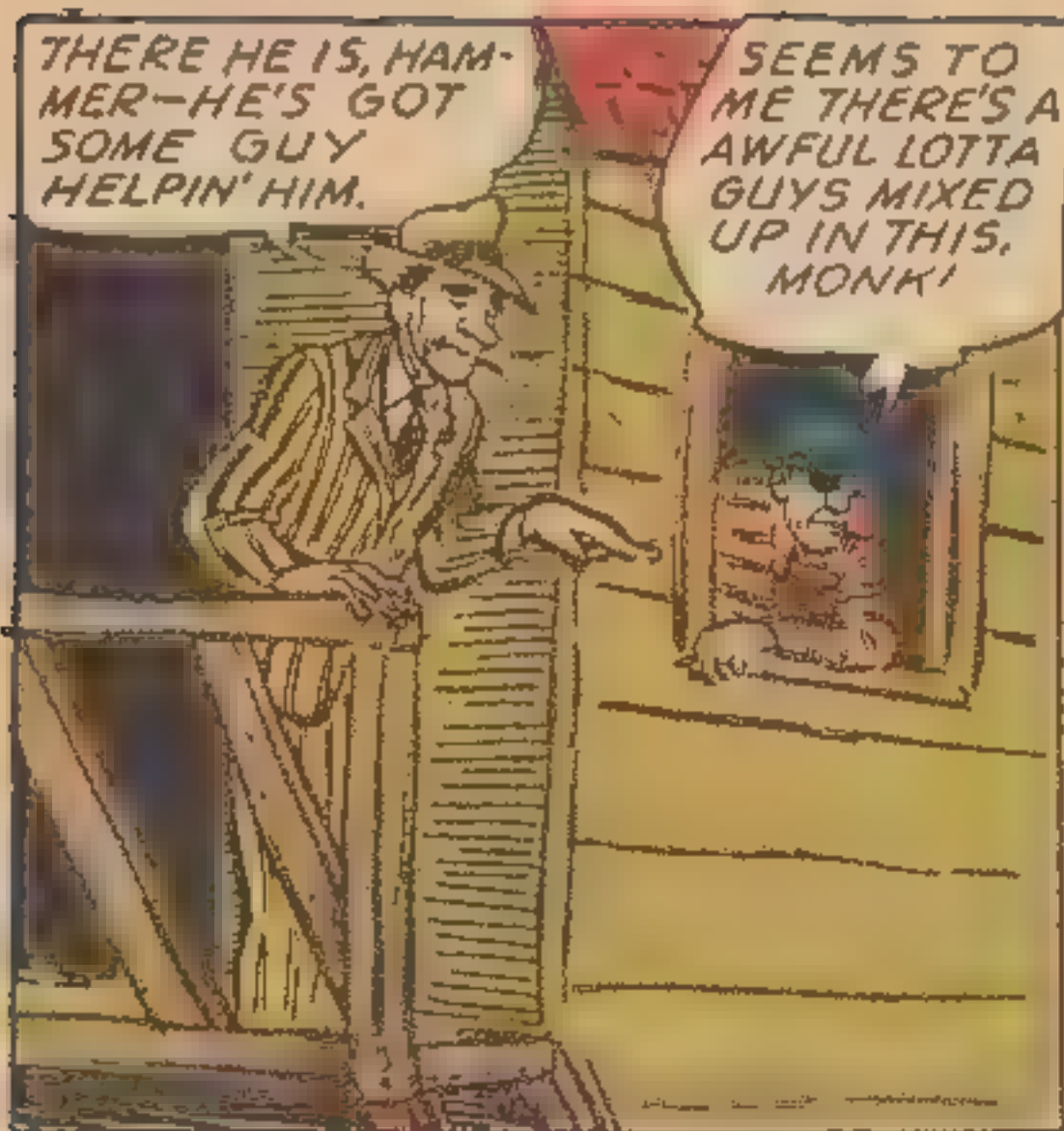


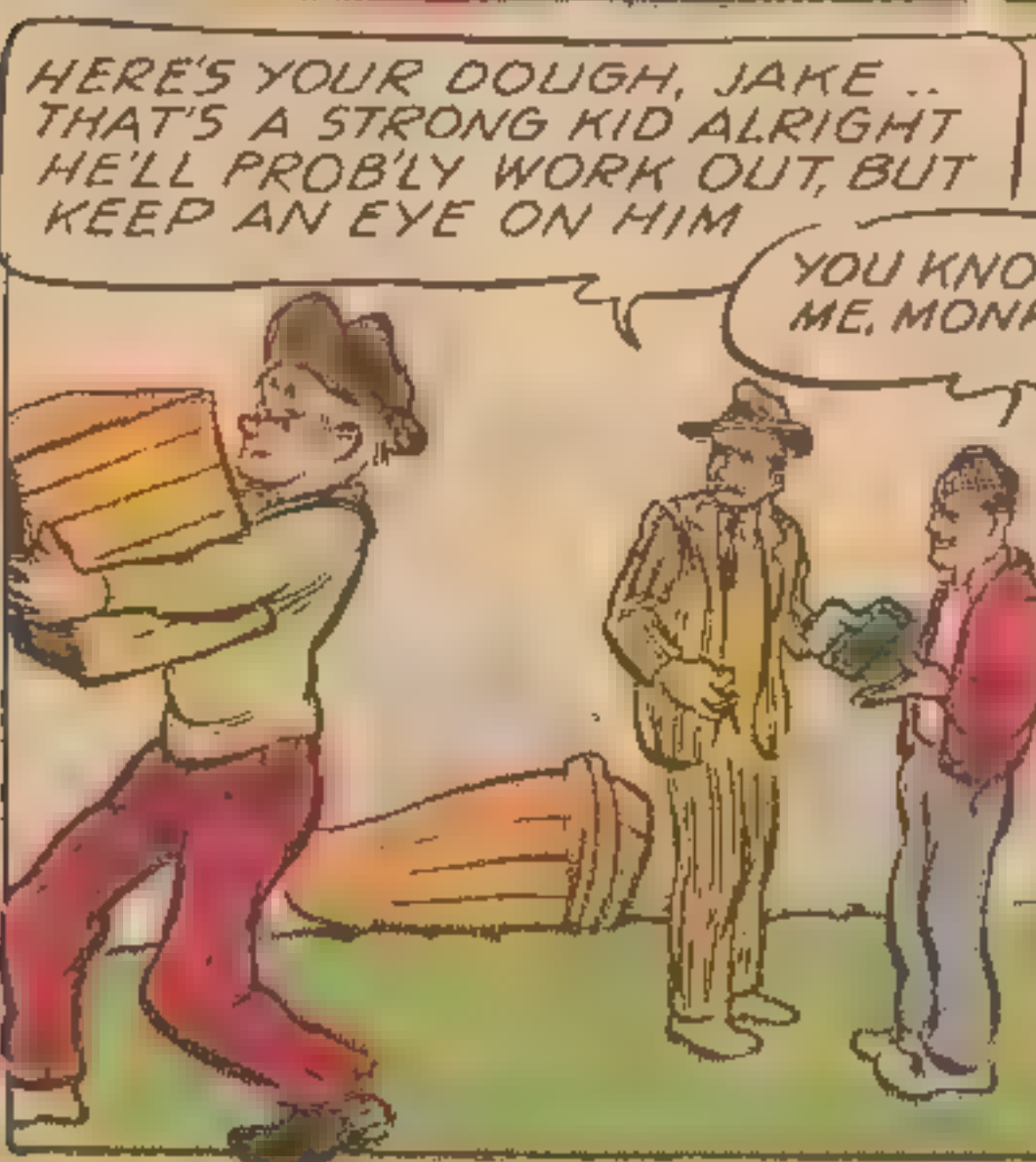
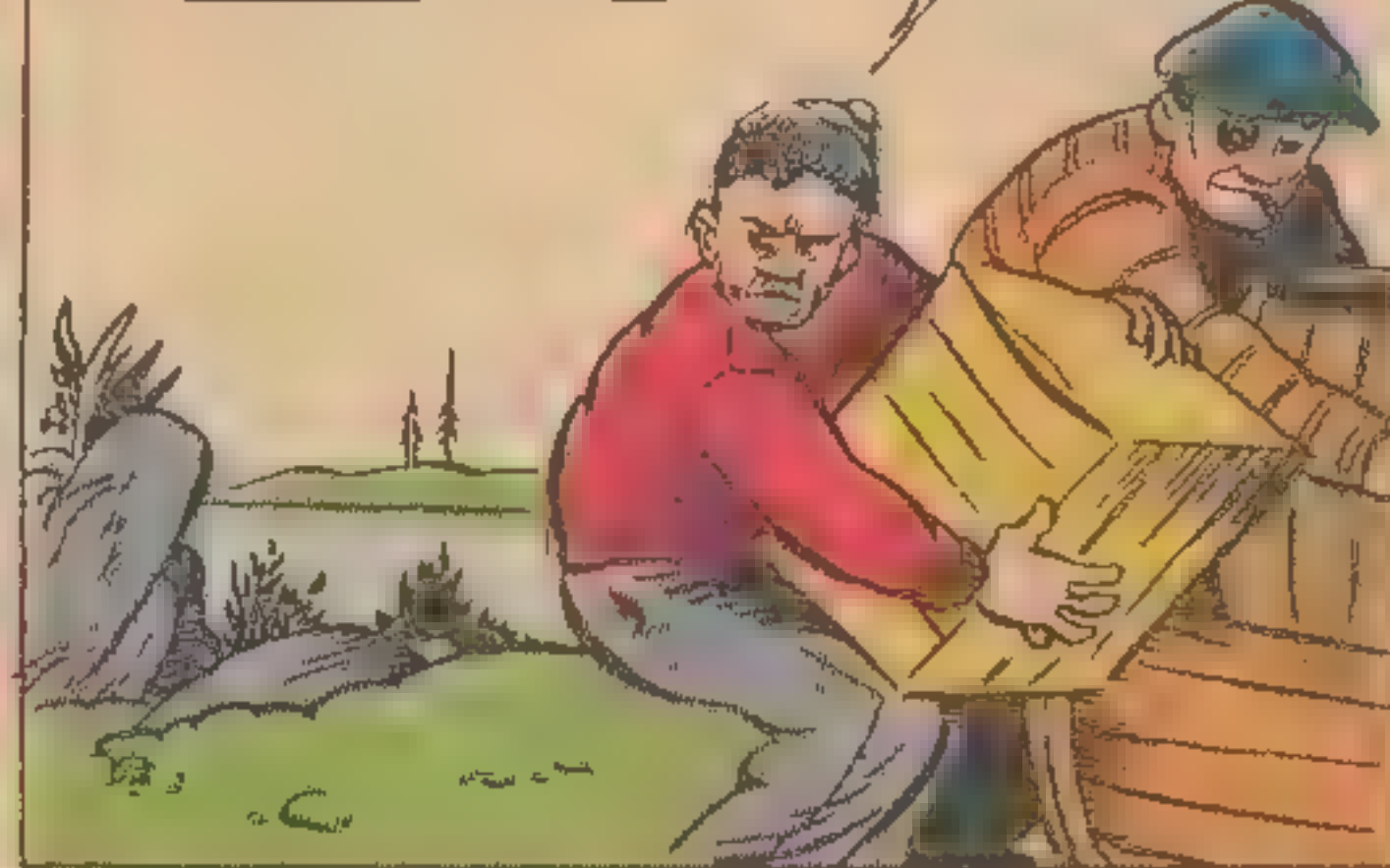
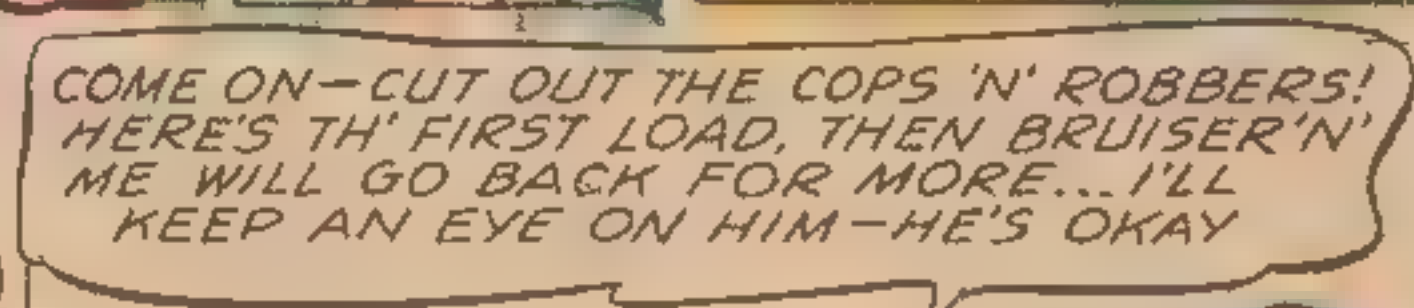
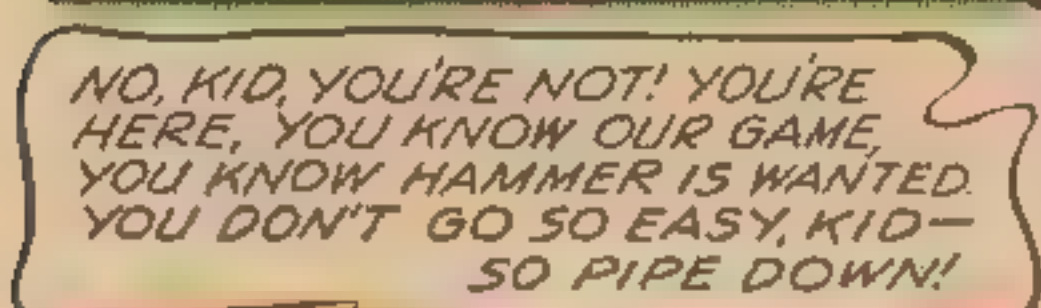
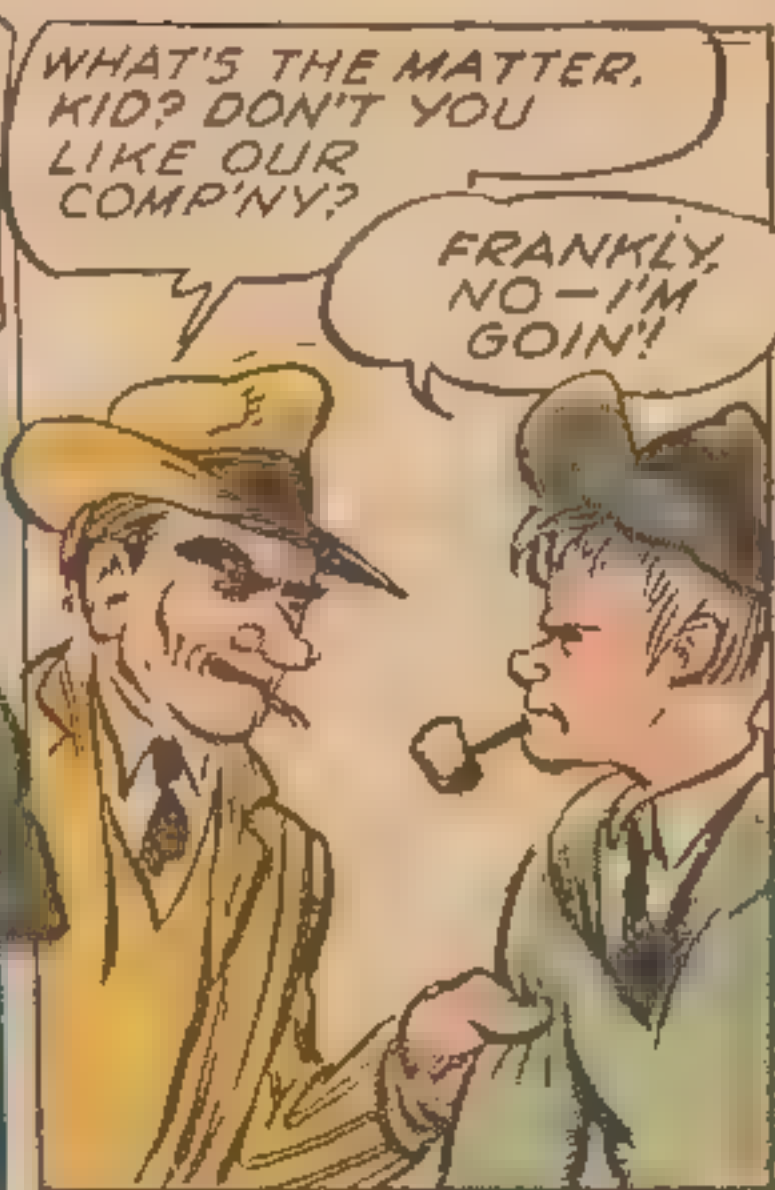
AW, IT'S PROBLY OKAY,
RED—BRING OVER THE
BOXES...I'LL BAIL OUT
TH' DOC'S BOAT.



GOLLY—THIS
GOT HEAVY!







YOU DON'T PAY ME EITHER THOSE CROOKS DISGUSTED ME—I DON'T WANT THEIR FILTHY MONEY THE GANG KIDS WERE RIGHT—NO GOOD COMES FROM THIS KIND OF WORK

YOU'RE NUTS!

JUST TO BE SAFE, LET'S TAKE A SQUINT AT THIS STUFF THEY BROUGHT

YEAH—UH—SAY! THAT DON'T LOOK LIKE BUTTER!



LOOK! JUST OLD JUNK IN THIS ONE, TOO! BOOKS, SHOES, POTTERY—WHY, THAT BUM!

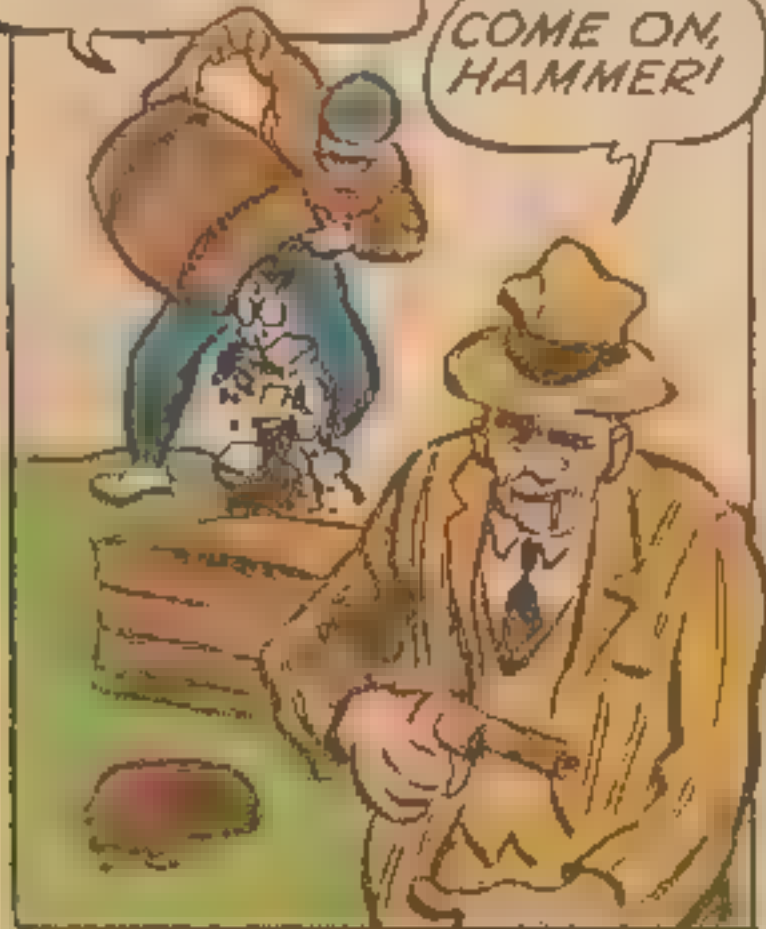
COME ON, HAMMER!

HEY, YOU DOUBLE CROSSIN' RATS, COME BACK HERE OR I'LL PLUG YOU!

GET IN TH' BOAT, MONK

I DON'T WANT NO GUN-PLAY. THAT'LL BRING THE COPS... WITH TWO OF US AT OUR OARS WE'LL OVERHAUL 'EM QUICK!

YEAH, YER RIGHT, HAMMER.



HEY—PSSST—LOOK! THERE'S BRUISER AN' JAKE HEADIN' BACK—AN' SOMEBODY'S FOLLYIN' 'EM!

GETTIN' TOO DARK TO SEE WHO IT IS.

QUICK, LET'S GO ASHORE—GOTTA FIND THE RELICS!

YOU STAY 'N' KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE MEN, BUCKY—COME ON, RED.

LET'S LOOK AROUND DOC'S SHACK FIRST.



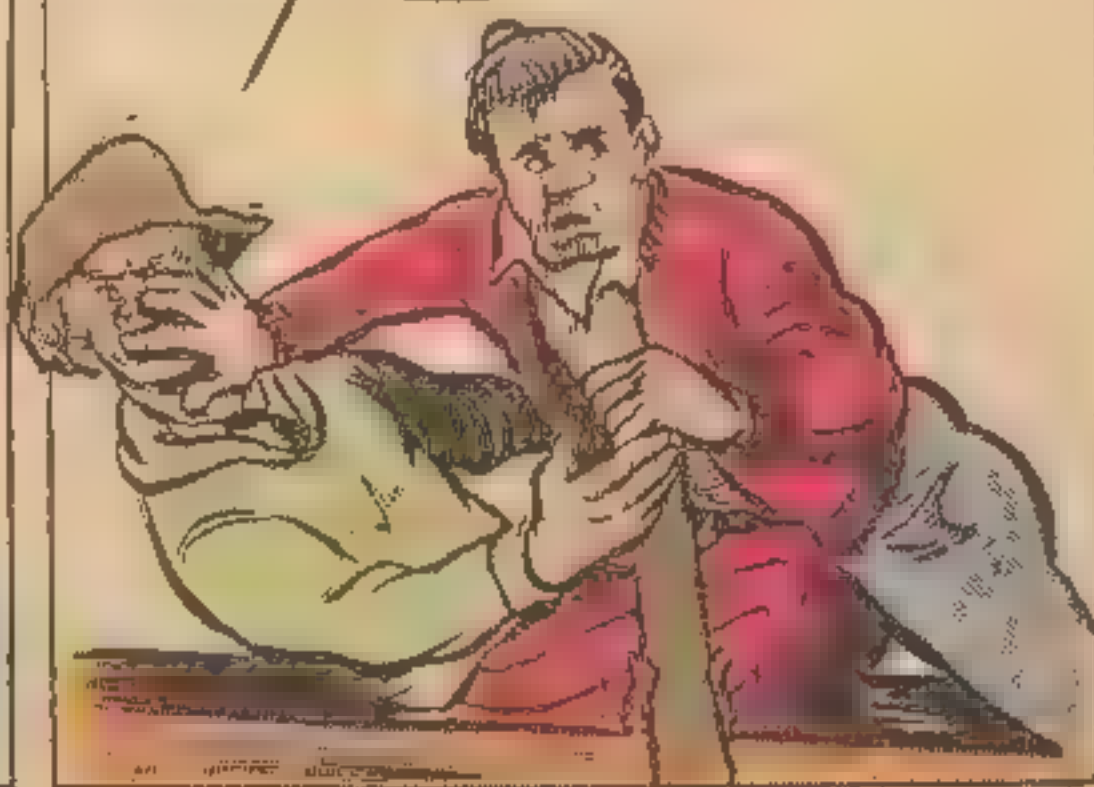
SOMETHIN'S WRONG—THEY WANT US
TO STOP, SO STOP, YOU DARN
DOPE! WANT TO GET US PLUGGED?

SIT DOWN! YER ROCKIN'
TH' BOAT...I CAN OUT-
PULL THOSE TWO
LANDLUBBERS!



STOP ROWIN'—THEY GOT A GUN!

THEY AIN'T USIN' IT—
DOF! YA SHOULDN'T
DO THAT, JAKE!



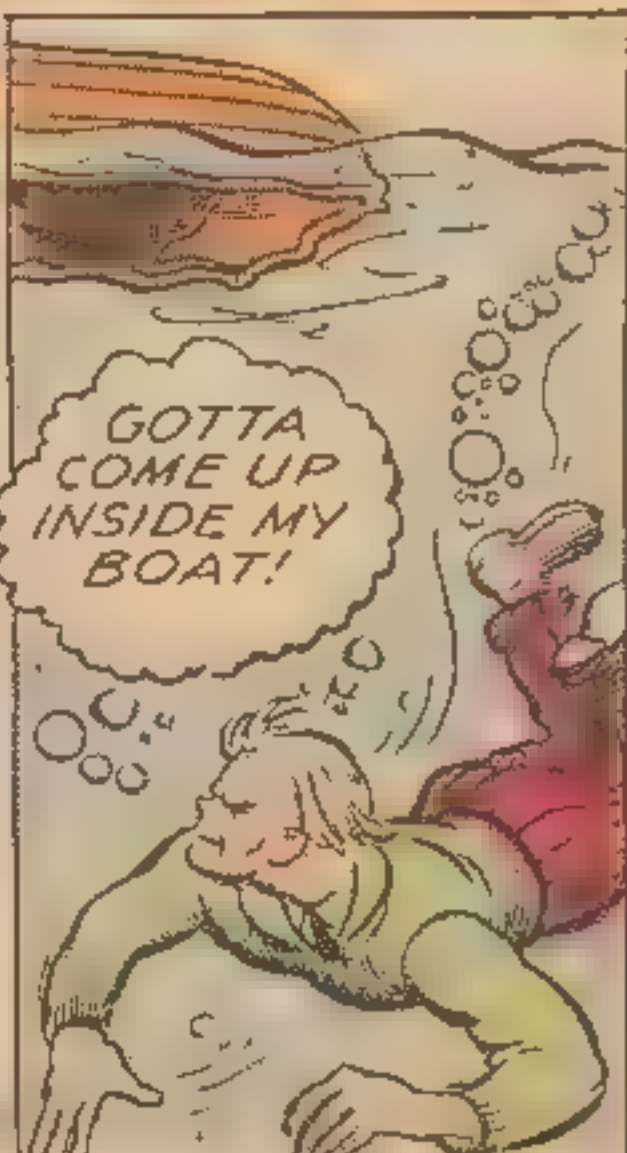
I DON'T LIKE GUYS WHO
SHOVE, AN' I DIDN'T LIKE
YOU TOO MUCH IN THE
BEGINNING! GET OUT
OF MY BOAT!



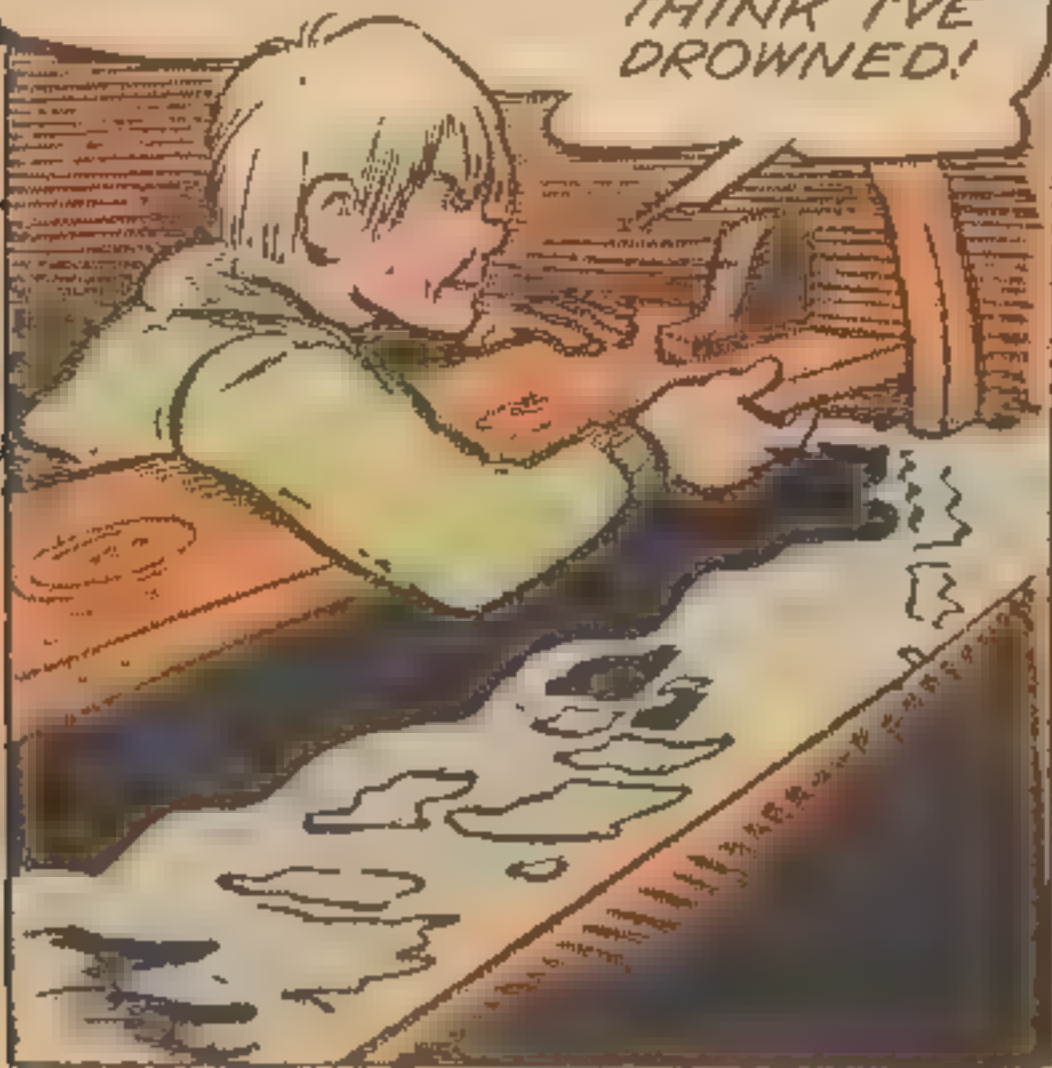
HEY, LOOK! TH' KID
KNOCKED JAKE
OVERBOARD—AN'
UPSET HIS BOAT
DOIN' IT!



GOTTA
COME UP
INSIDE MY
BOAT!



GOOD—INSIDE HERE, THEY'LL
THINK I'VE
DROWNED!



CHEE—NO SIGN OF
TH' KID! HE WENT
UNDER!



GOOD RIDDANCE—
AN' JAKE HERE IS
HALF COO-COO!

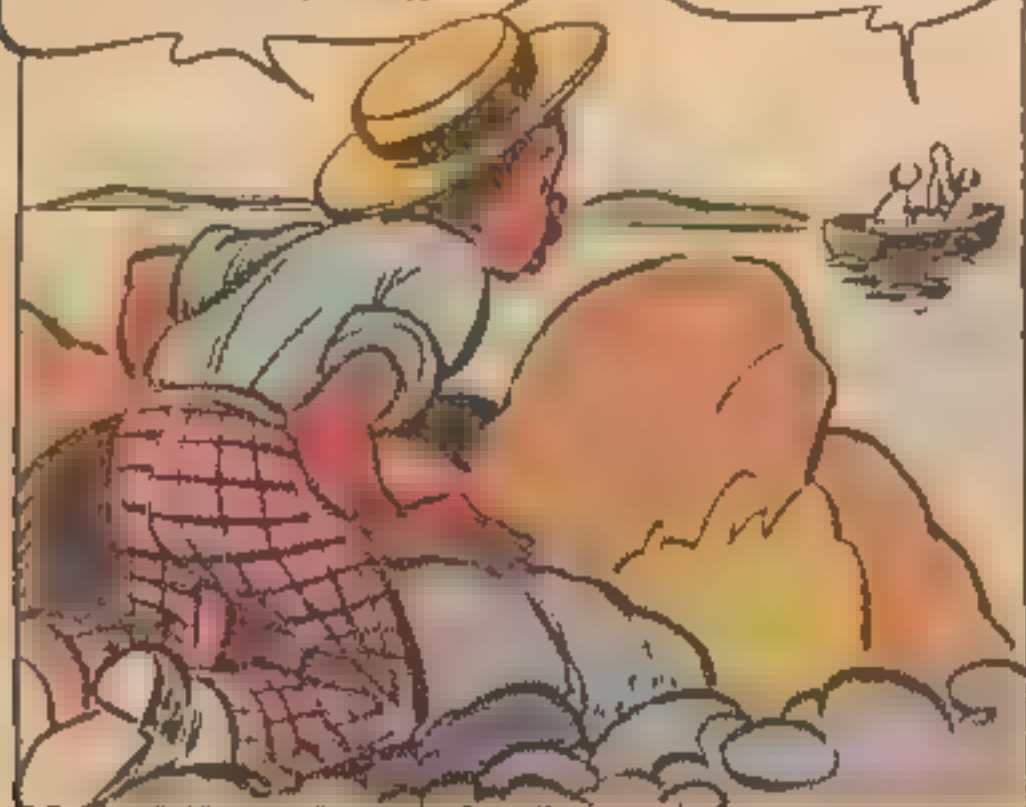


LAW'S SAKE! THEY LET
OL' BRUISER DROWN!
THEY'S MURDERERS!
AN' I CAN HEAR 'EM
TALKIN' CROSS
THE WATER.

HEAD FOR
TH' ISLAND,
HAMMER

MAN, MAN! IF THEY'S
COMIN' BACK I
BETTER COVER
OUR TRACKS—
CAN'T MOVE OUR
BOAT...

I'LL JES' CARRY
OFF OUR DISGUISES.
NOW'S TH' TIME
WE MOUGHT
NEED 'EM!



LOOK, THESE ARE DOC'S
BOXES AN' THEY'RE
NOT FILLED WITH
RELICS—
JES' JUNK!

HE WAS
KIDDIN' US!

HEY!
BRUISER
IS KILLED!

BRUISER'S BOAT OVERTURNED—
THEM FIENDS LET HIM DROWN...
AN' NOW THEY'RE COMIN' BACK
HERE WITH JAKE—WE'RE CAUGHT!



POOR
BRUISER!

I CAN HEAR
'EM COMIN'—
HIDE IN THE
SHACK!

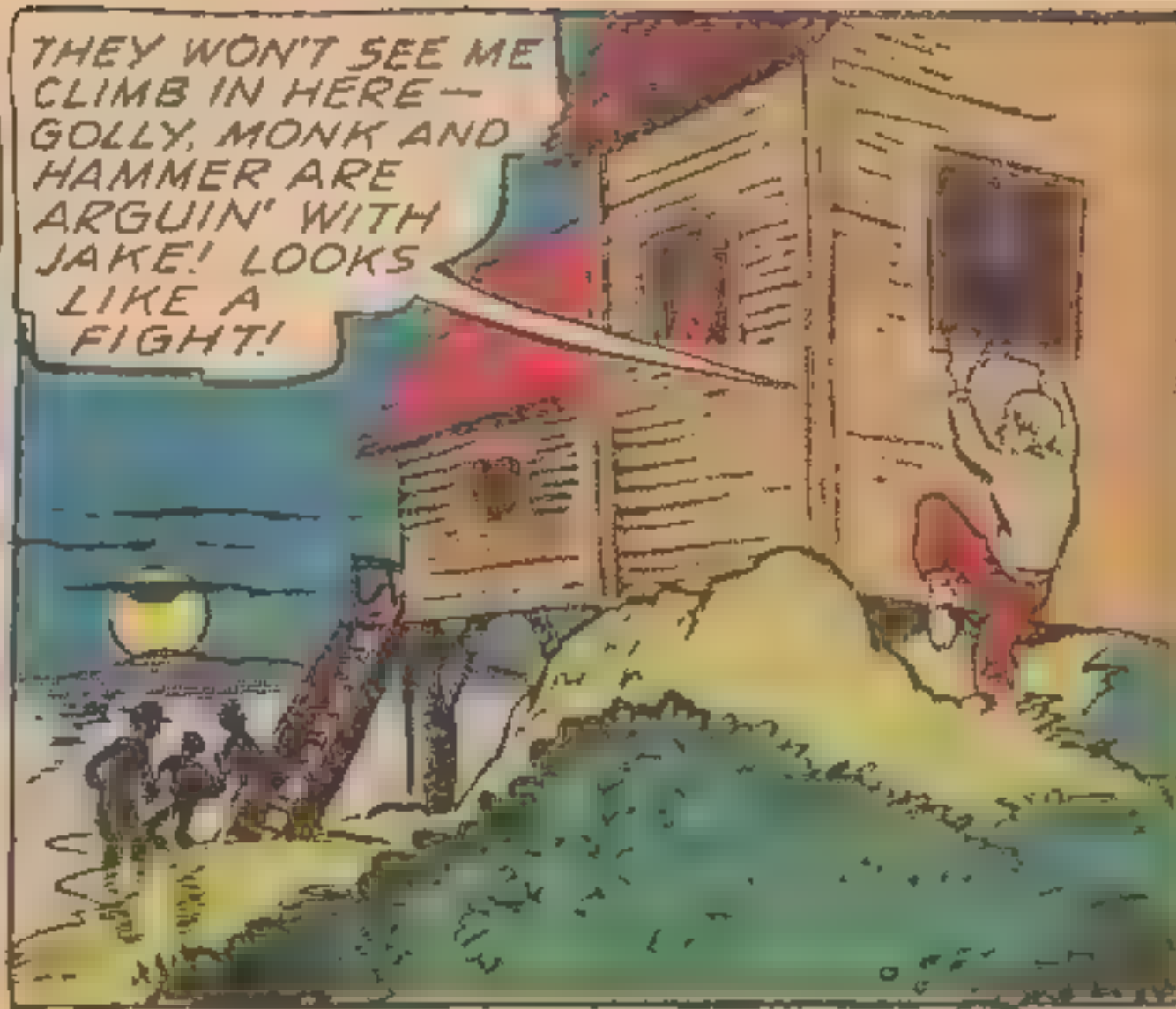
PUT ON THE
DISGUISES... YOU
CAN'T TELL—WE
MIGHT NEED 'EM!

I'LL NEED TO BREATHE,
TOO, AN' THAT'S NOT EASY
WITH THIS WATERMELON
ON MY NOSE!



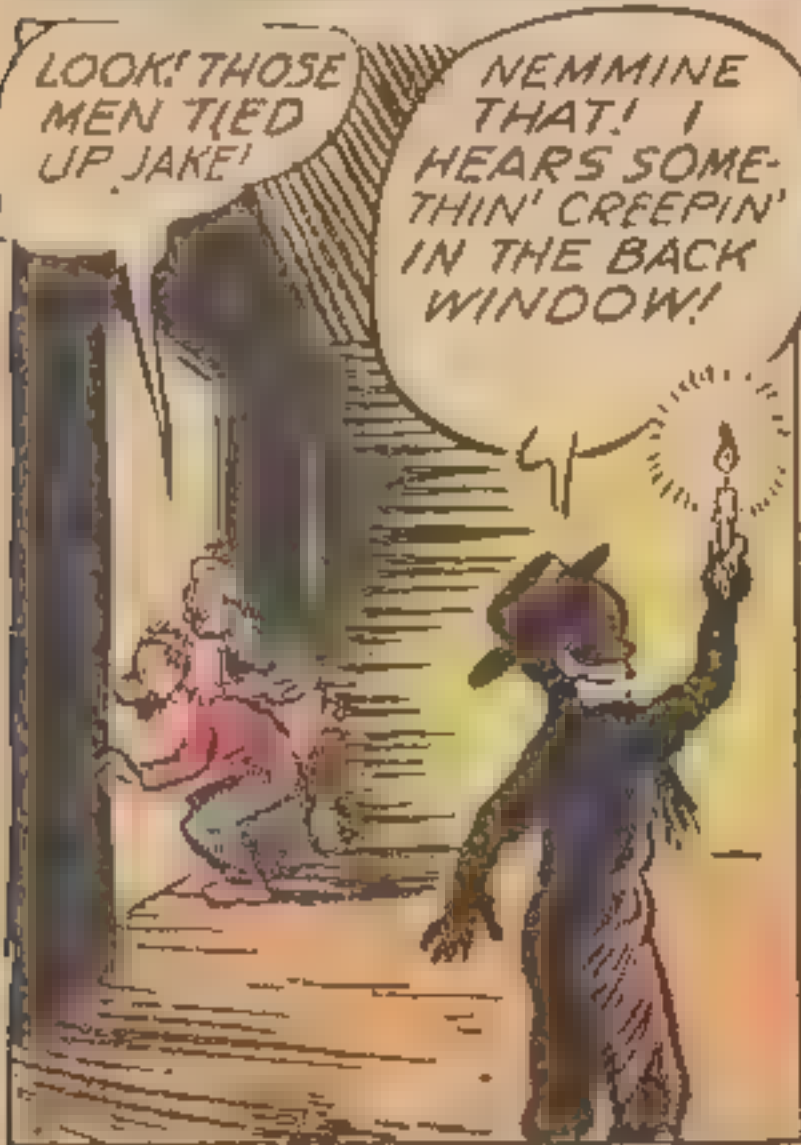
THOSE MUGS WERE GLAD TO THINK
THAT I'D DROWN—IT'S GOOD I
SHOOK THEM AS PARTNERS... NOW
TO SNEAK AROUND THE BACK OF
DOC HAWKE'S SHACK... I'LL QUEER
THEIR GAME AND TURN THE
WHOLE BUNCH IN TO THE
POLICE!

THEY WON'T SEE ME
CLIMB IN HERE—
GOLLY, MONK AND
HAMMER ARE
ARGUIN' WITH
JAKE! LOOKS
LIKE A
FIGHT!



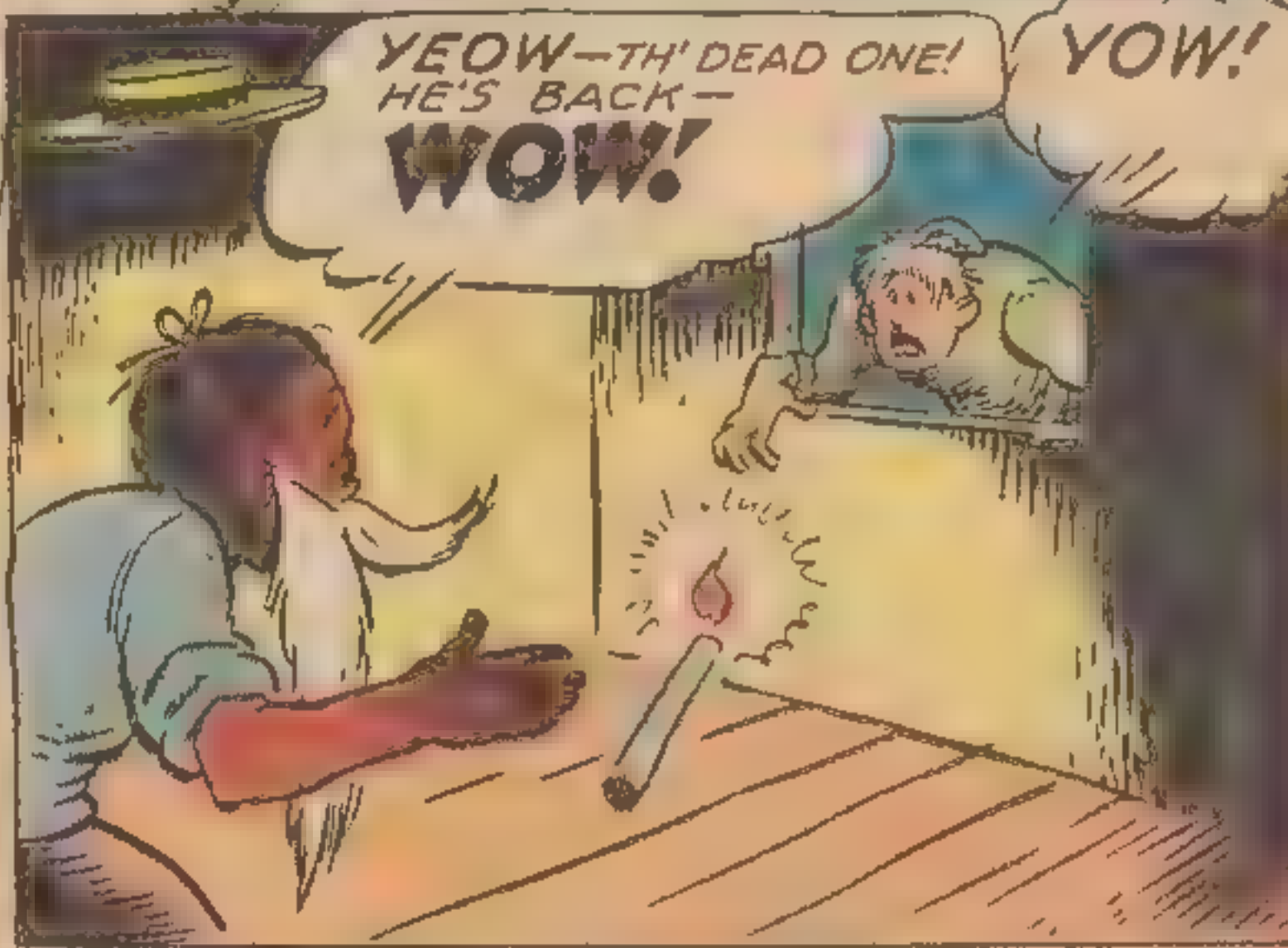
LOOK! THOSE
MEN TIED
UP JAKE!

NEMMINE
THAT! I
HEARS SOME-
THIN' CREEPIN'
IN THE BACK
WINDOW!



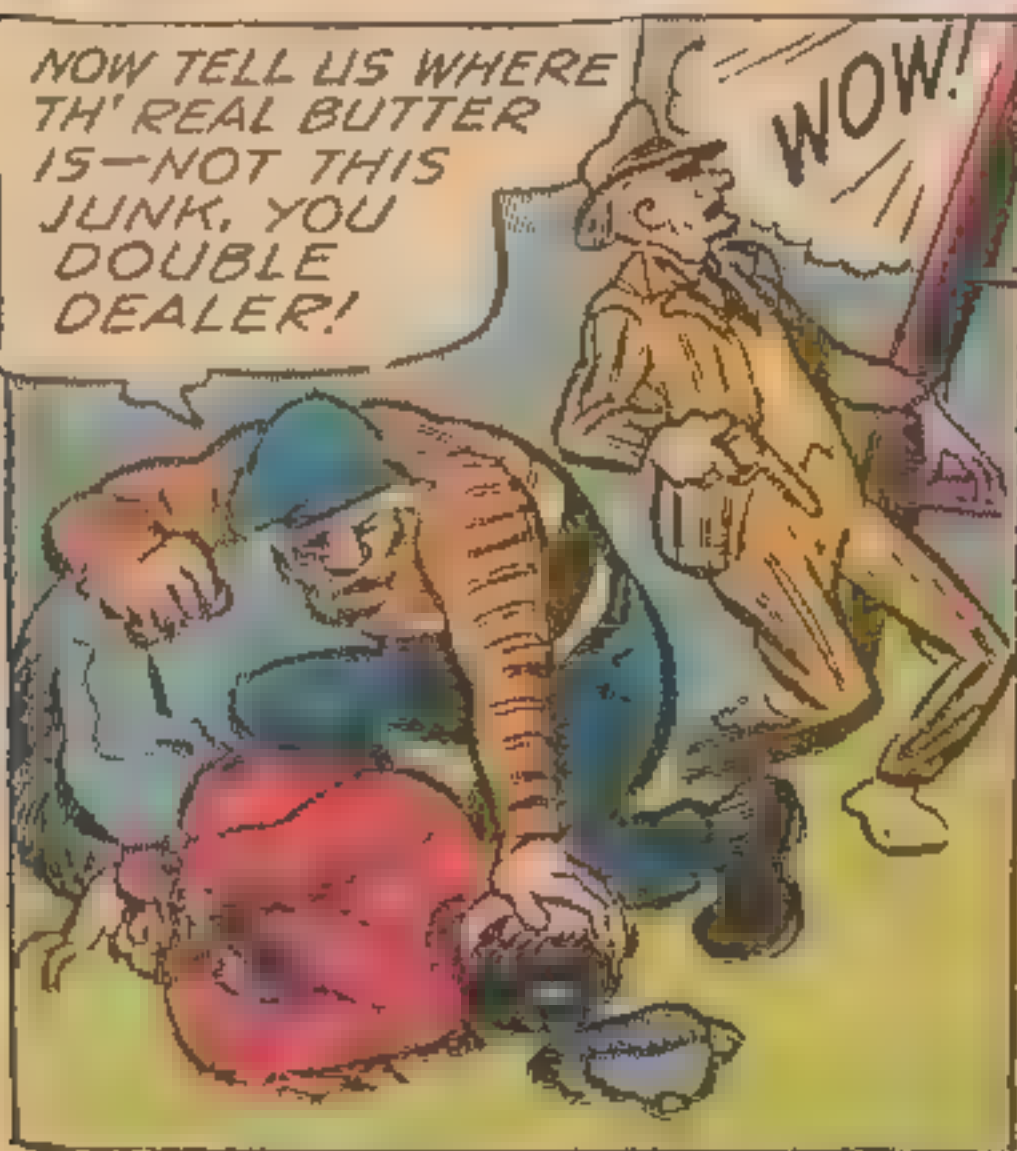
YEOW—TH' DEAD ONE!
HE'S BACK—
WOW!

YOW!



NOW TELL US WHERE
TH' REAL BUTTER
IS—NOT THIS
JUNK, YOU
DOUBLE
DEALER!

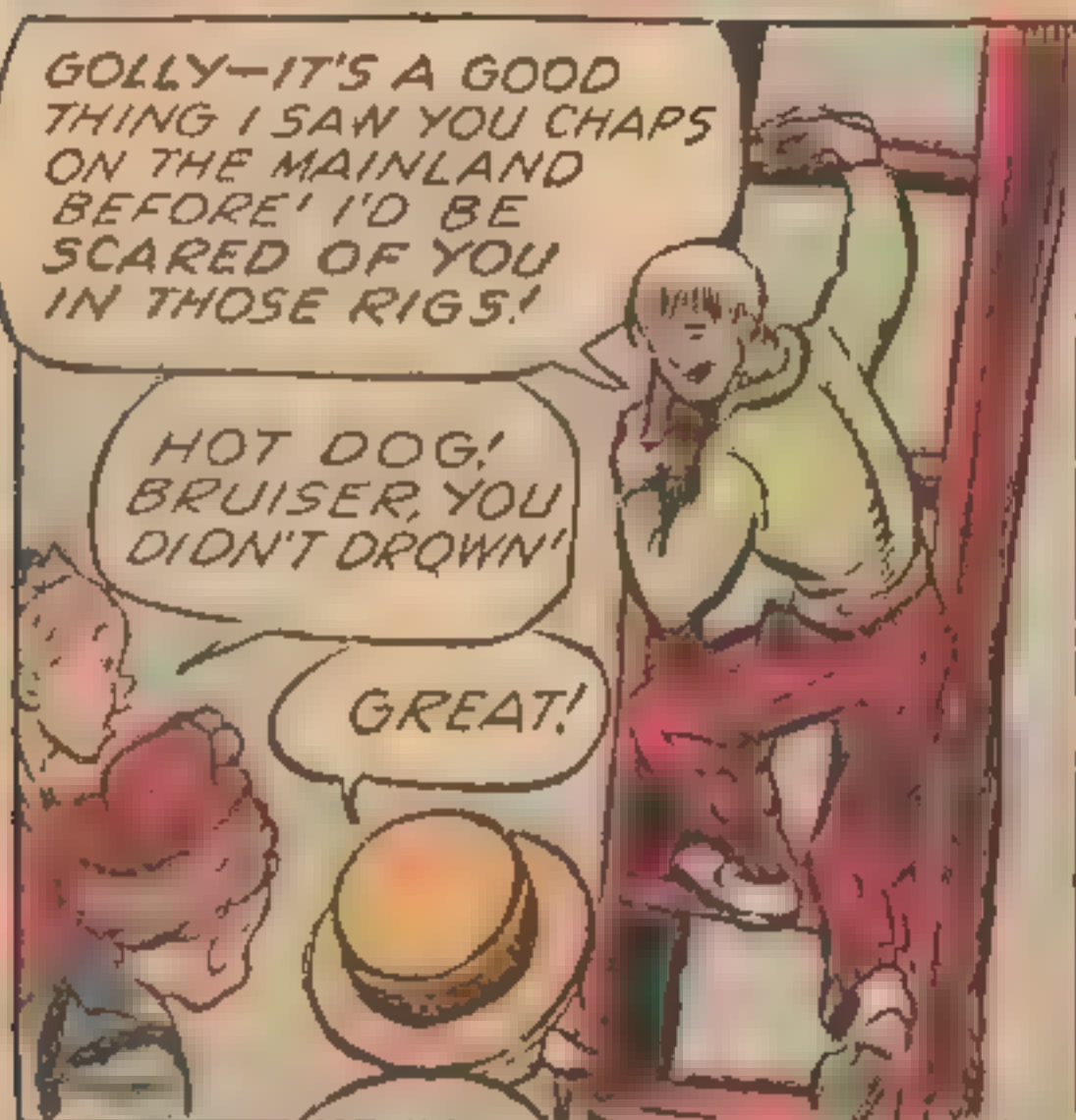
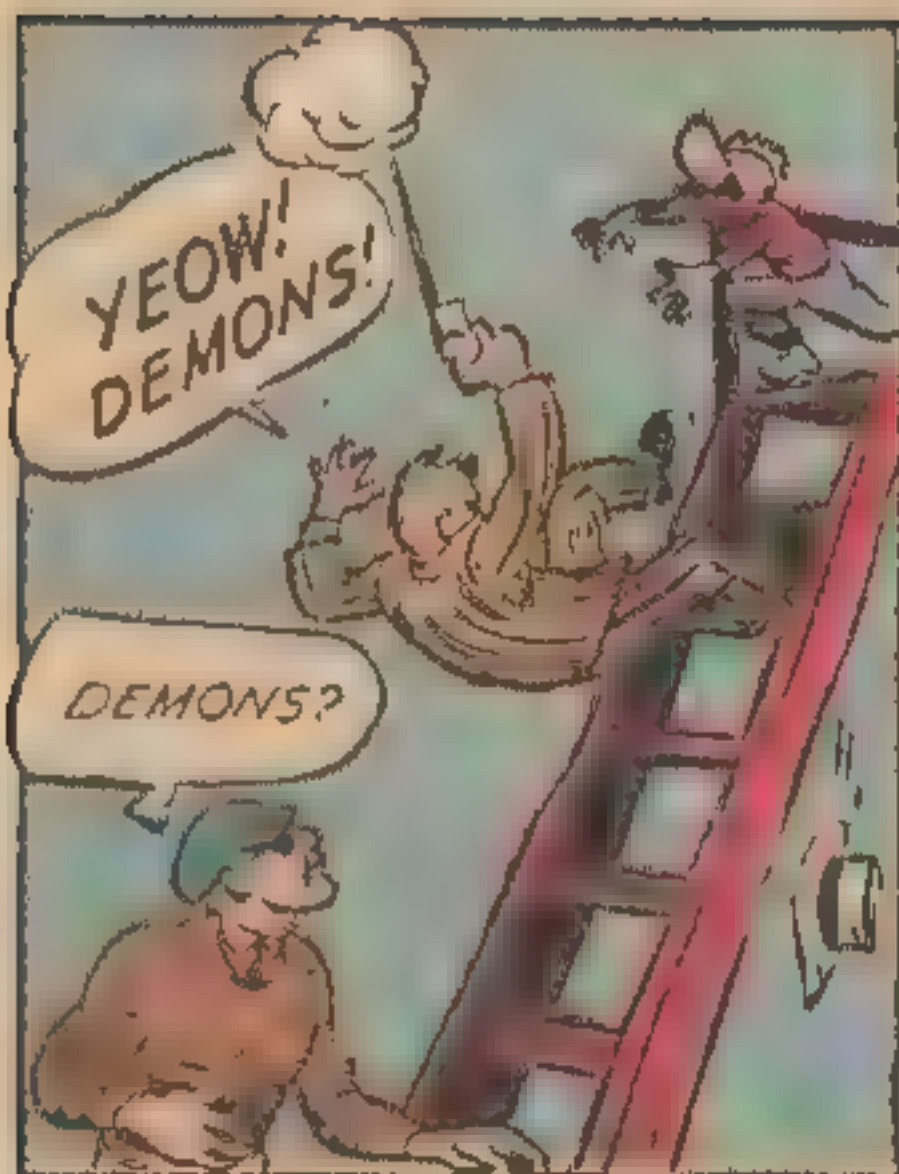
WOW!



A GHOST!

WHAT
TH'—!





NAW, I'M NOT DEAD—JES' FOOLED THOSE CROOKS! LET'S TAKE 'EM BACK TO TOWN. THEY'RE BAD EGGS—BLACK MARKET EGGS AT THAT, AND I THINK THEY MIGHT BRING A HIGH PRICE, CHAPS!

WE'LL PUT DOC'S "RELICS" IN HIS SHACK.

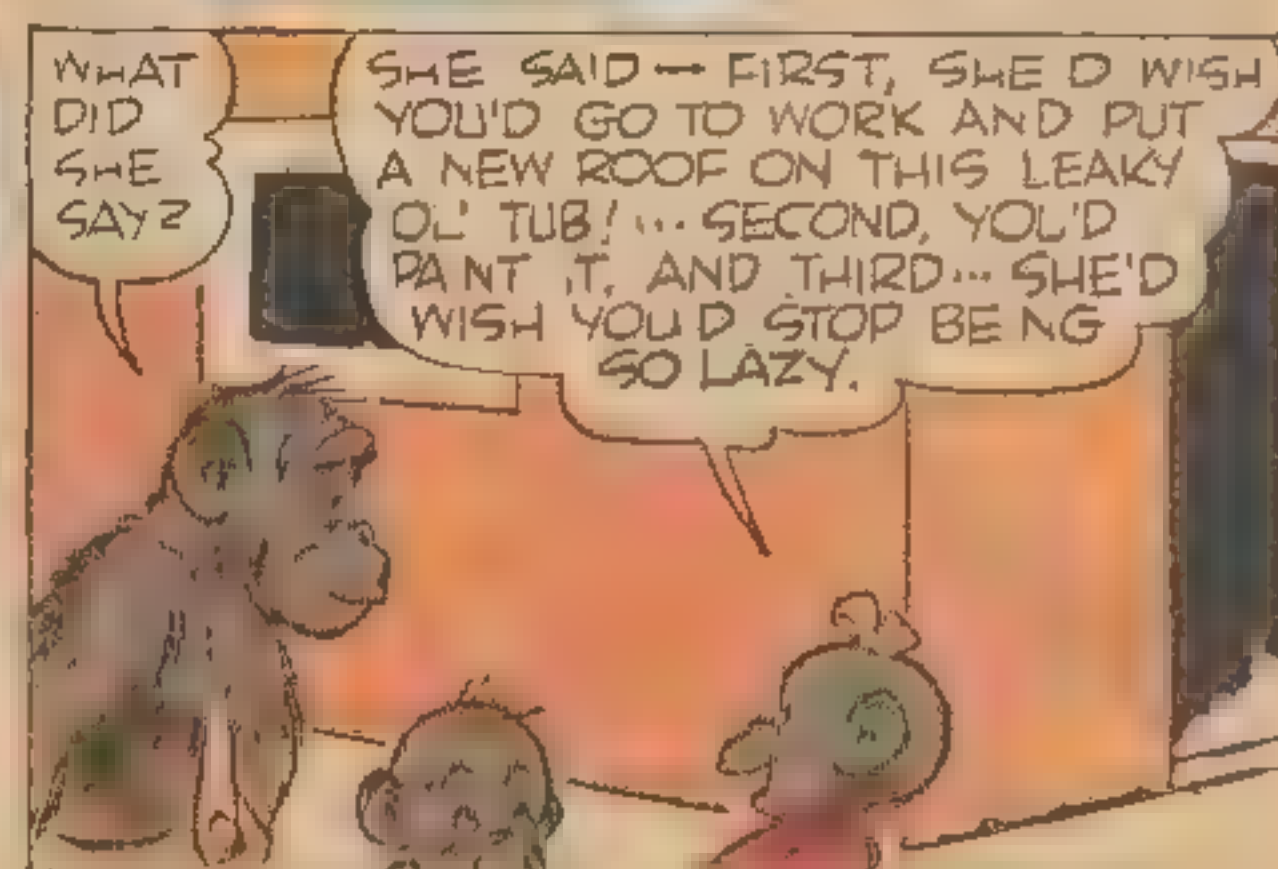
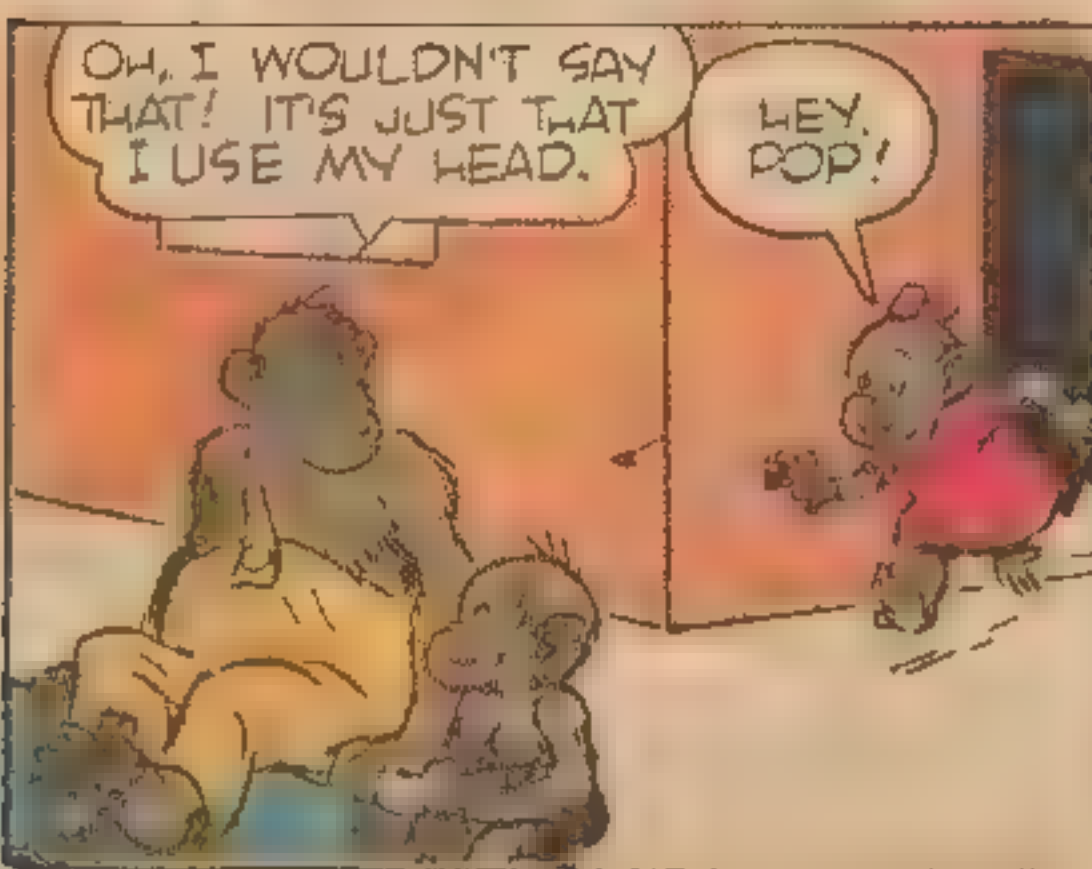
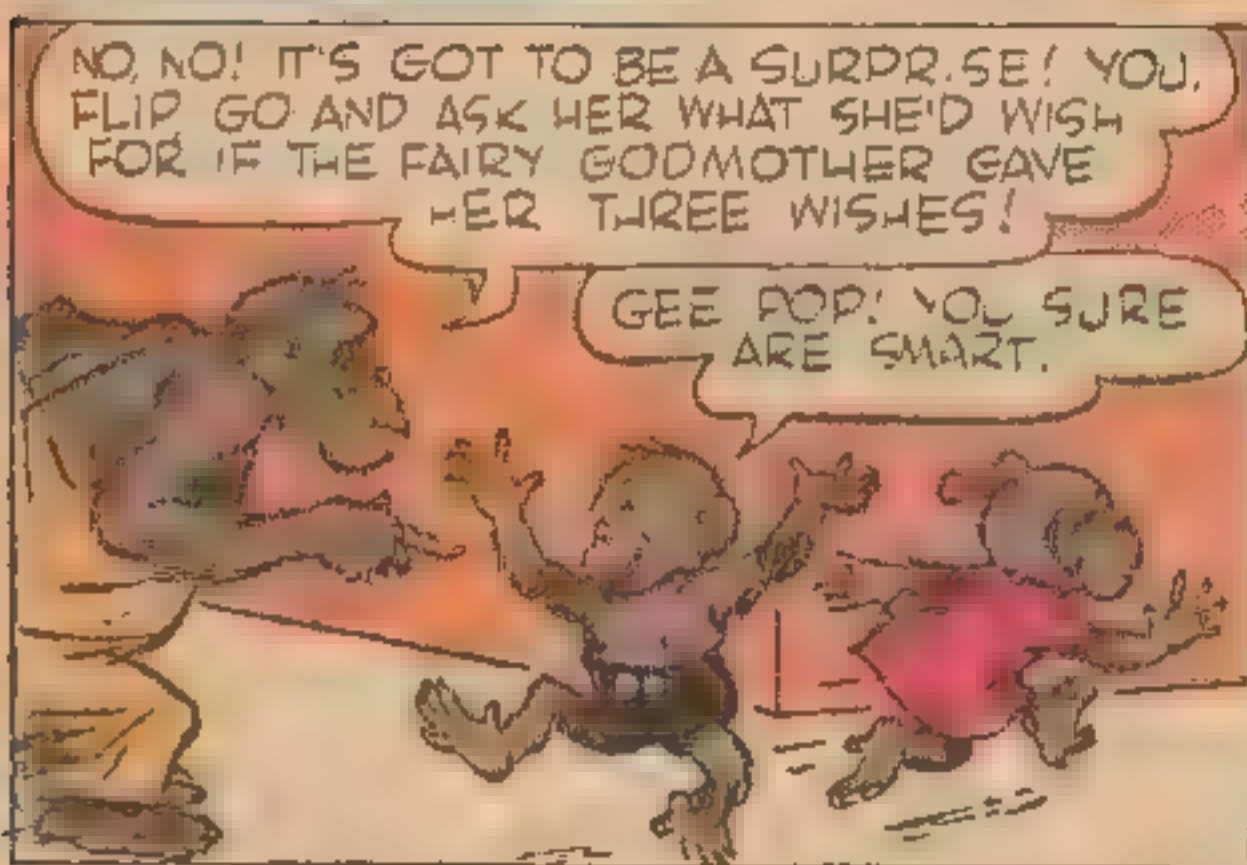
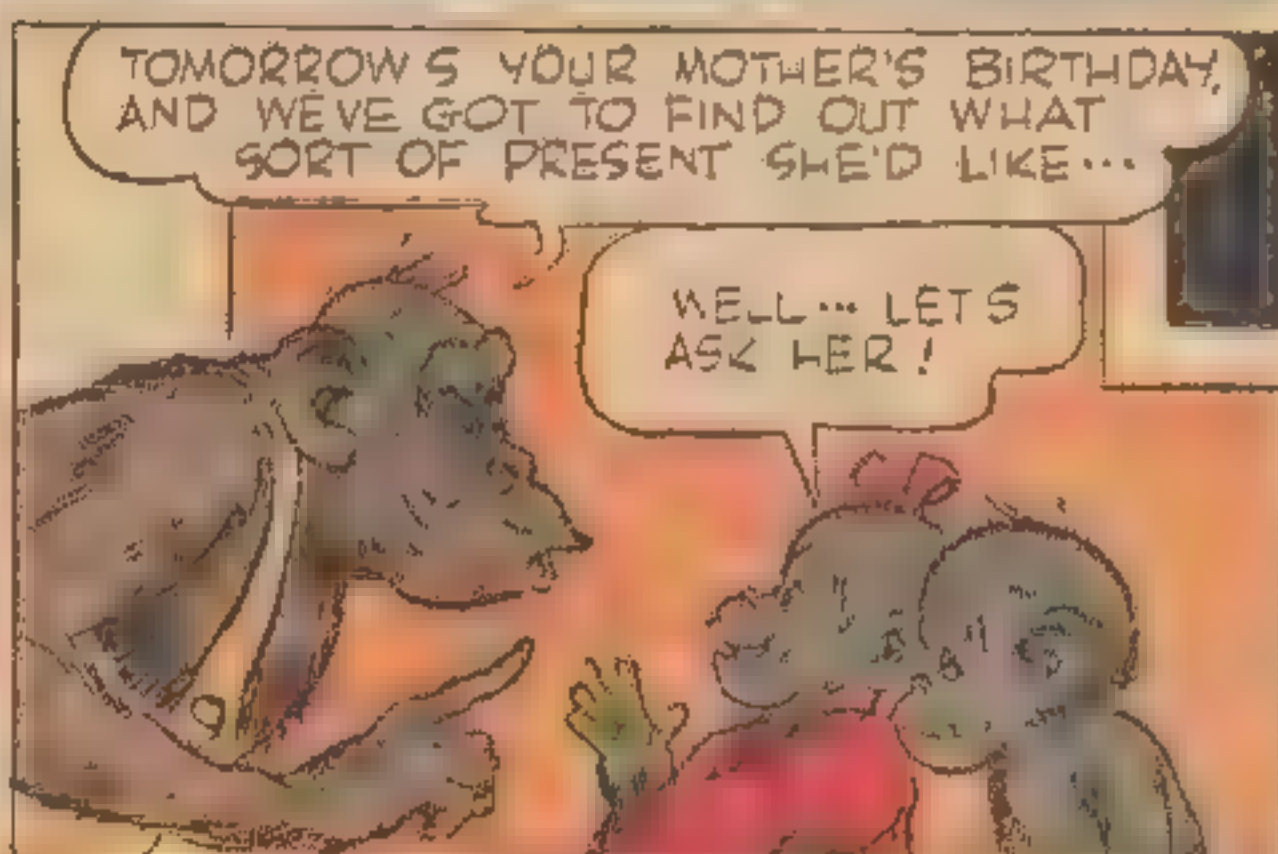
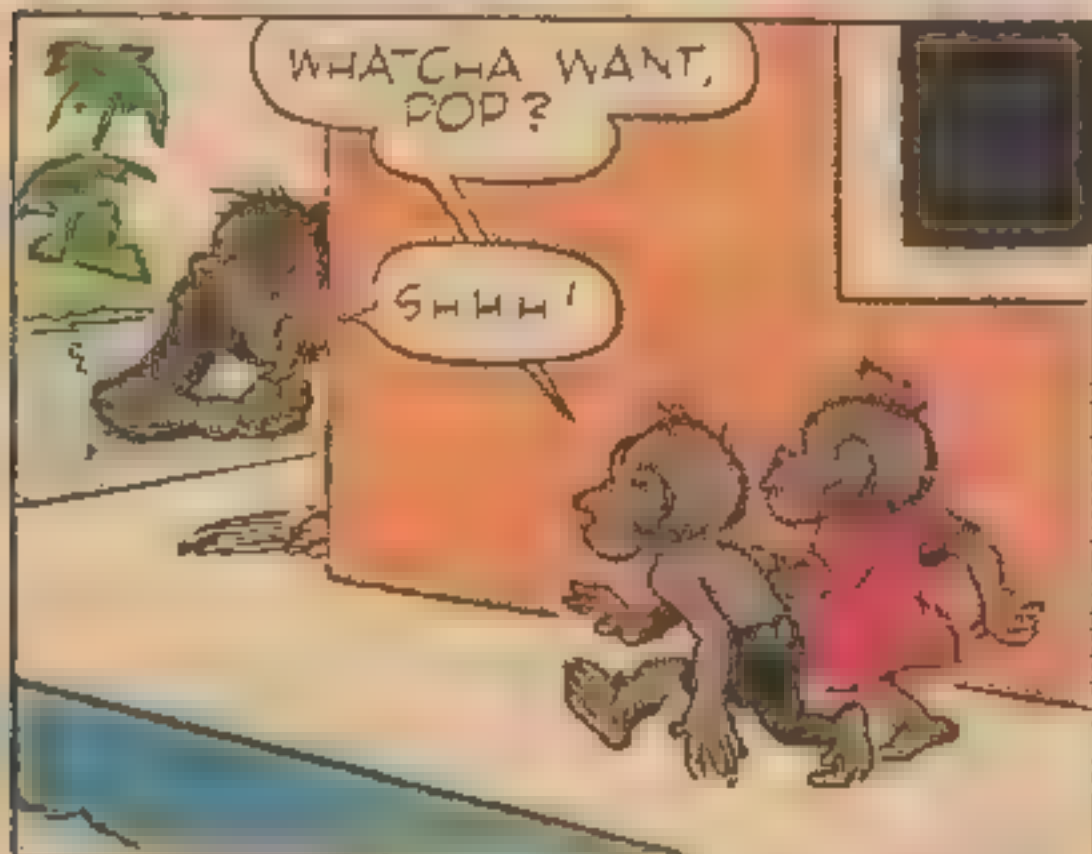
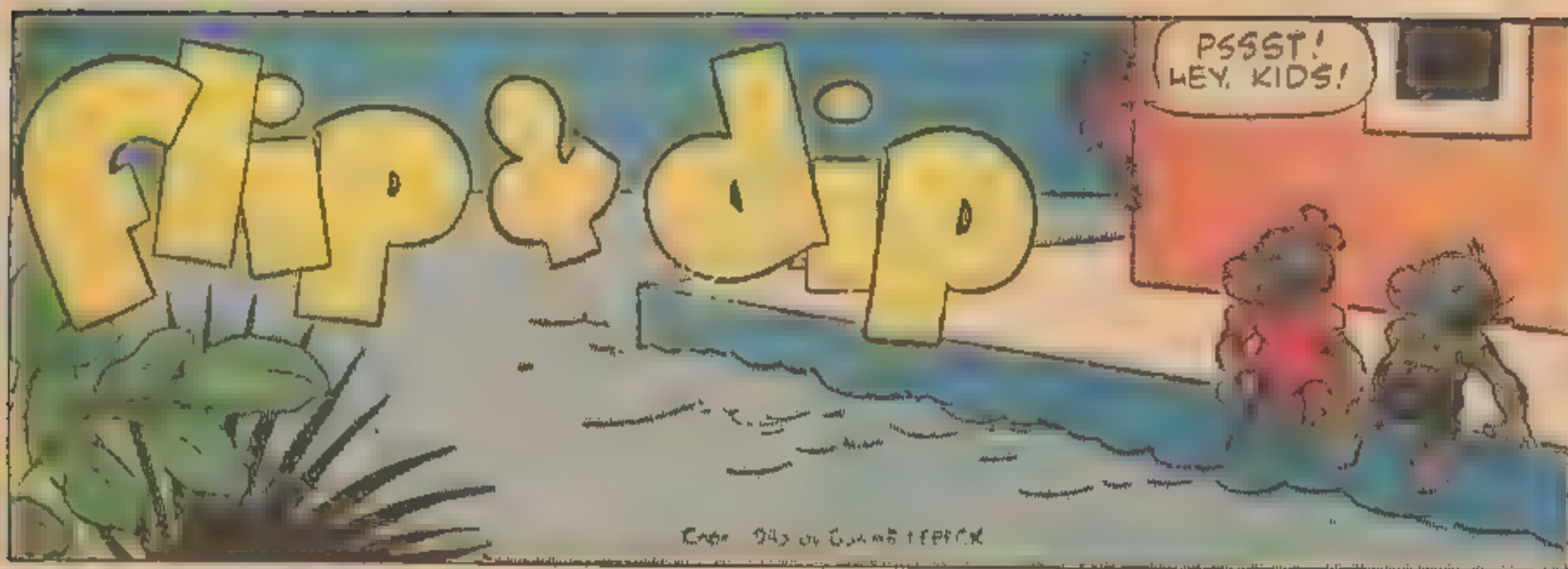


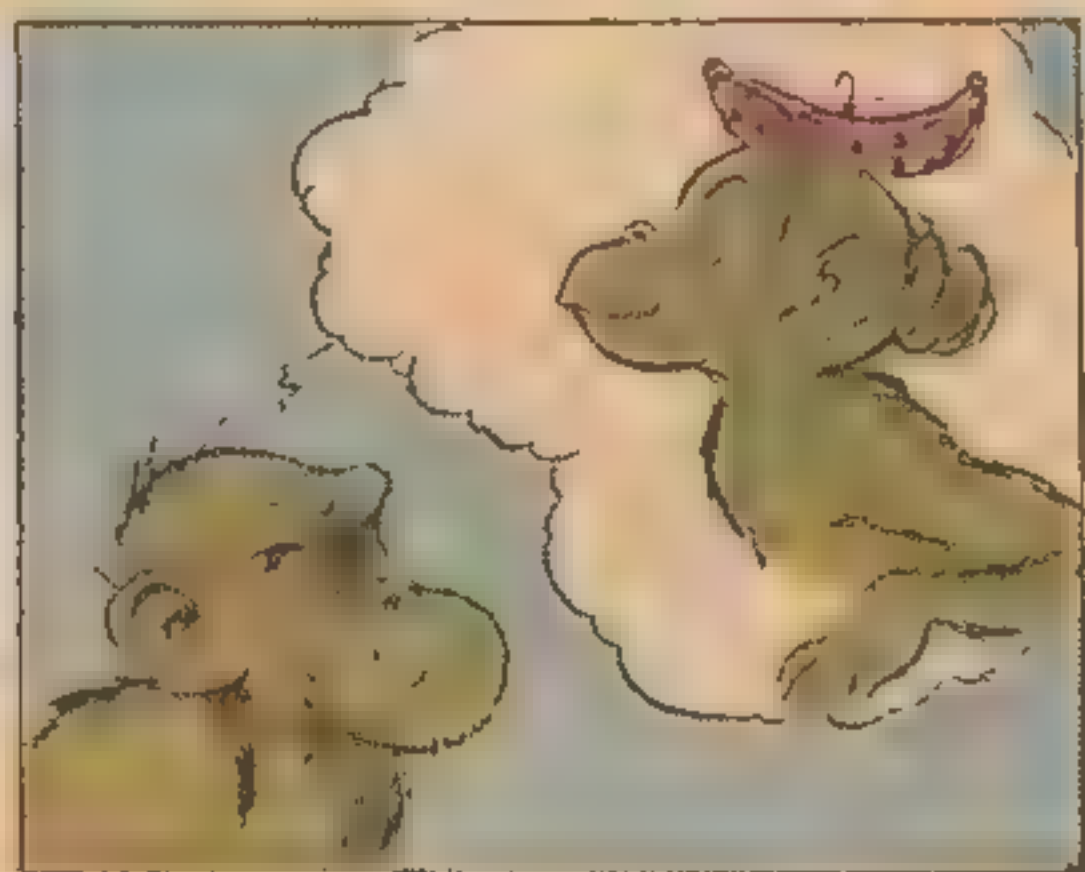
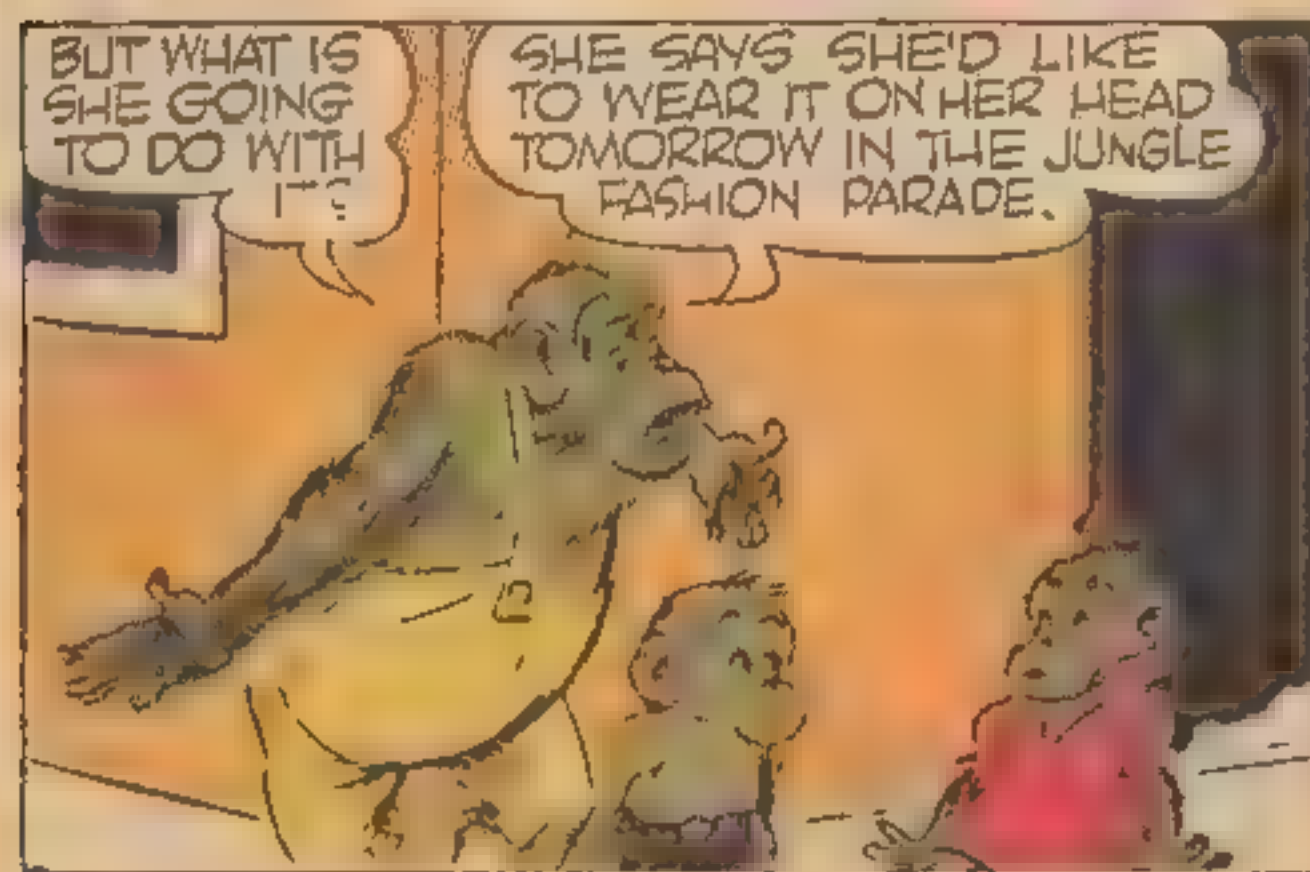
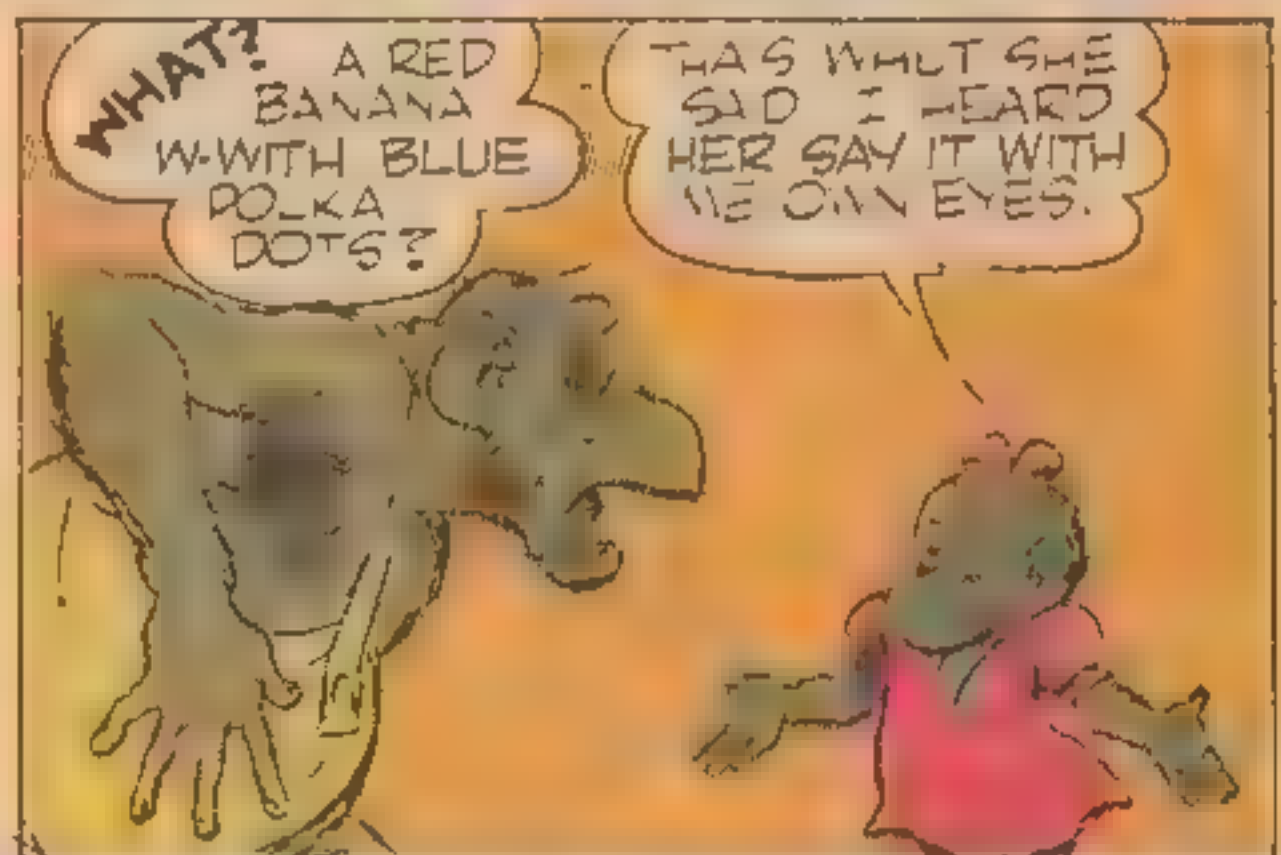
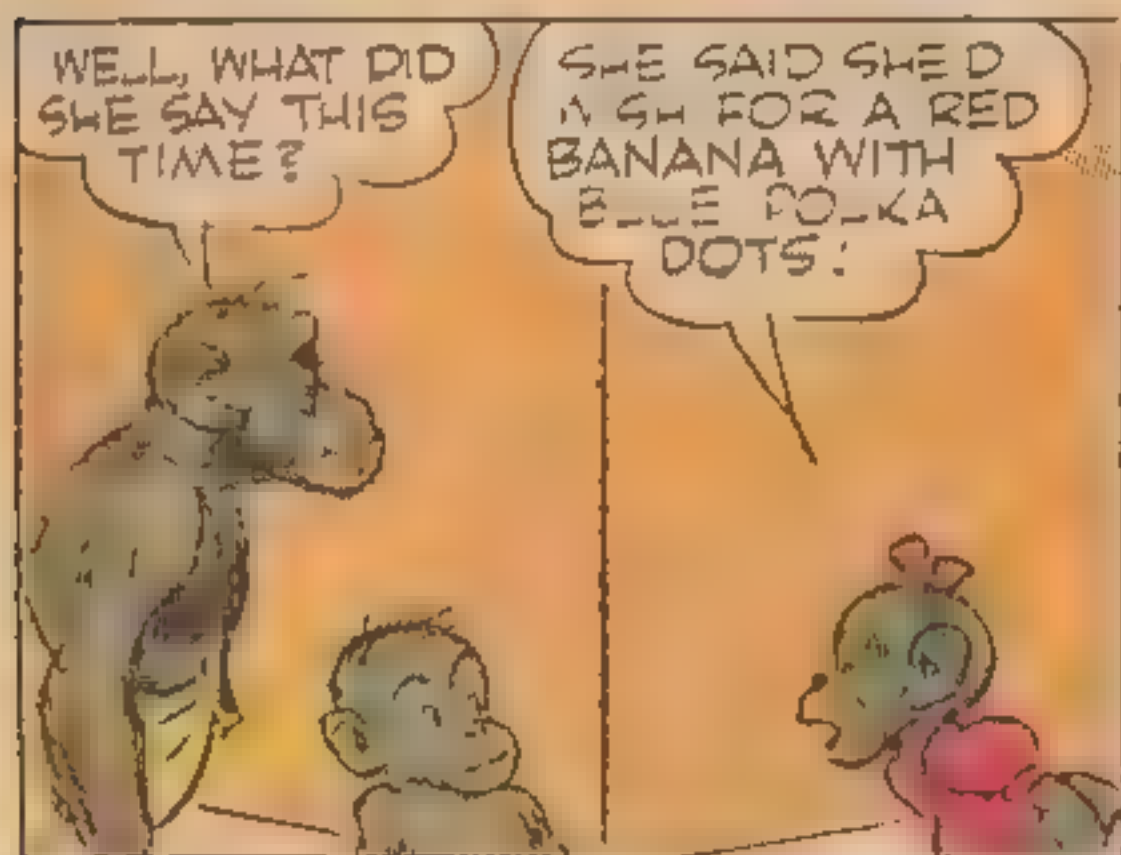
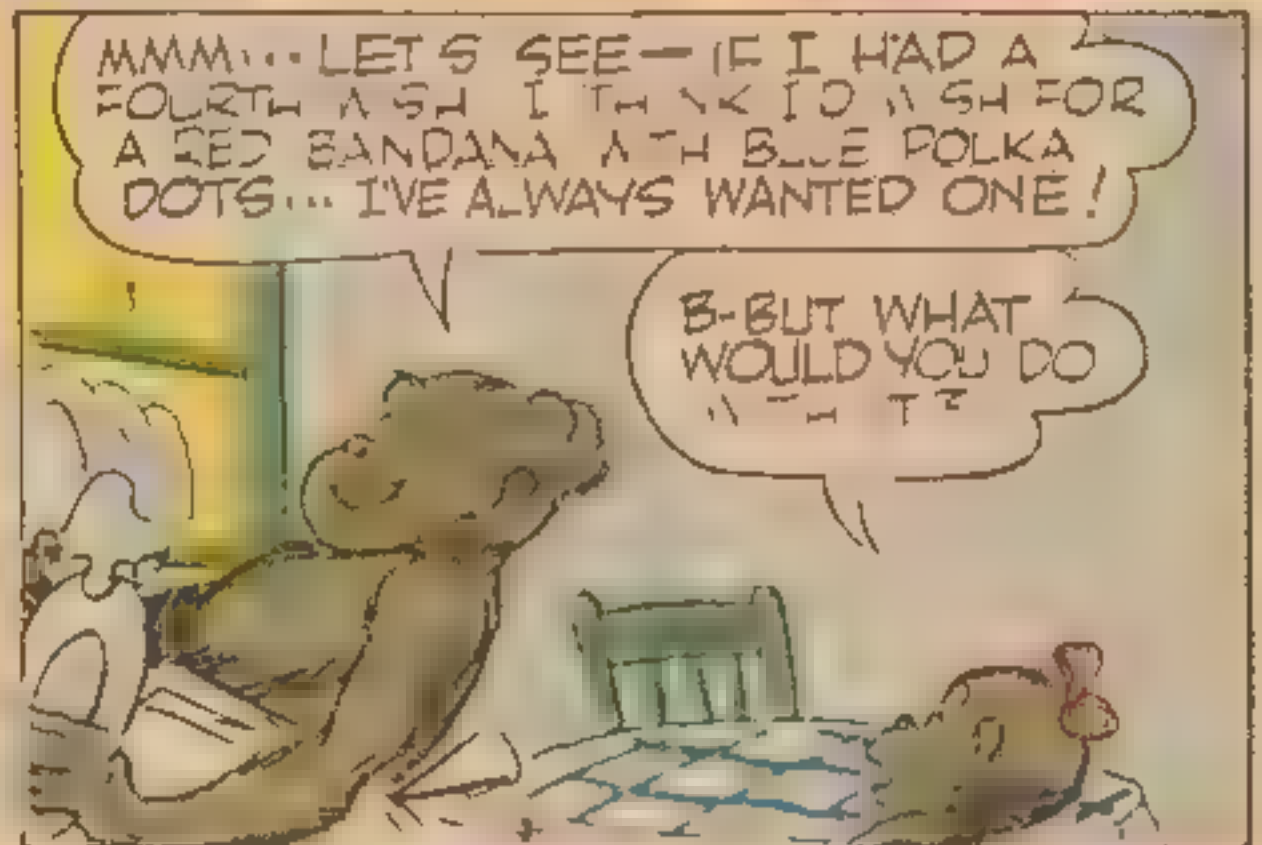
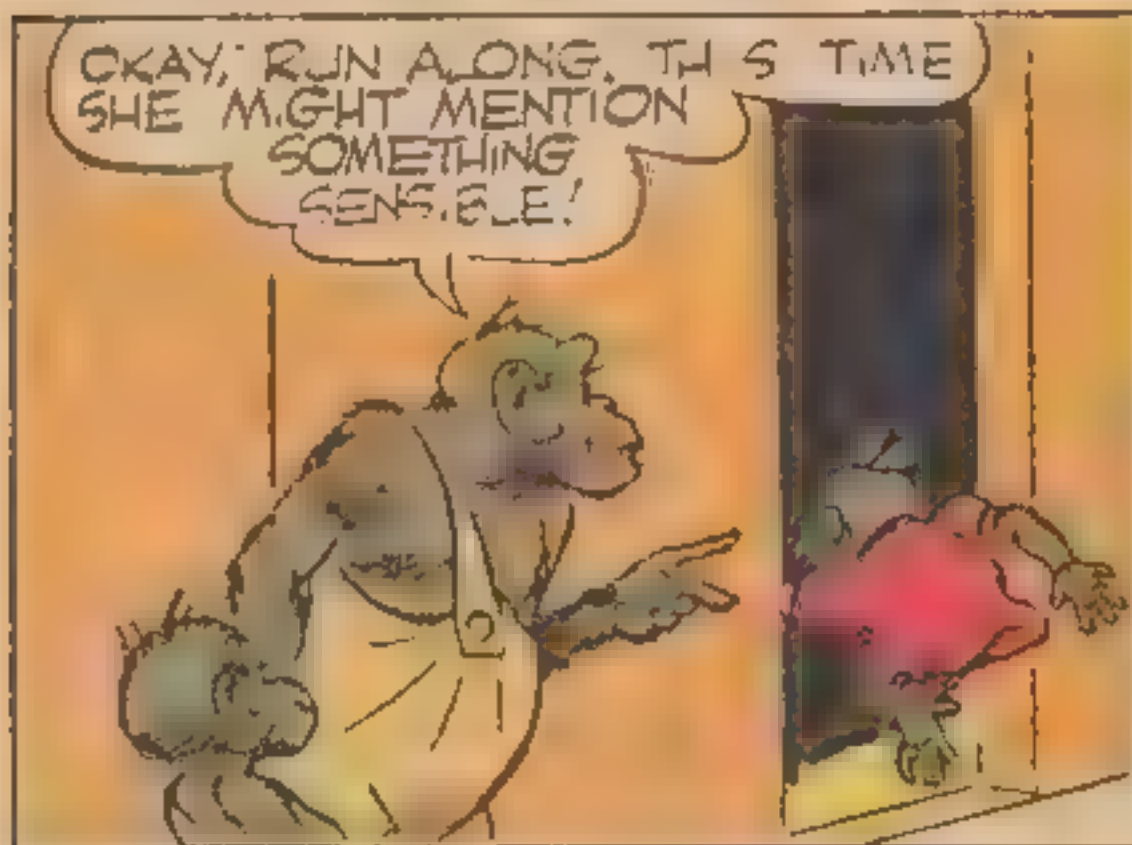
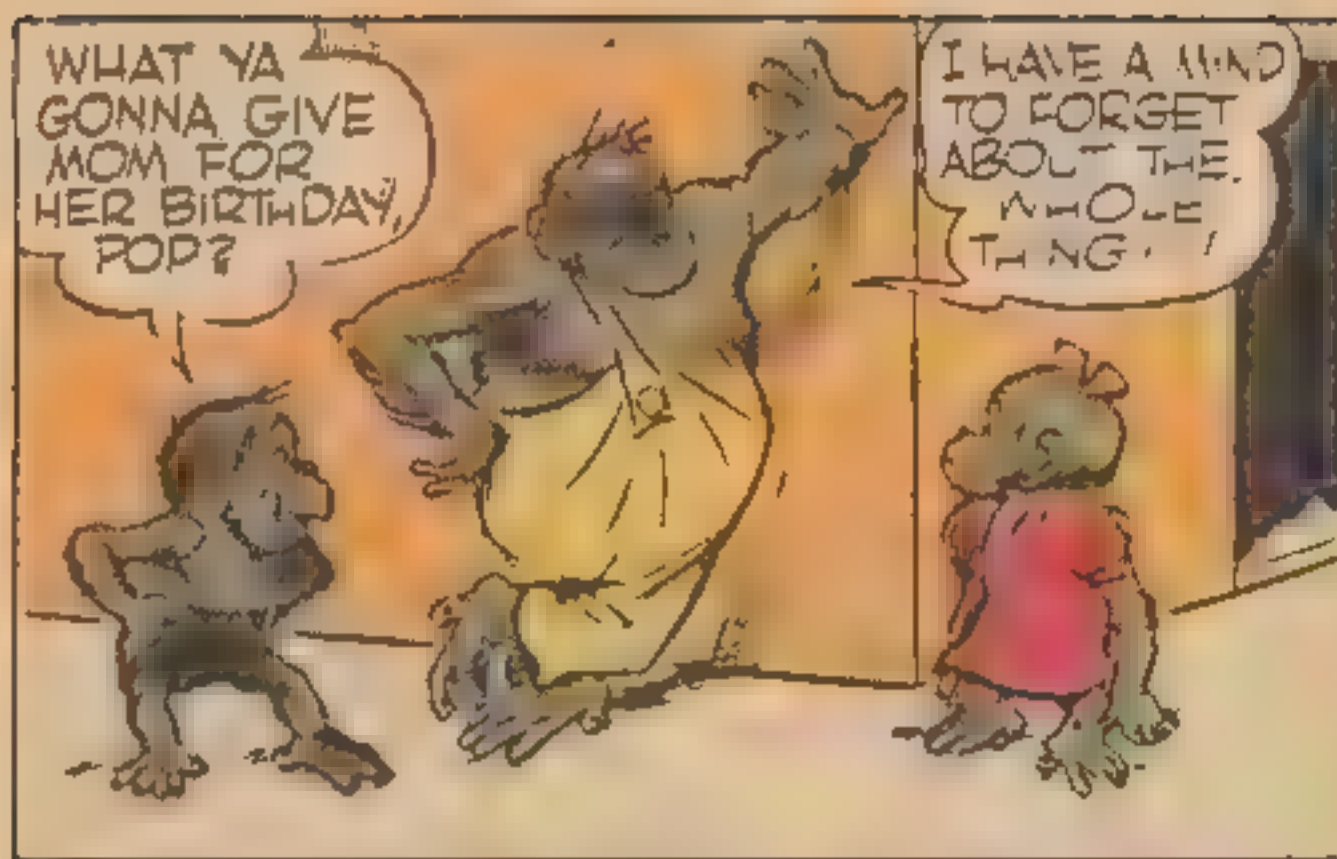
THIS OUGHT TO TEACH YOU A LESSON, BRUISER! WHY DON'T YOU PROMISE TO GO STRAIGHT?

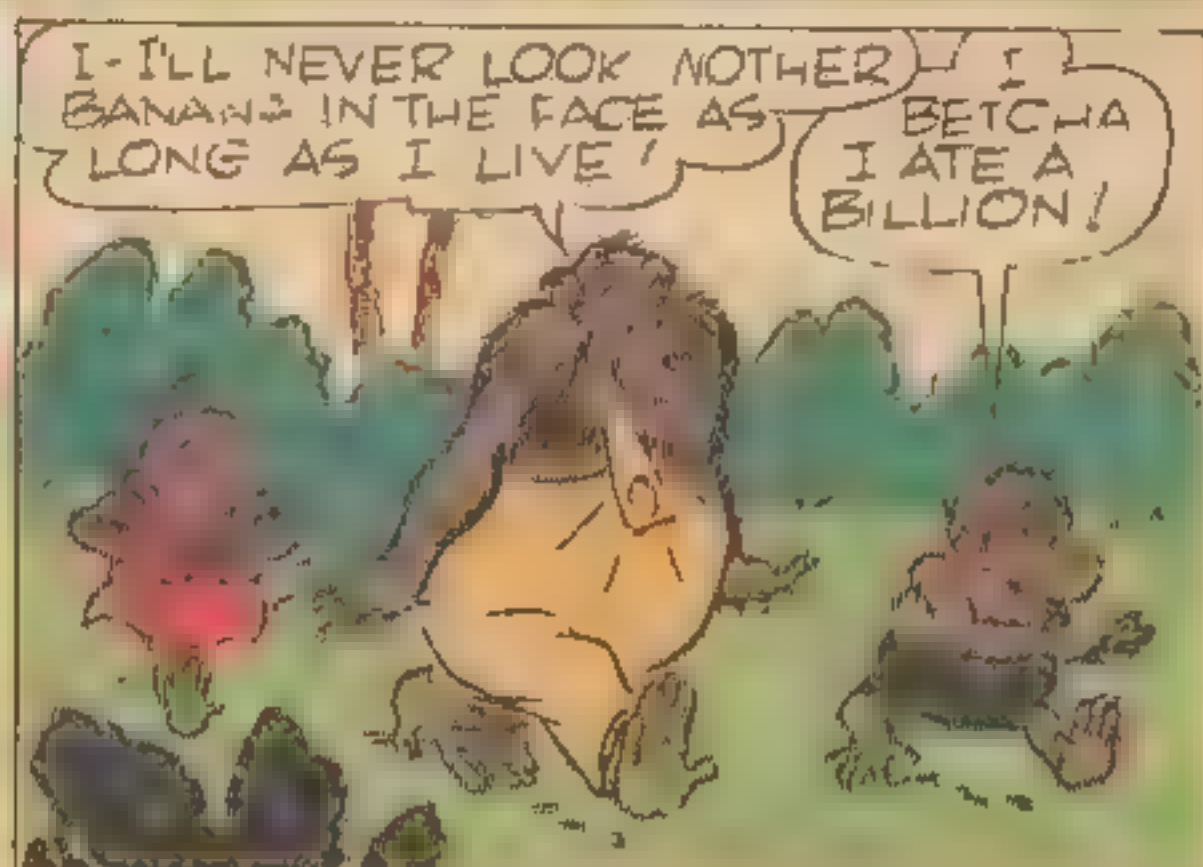
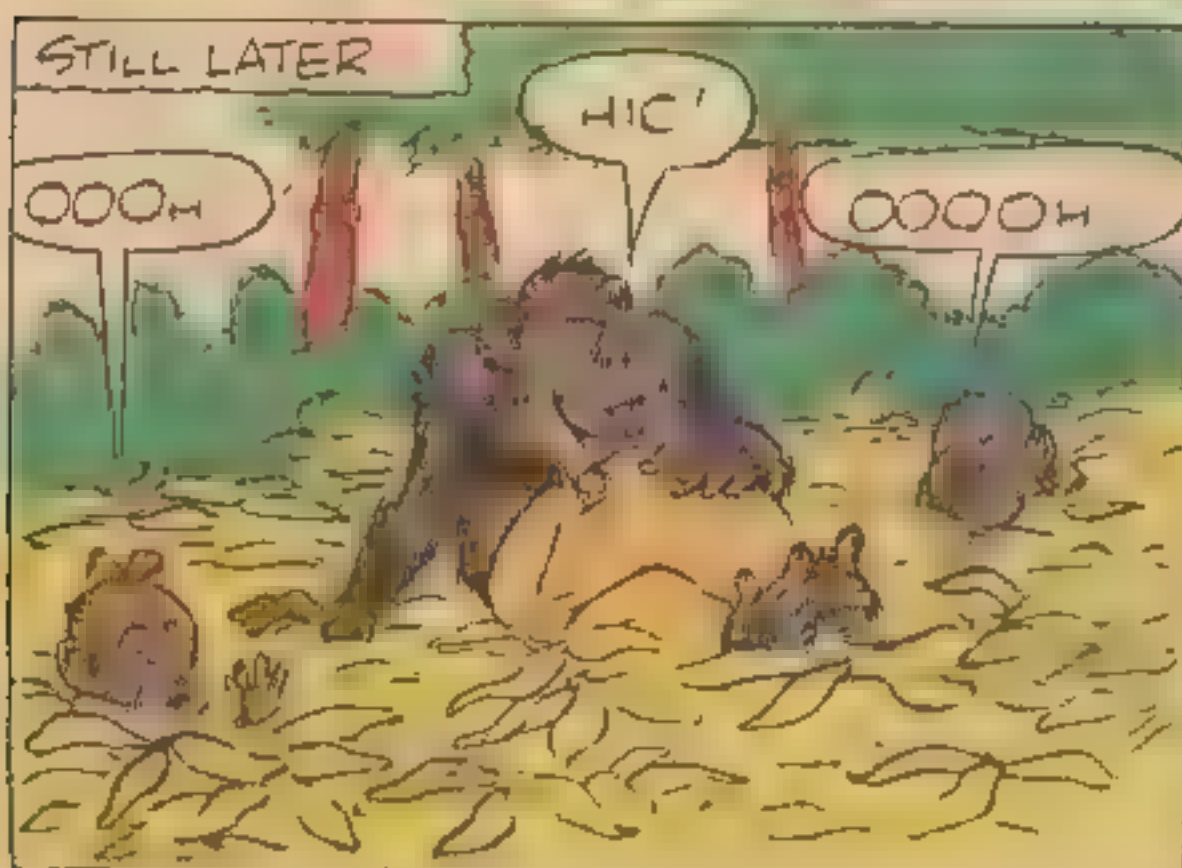
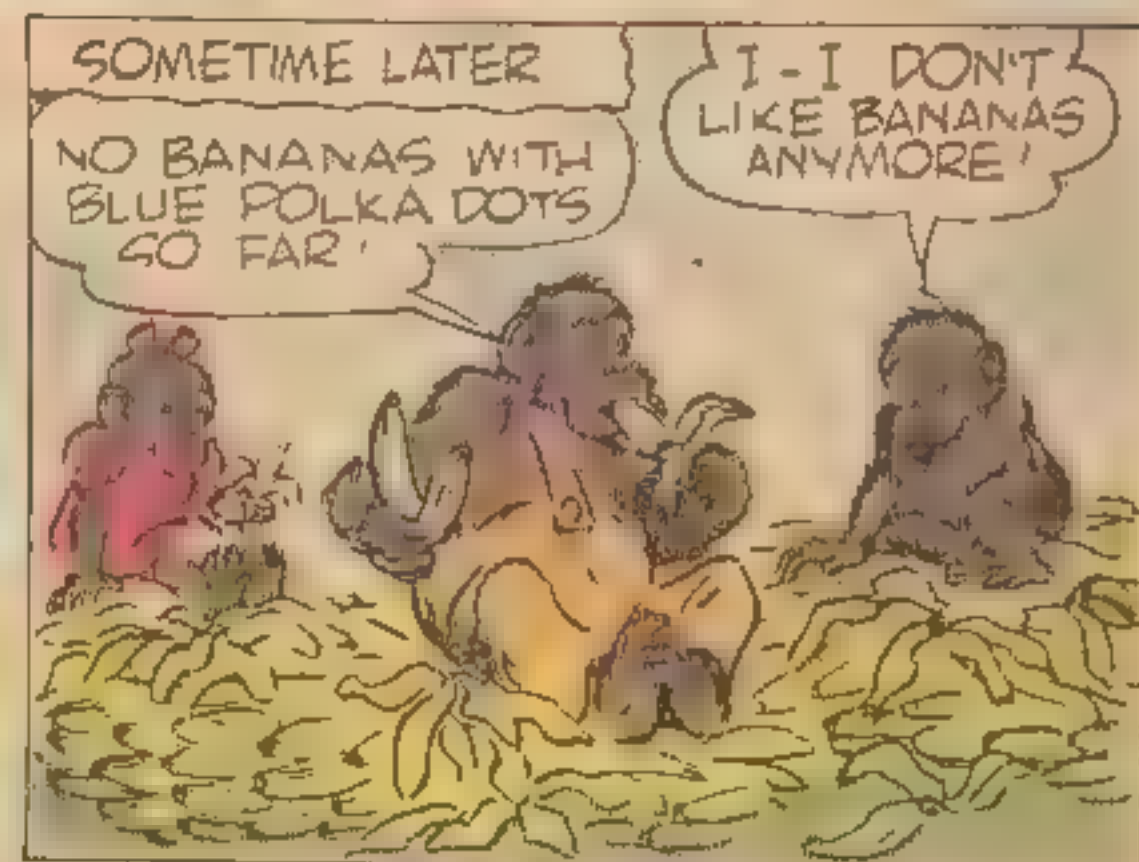
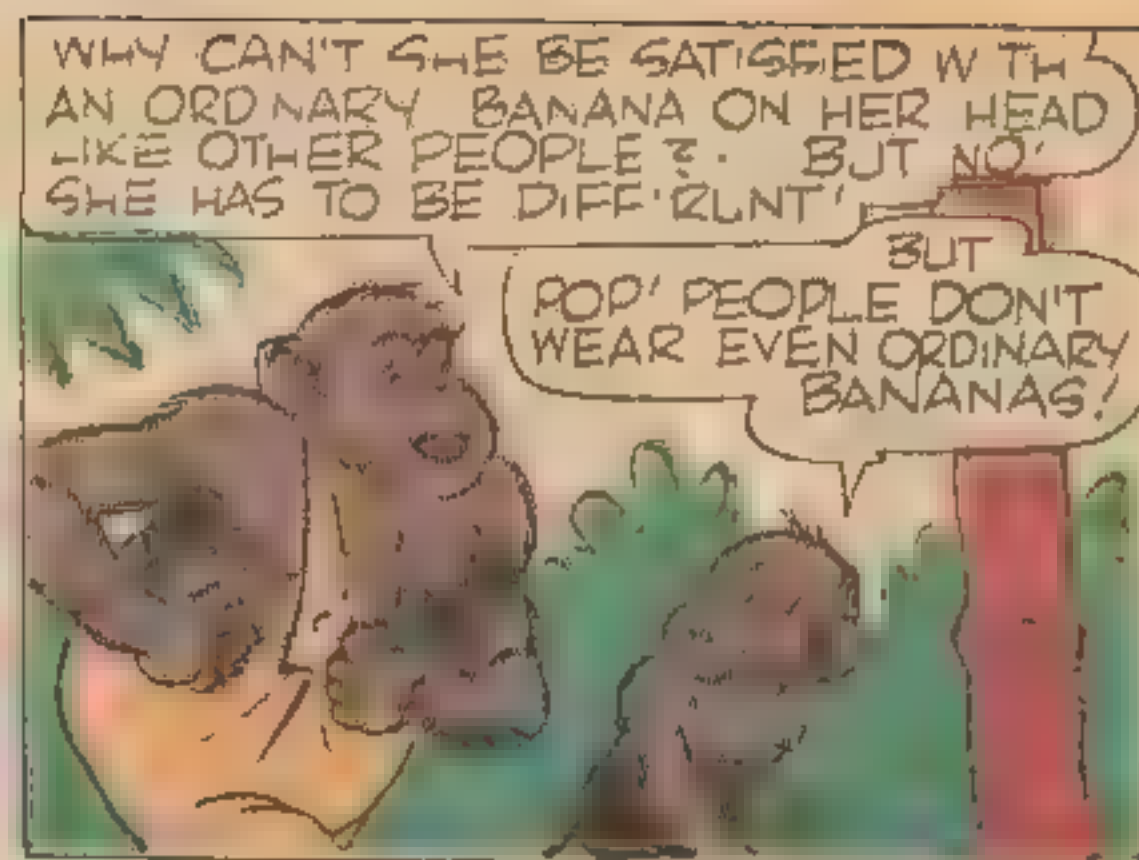
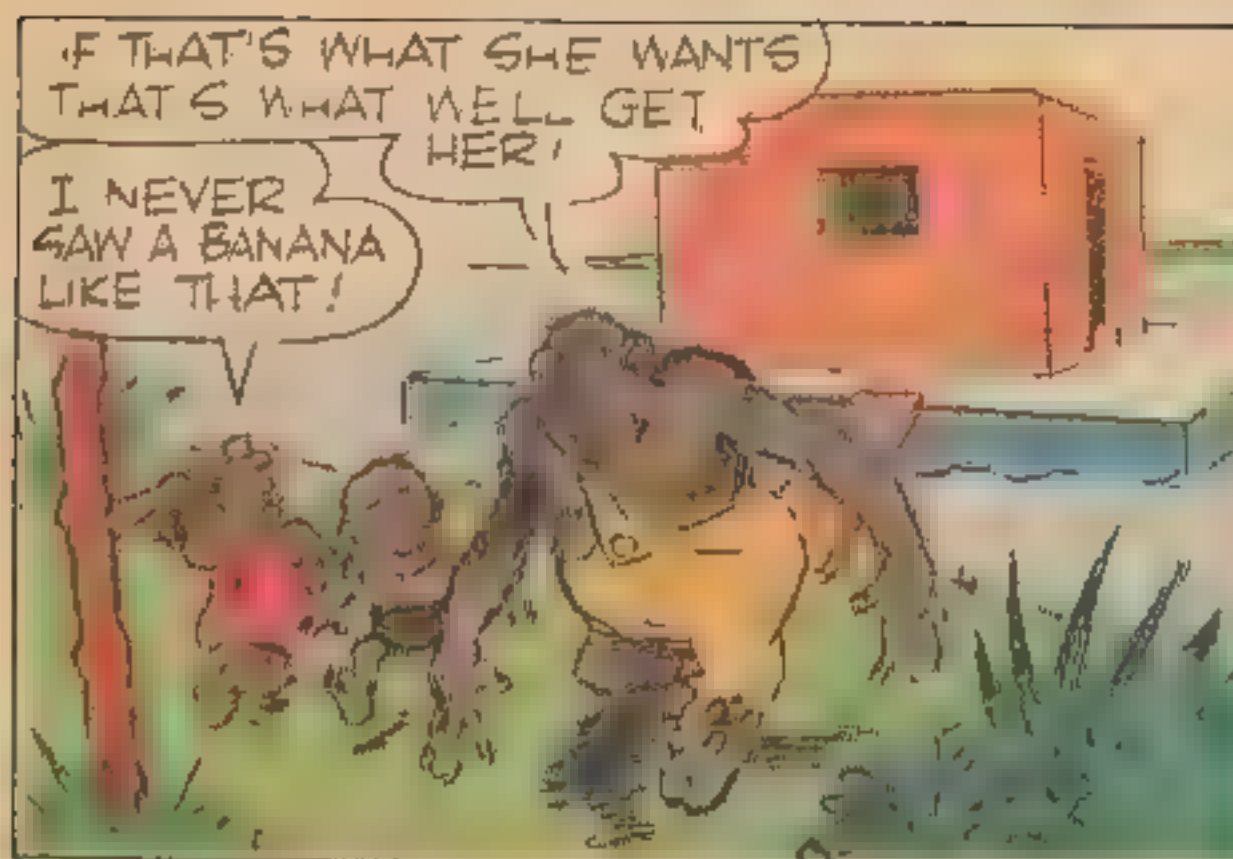
YEAH, BRUISER, STOP BEIN' A ROMANTIC FIGURE.

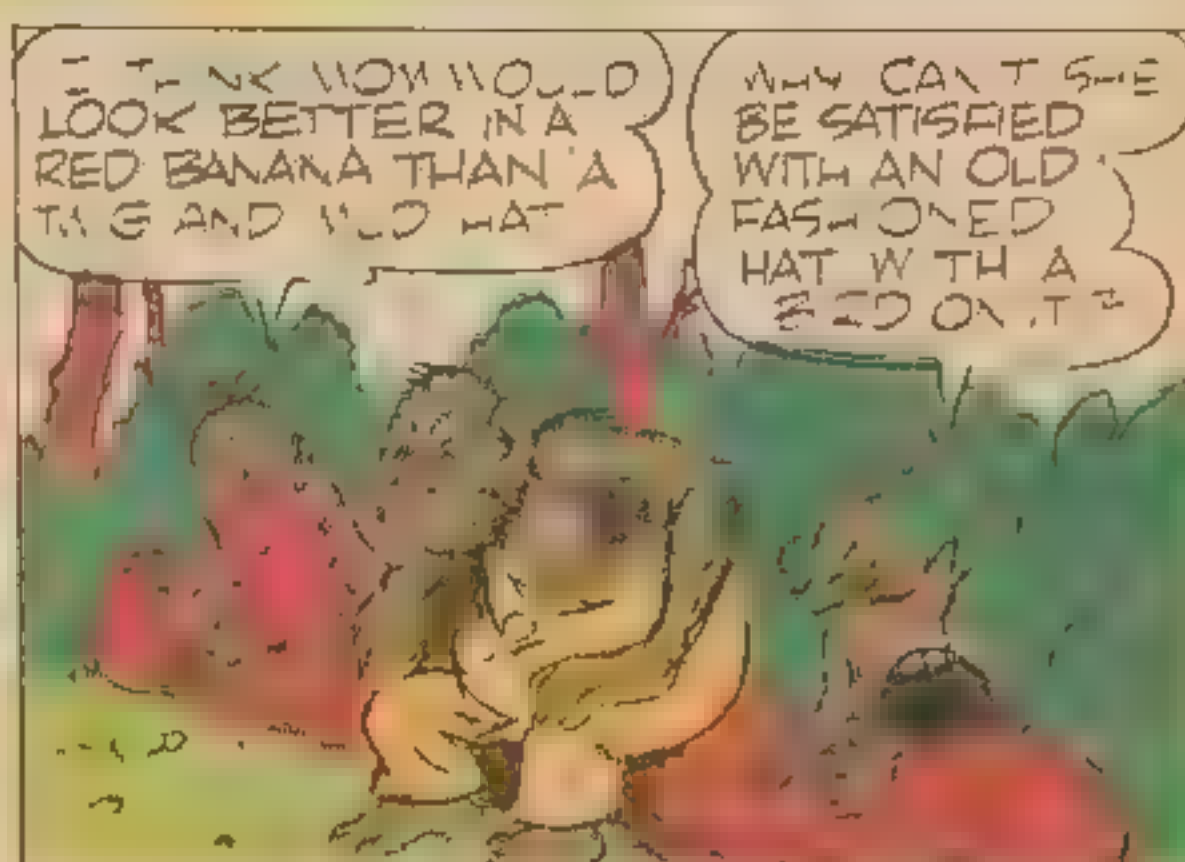
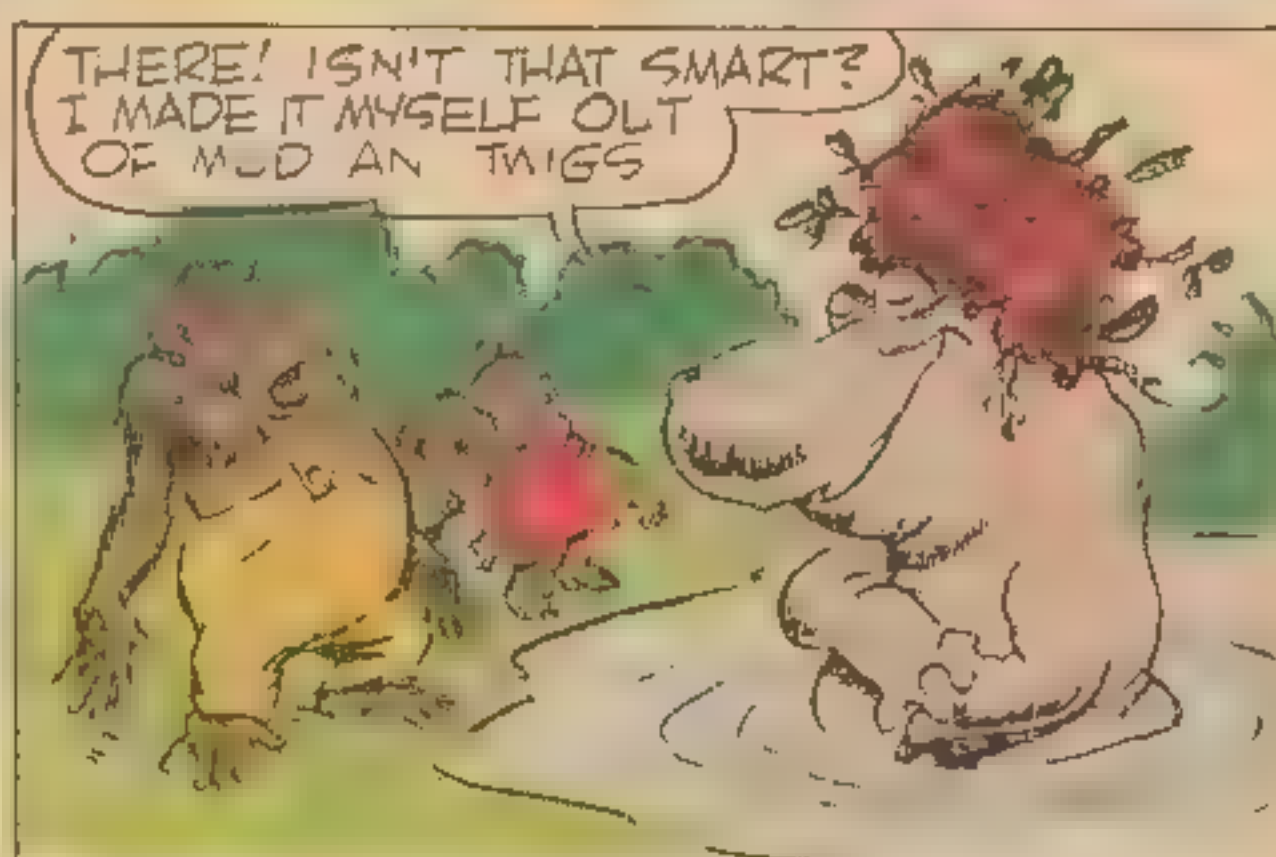
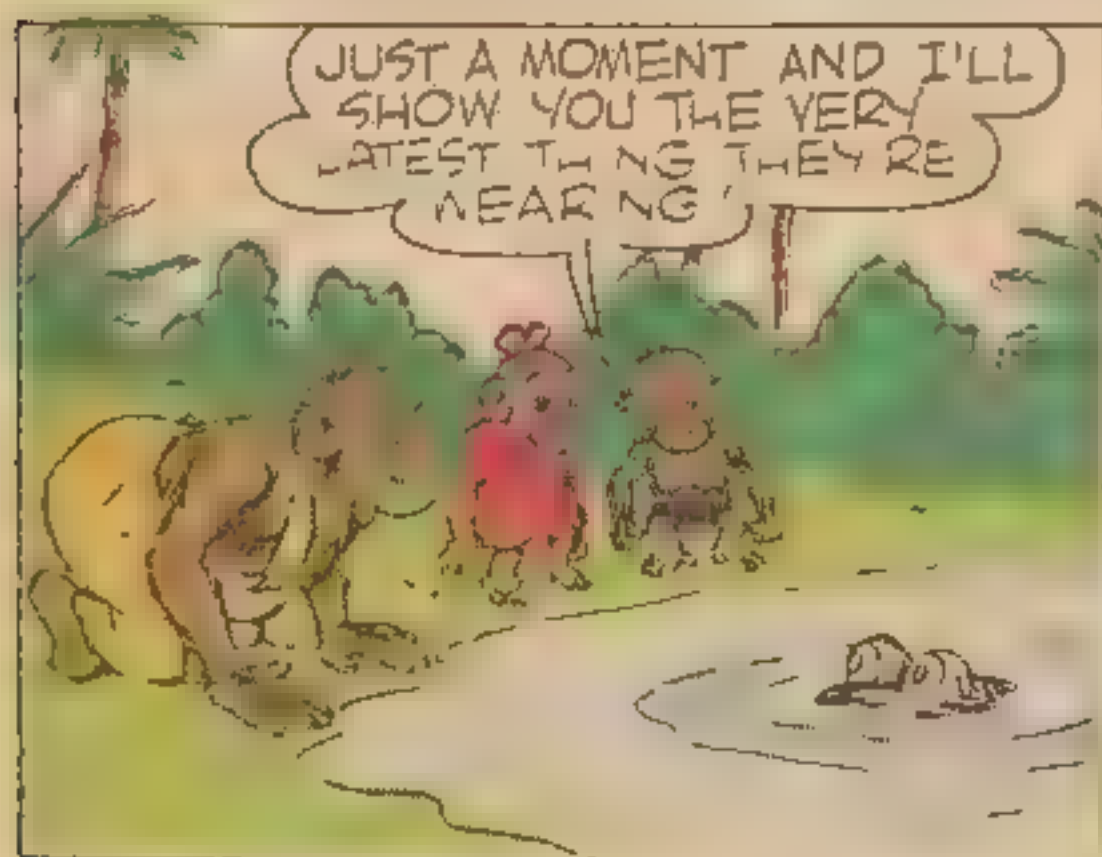
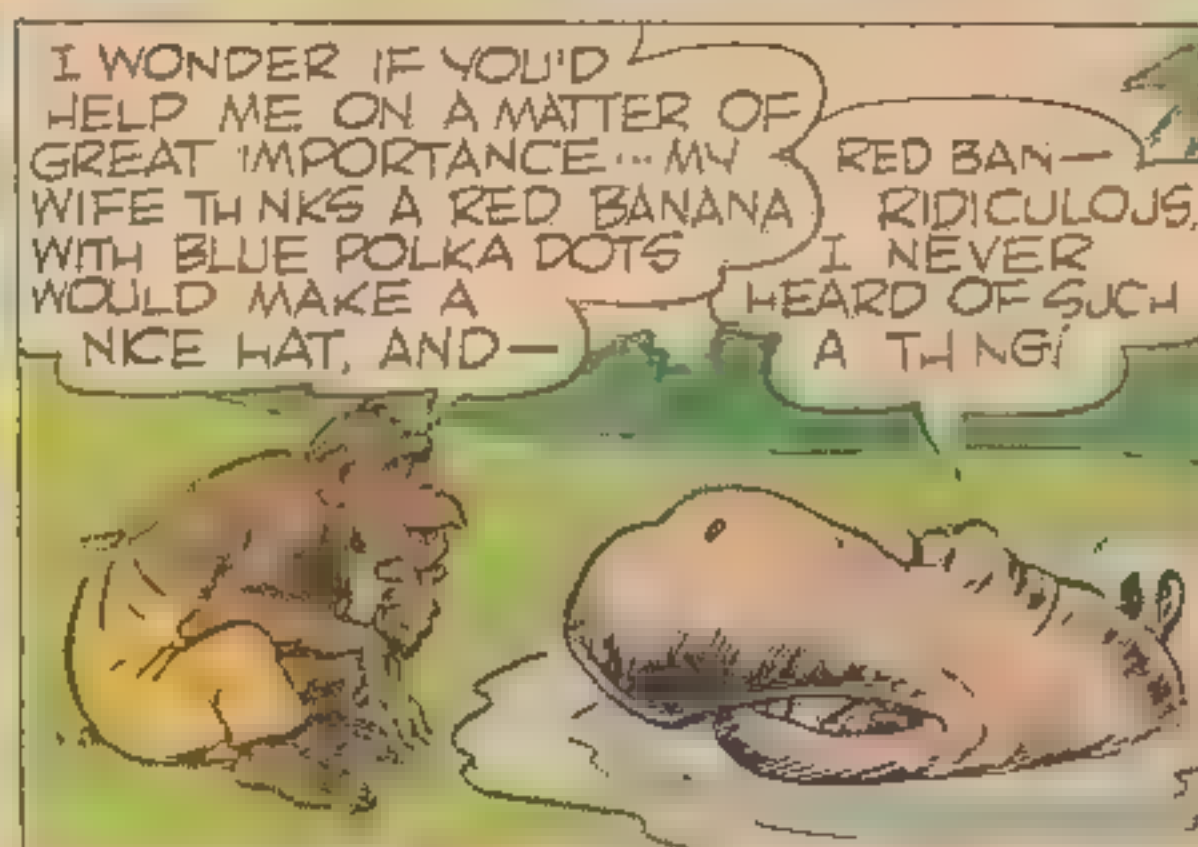
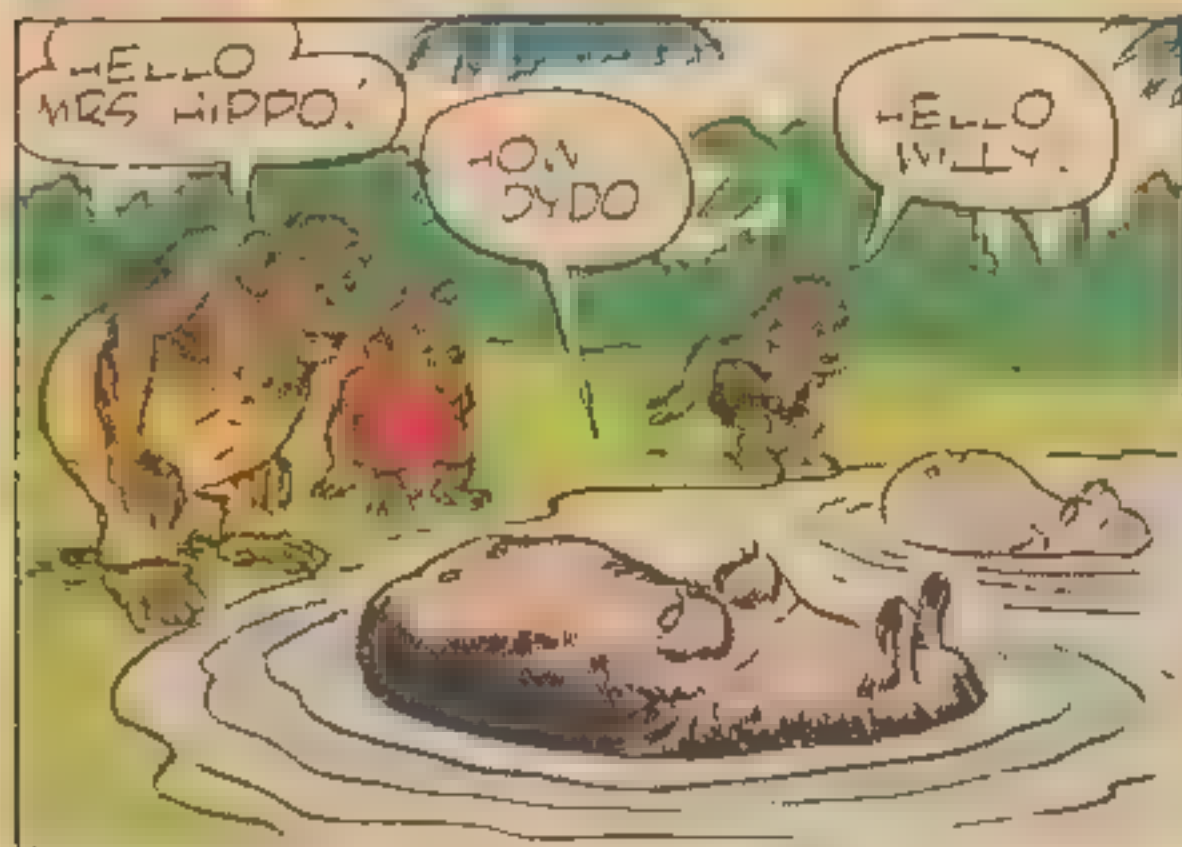
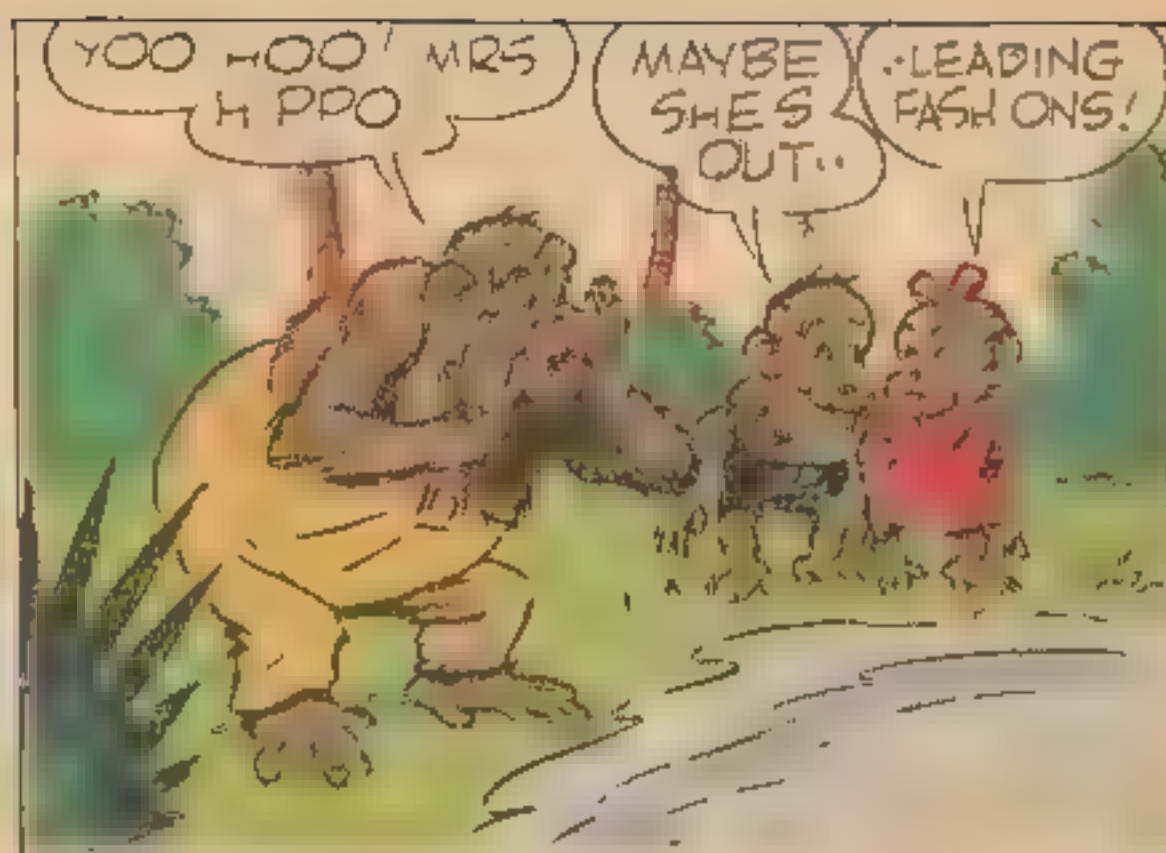
I PROMISE TO GO STRAIGHT TO BED AFTER WE'VE DELIVERED THESE CHARACTERS... AND YOU CAN BET I WON'T GET MIXED UP WITH THIS KIND OF MONKEY BUSINESS AGAIN! THESE BLACK MARKET RATS ARE REALLY DIRTY, AIN'T YOU, JAKE?

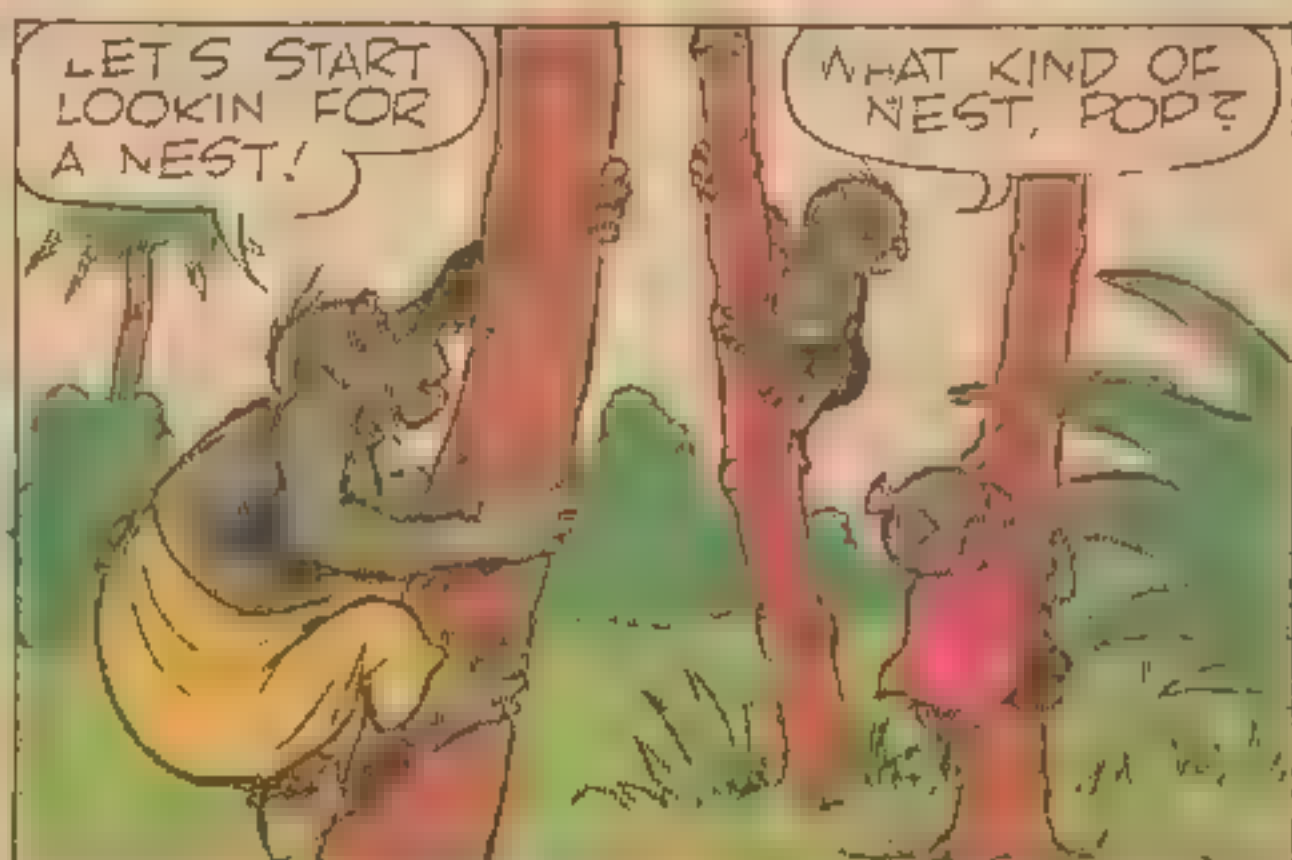
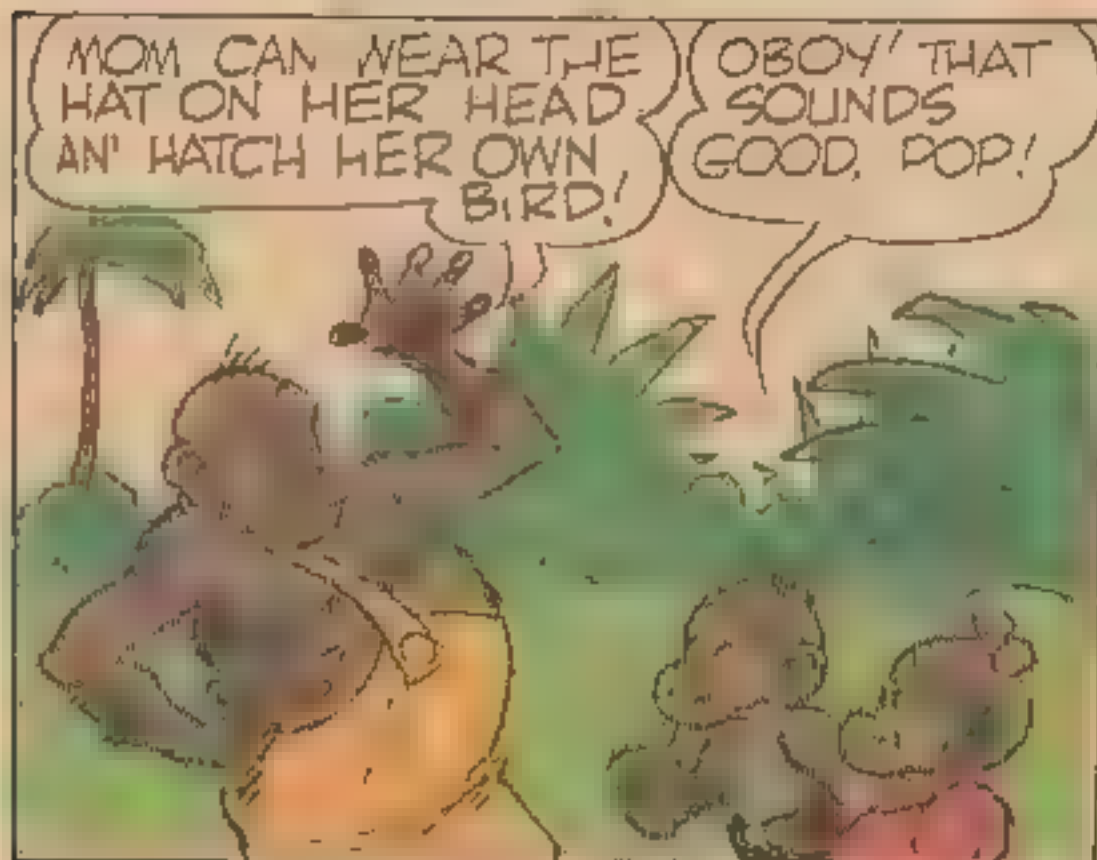
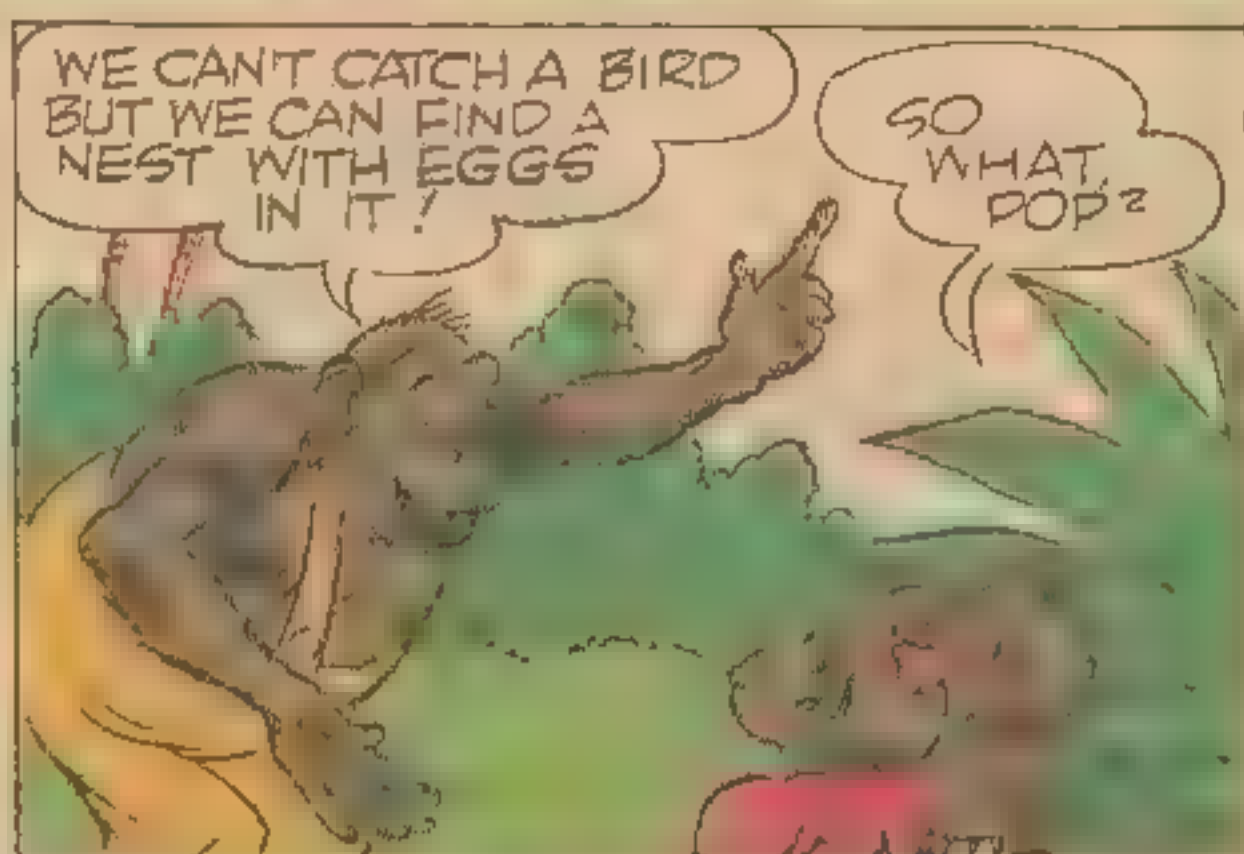
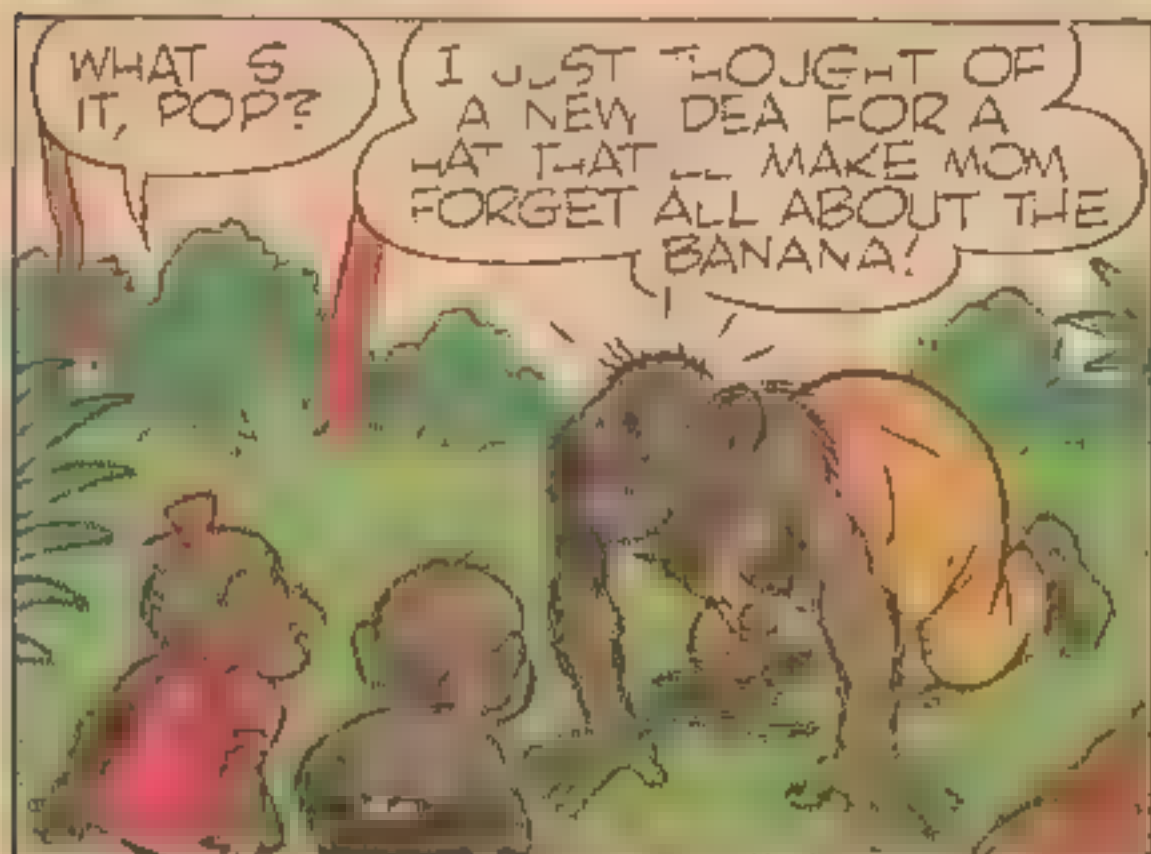
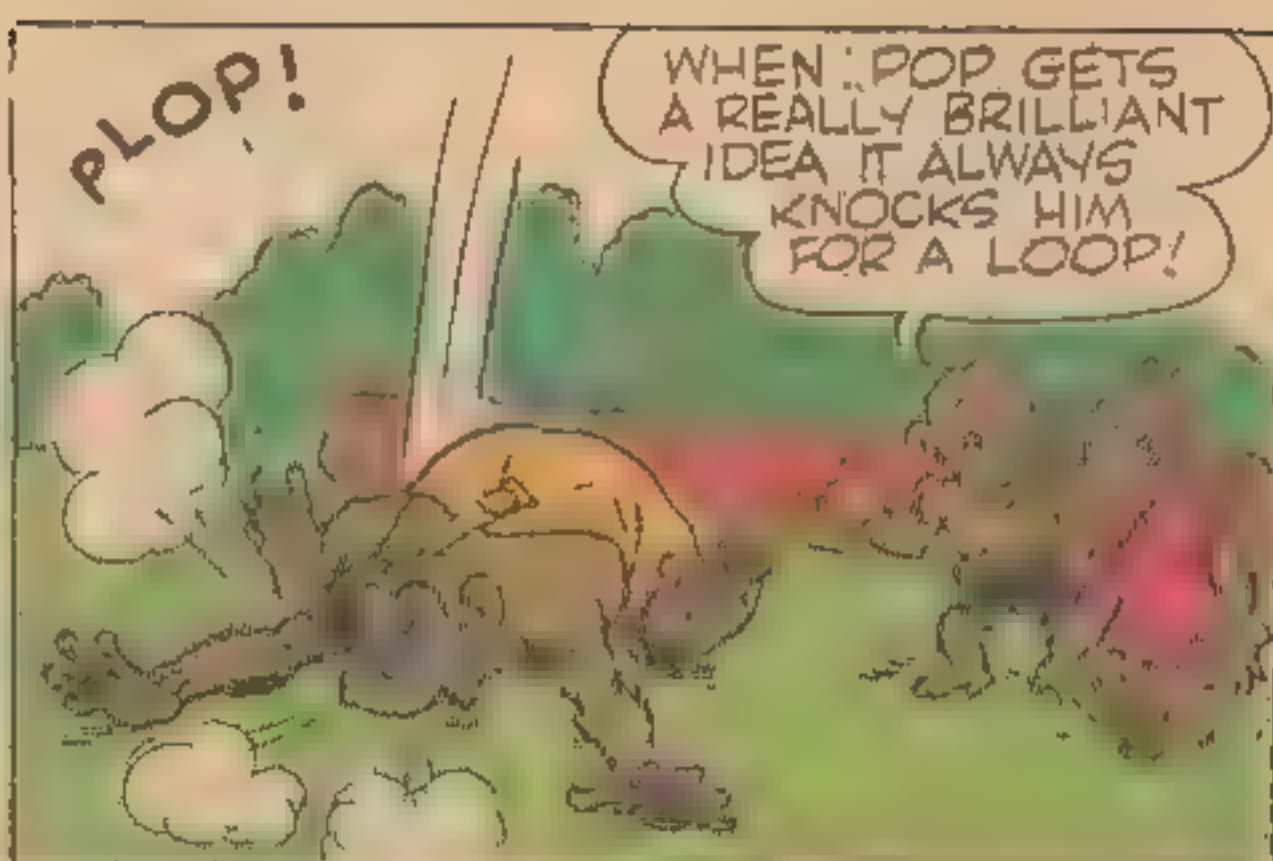
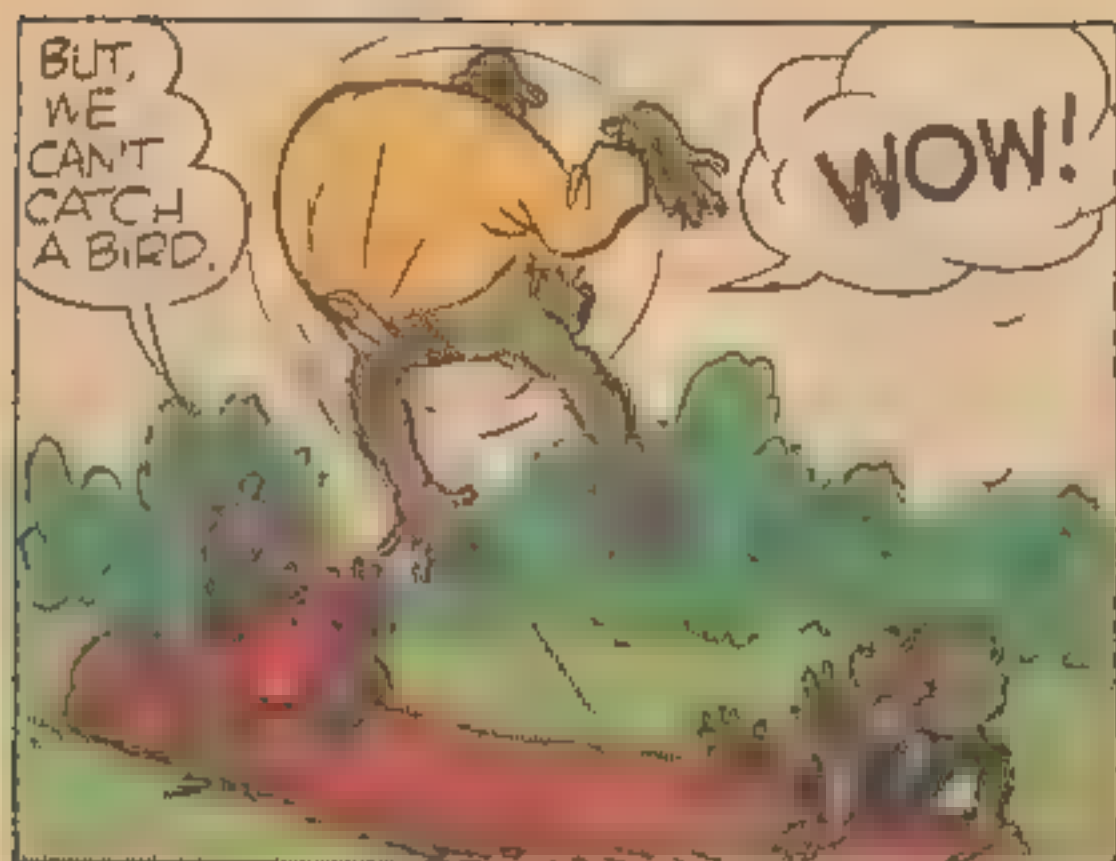


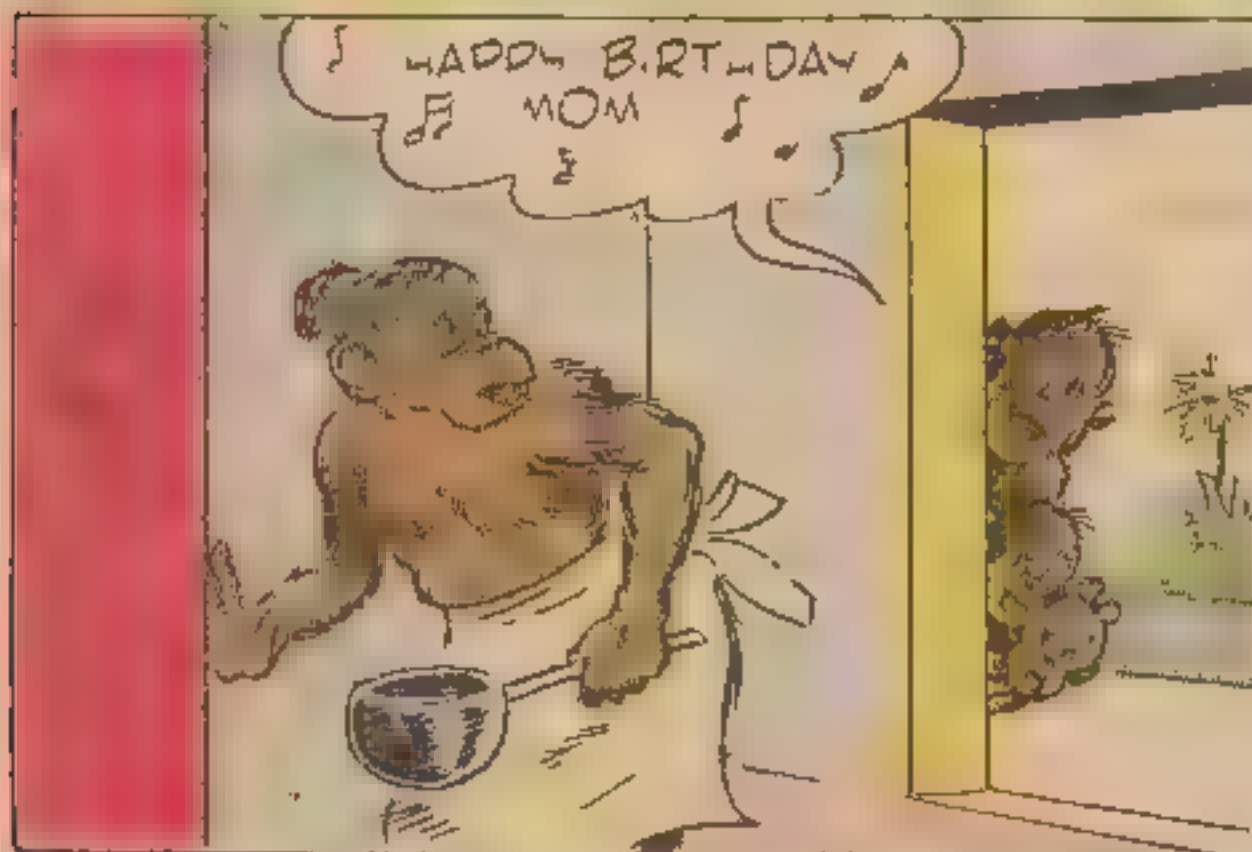
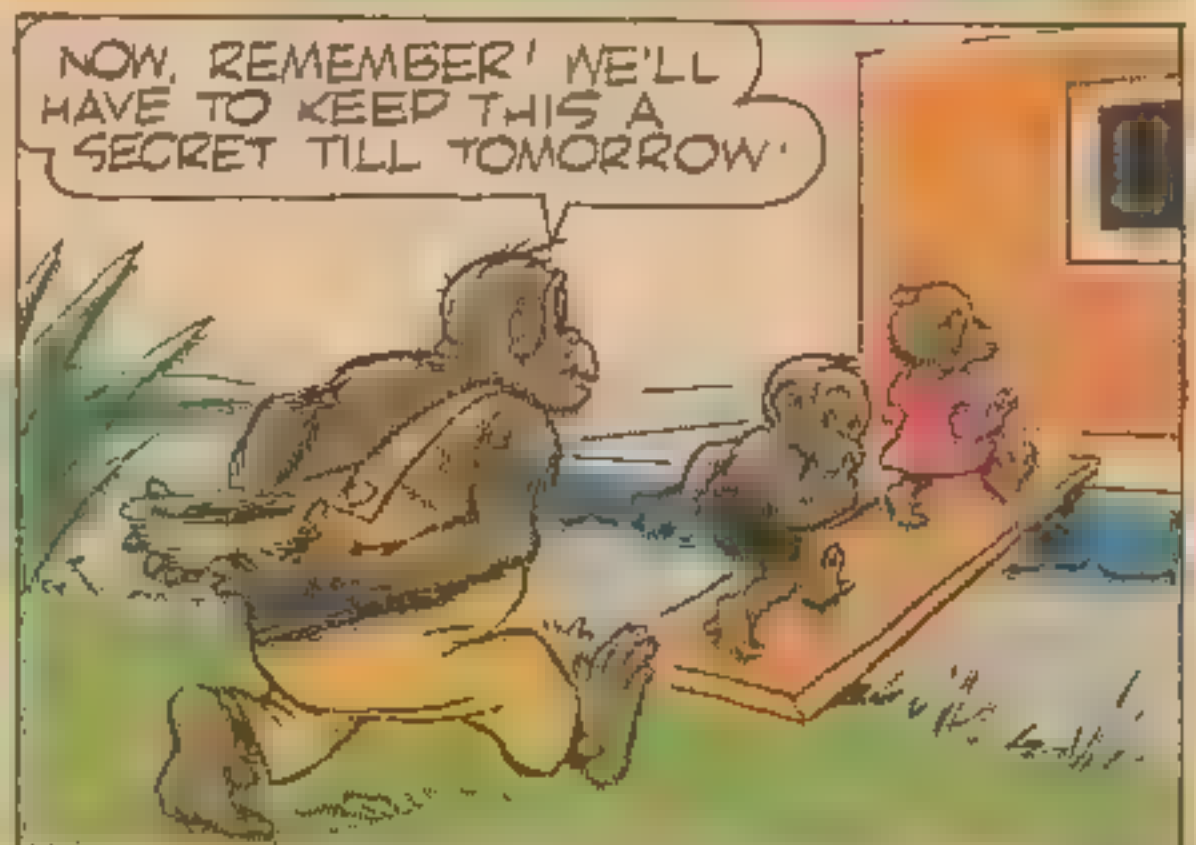
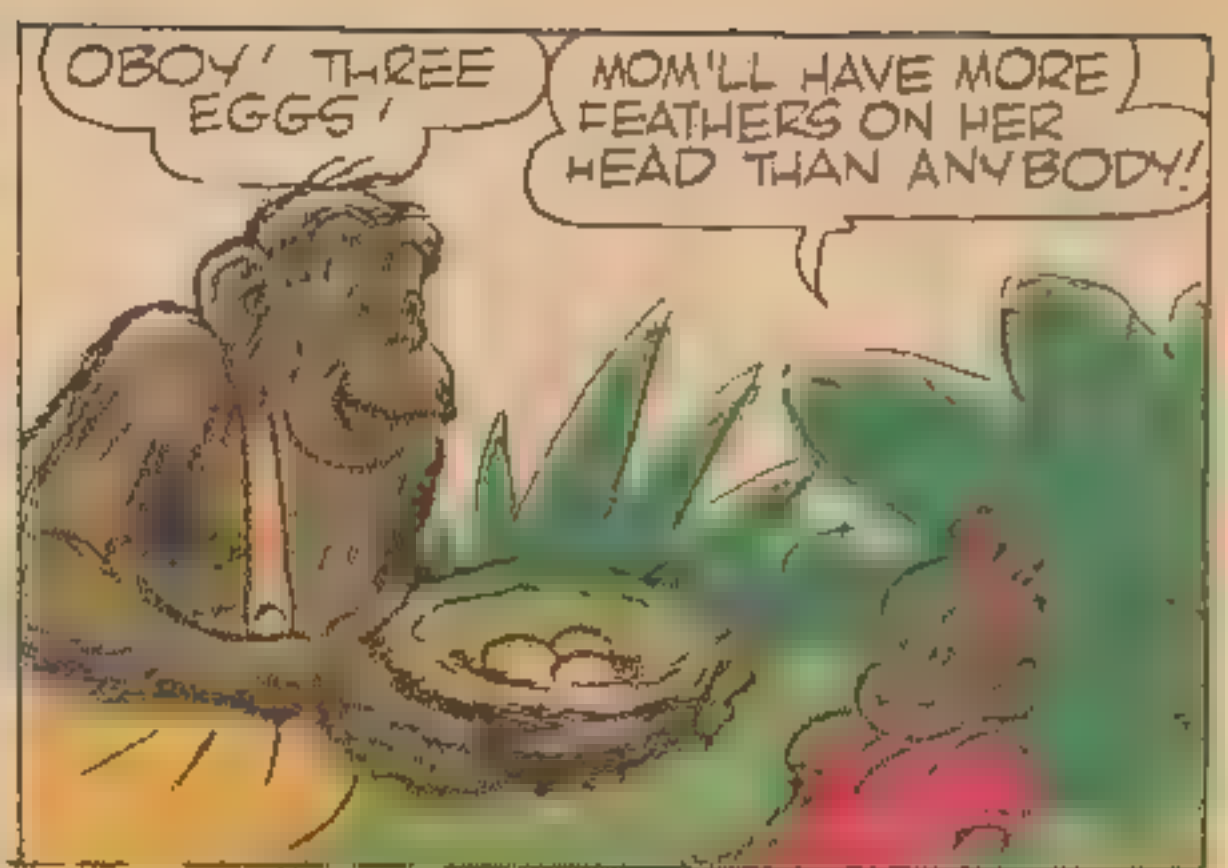


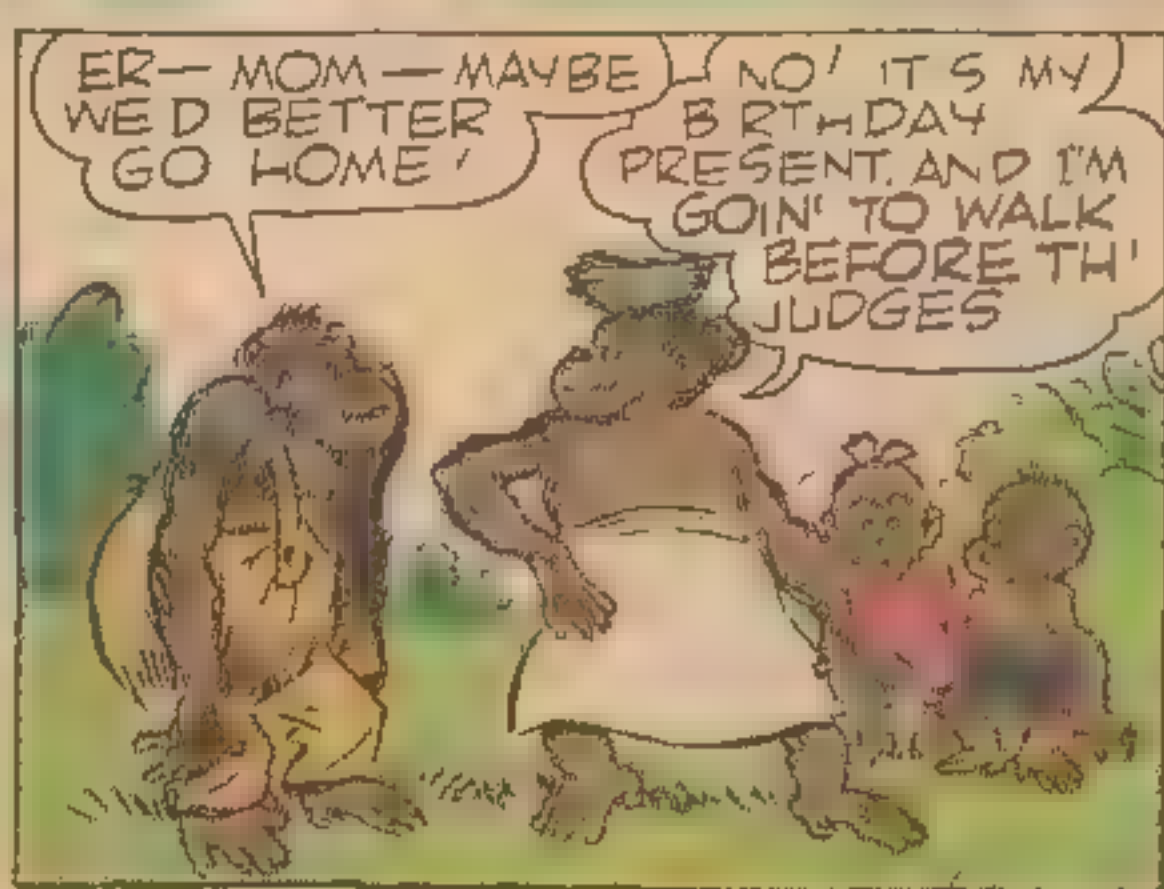
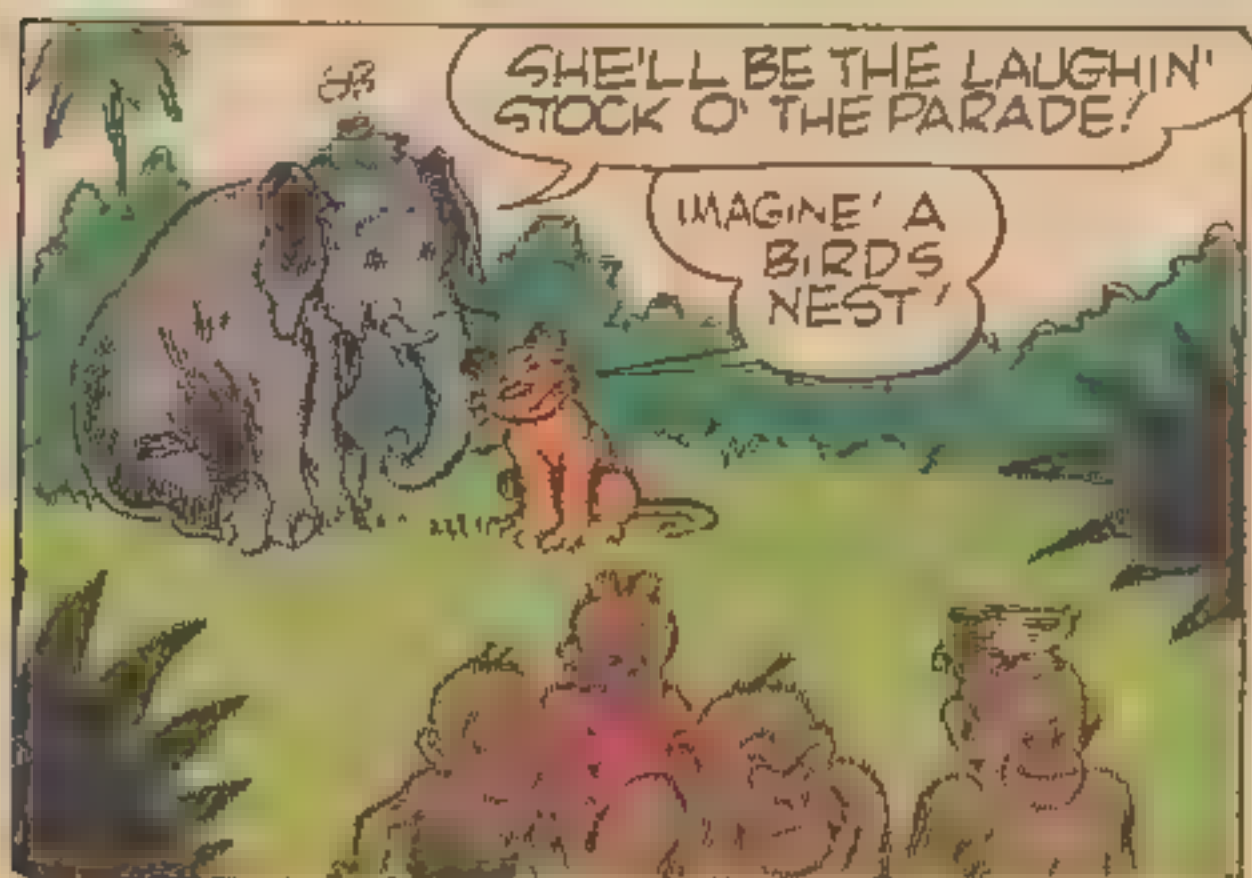
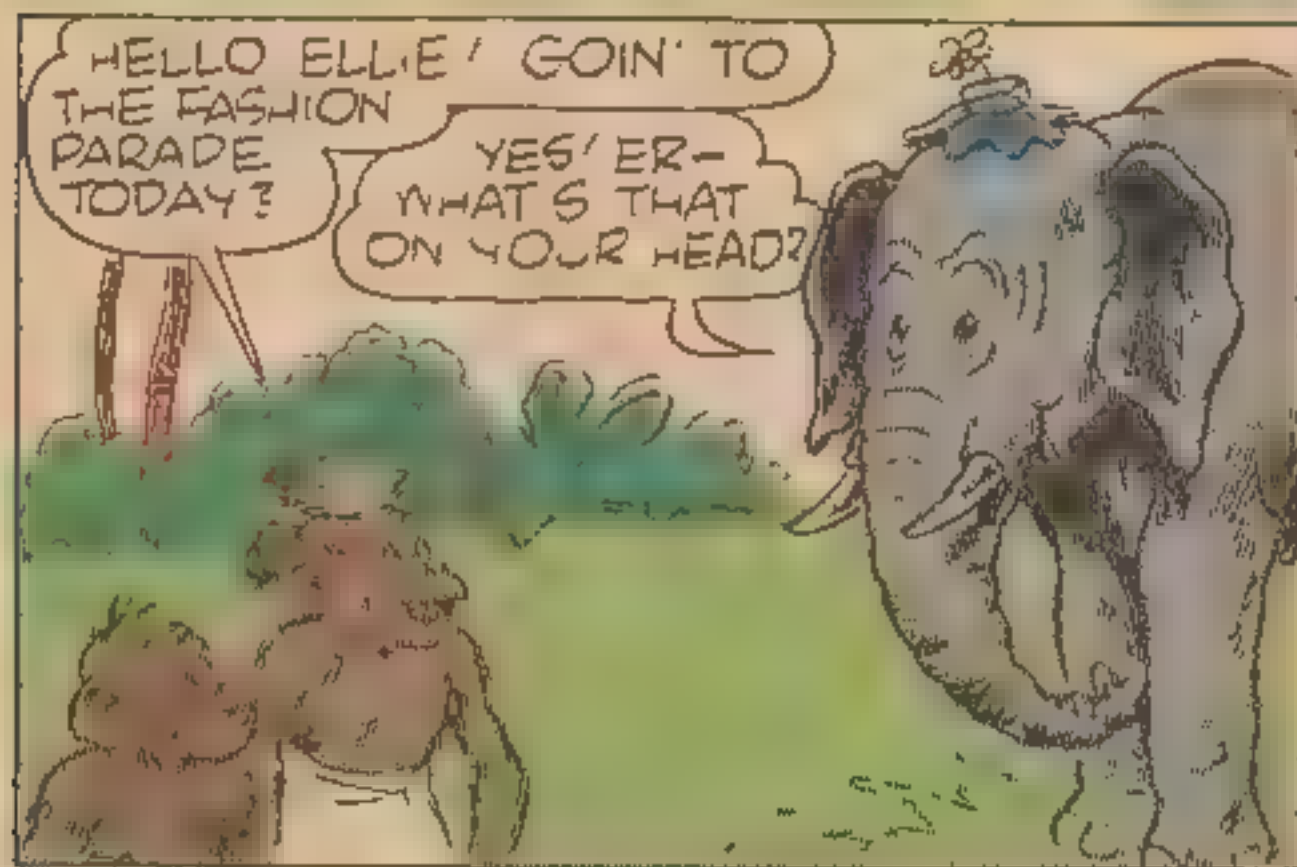
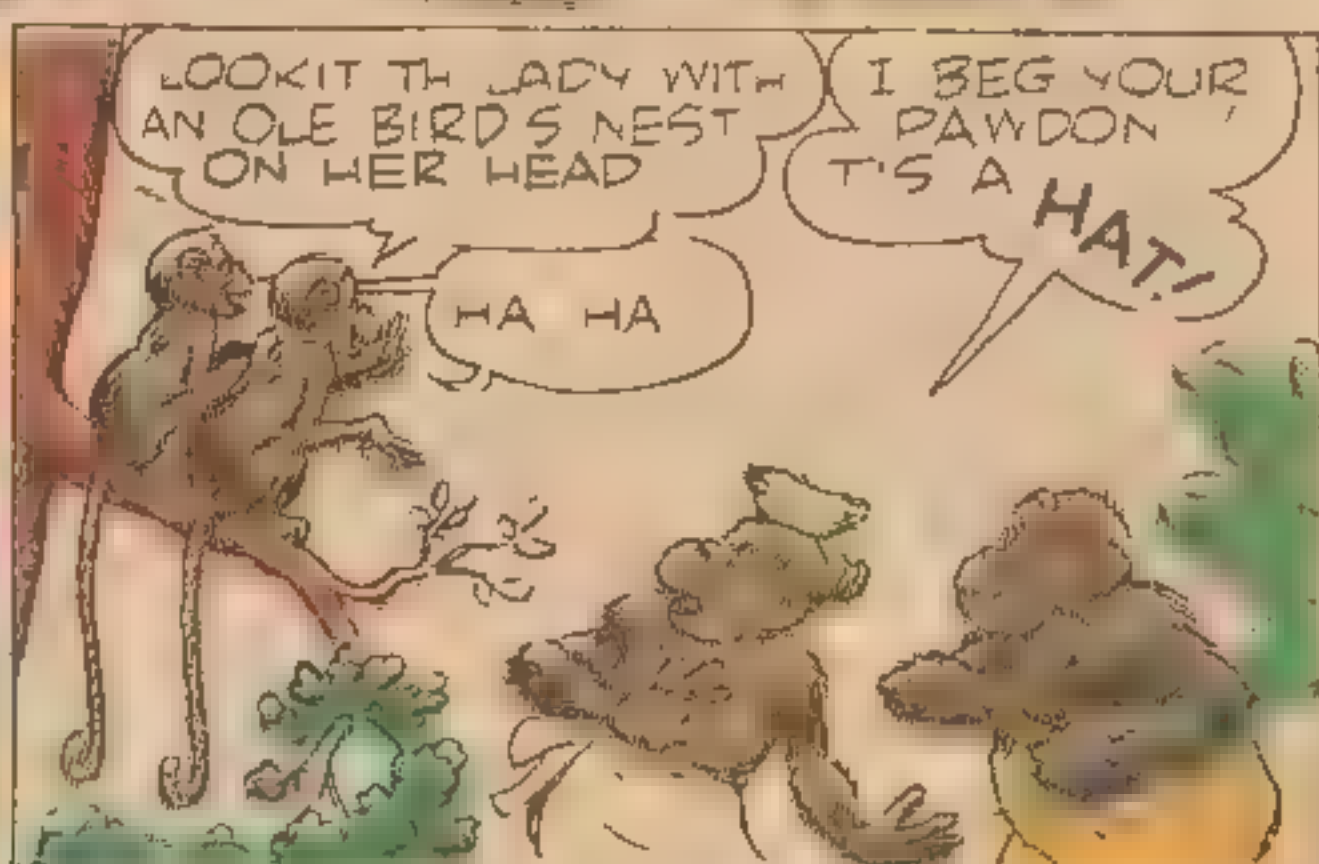


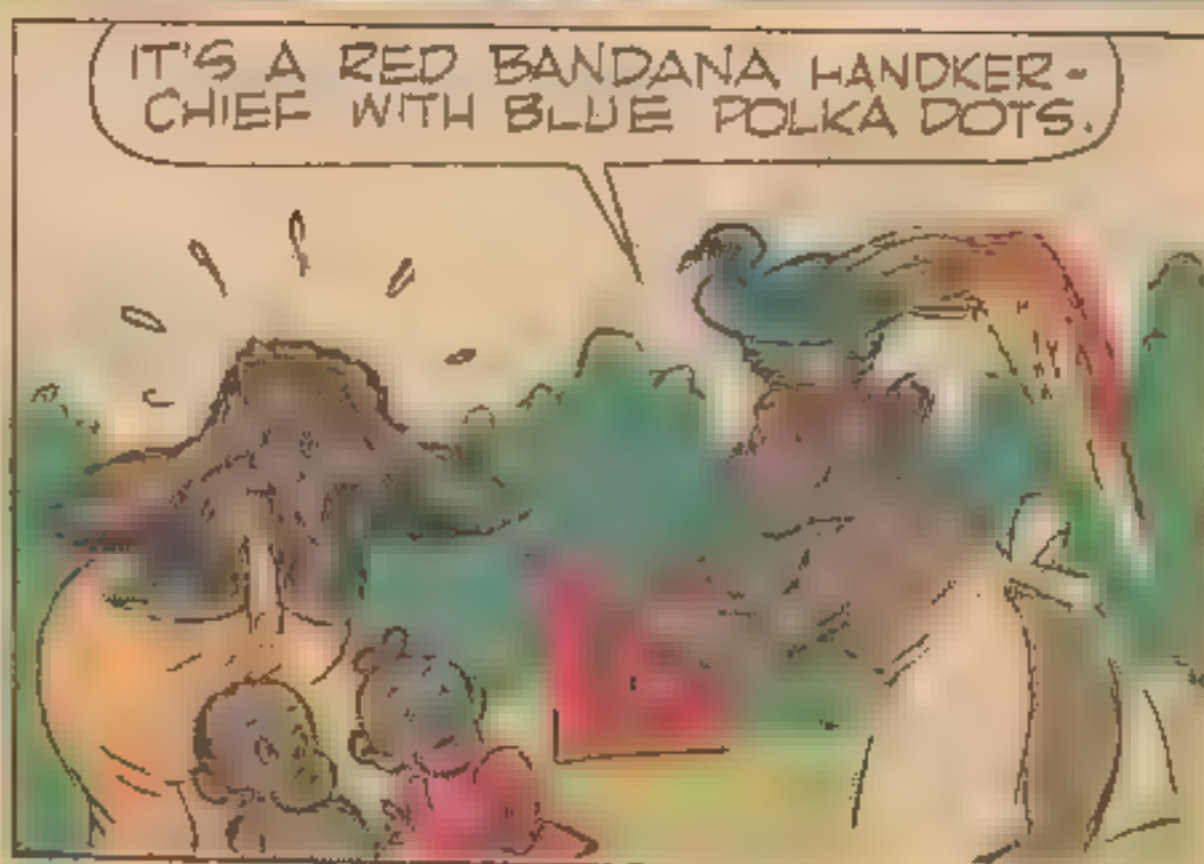
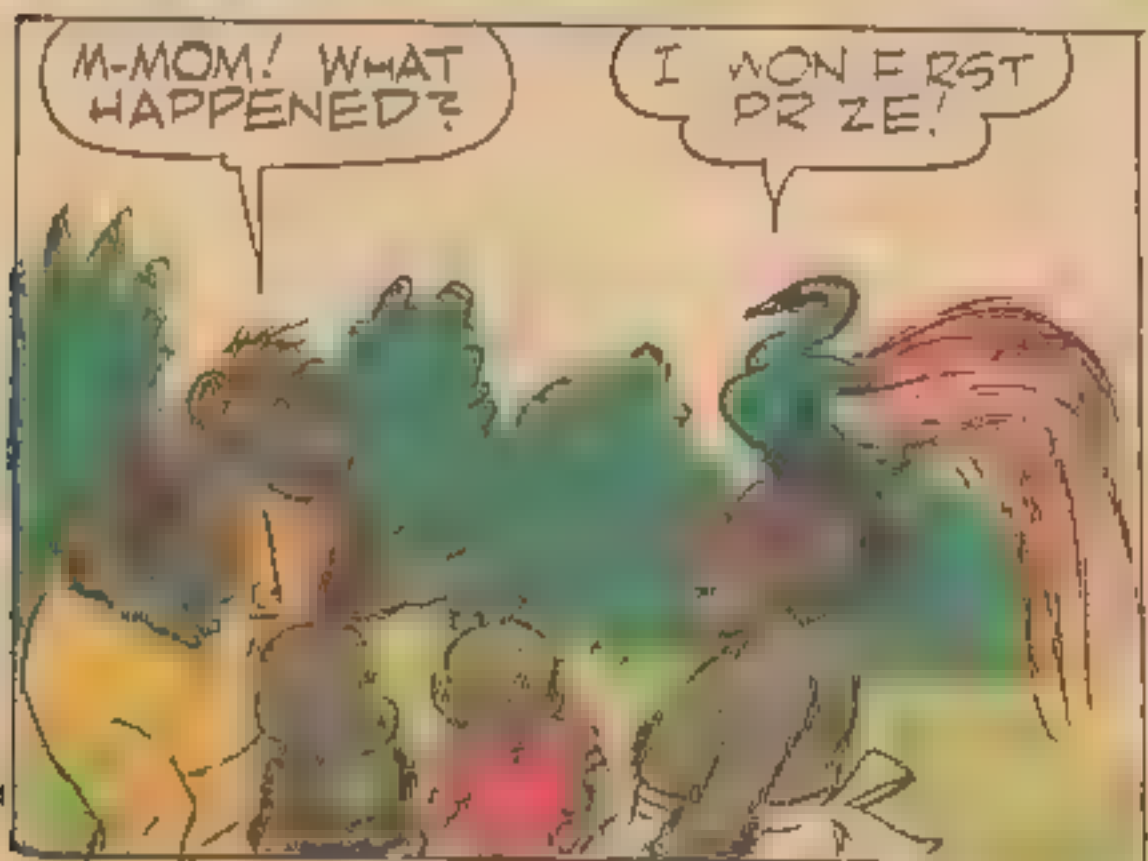
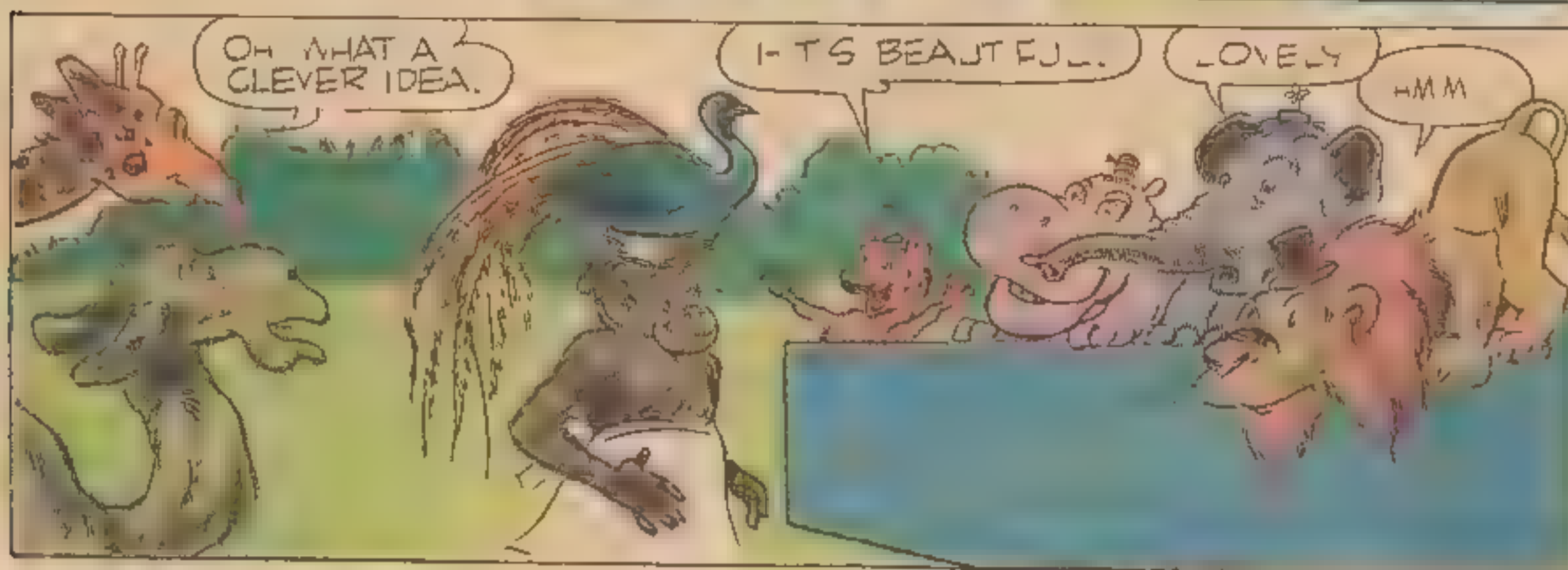
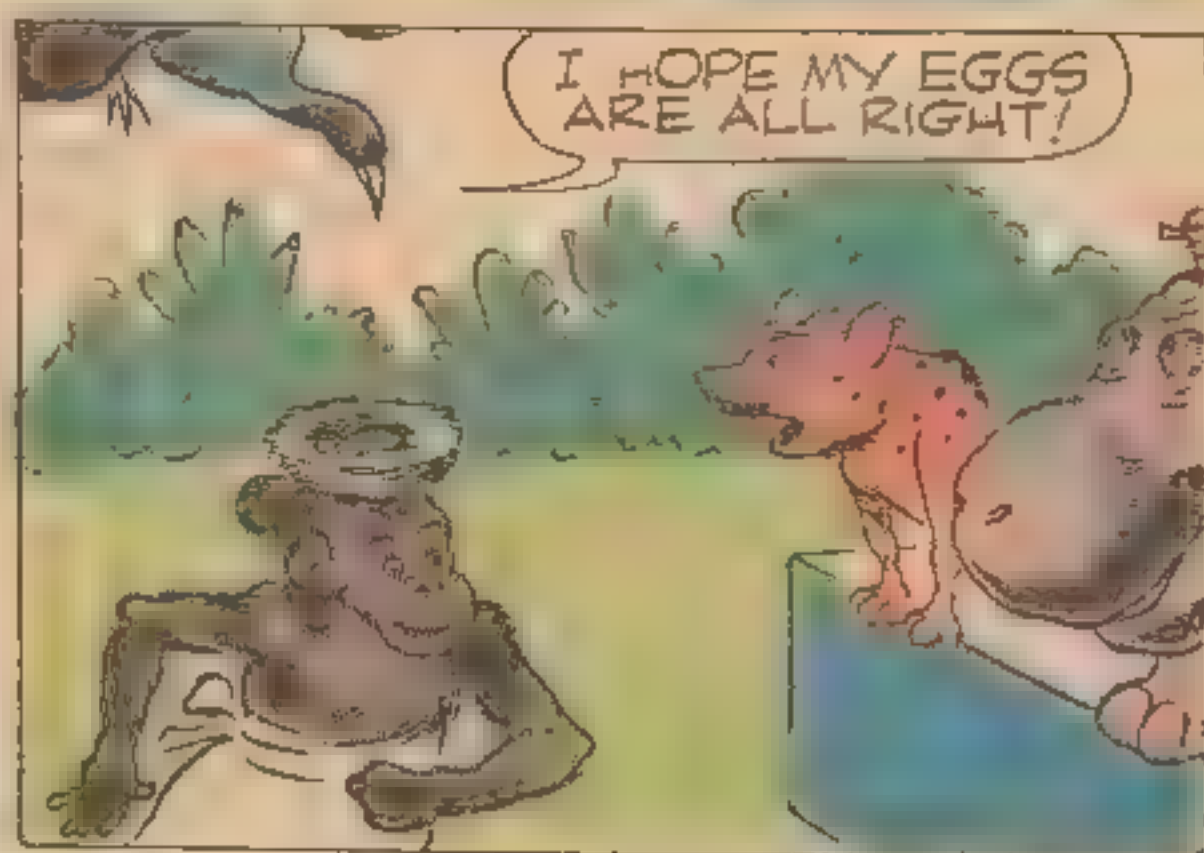
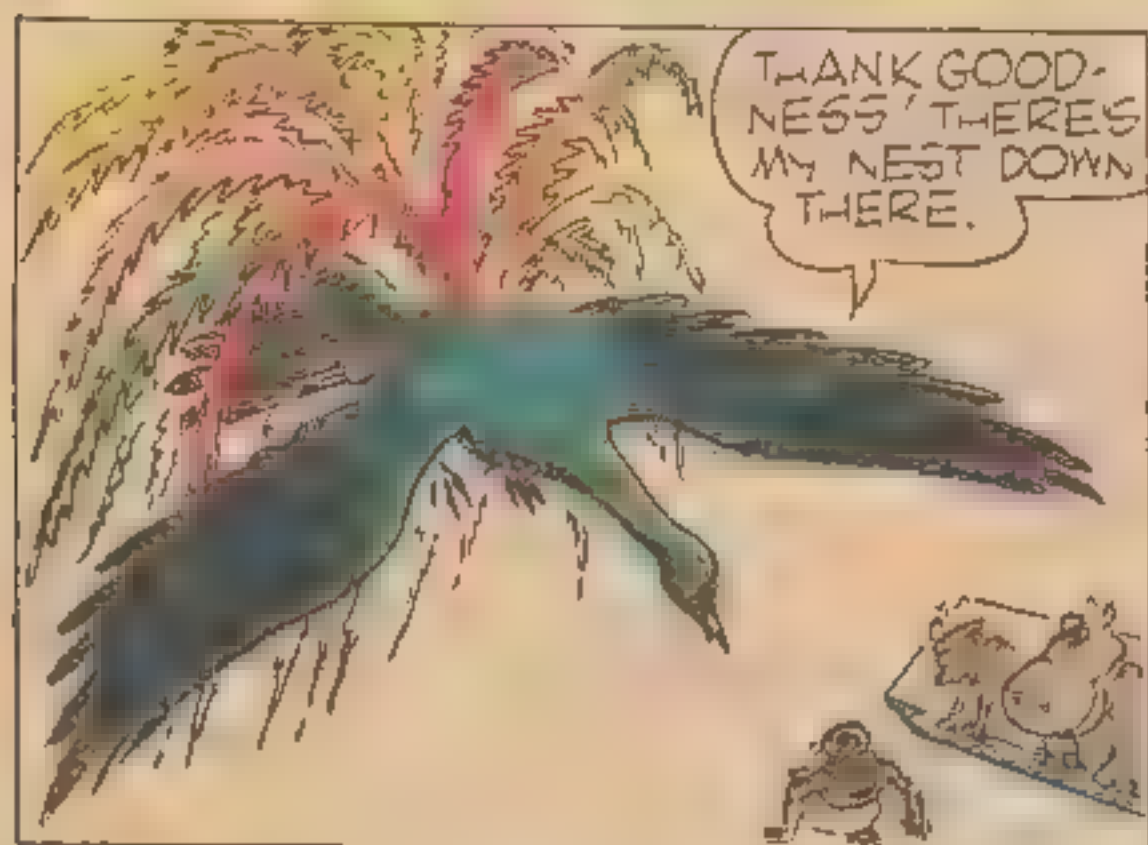
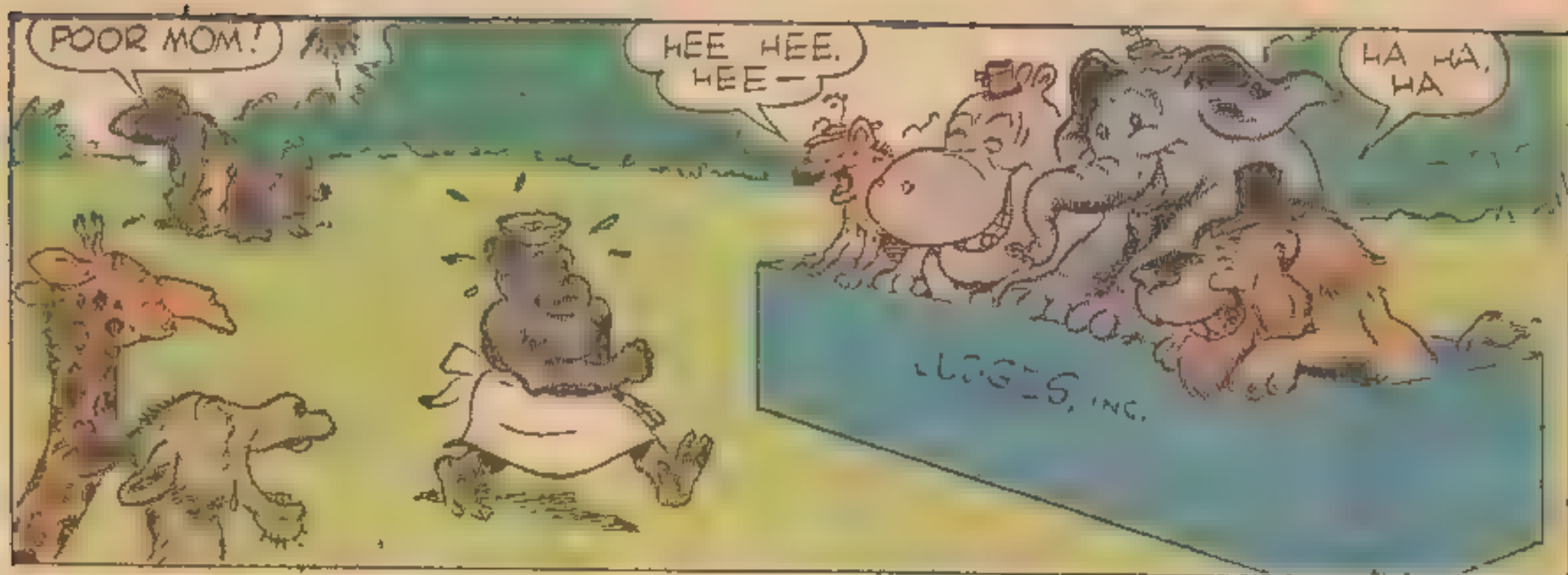




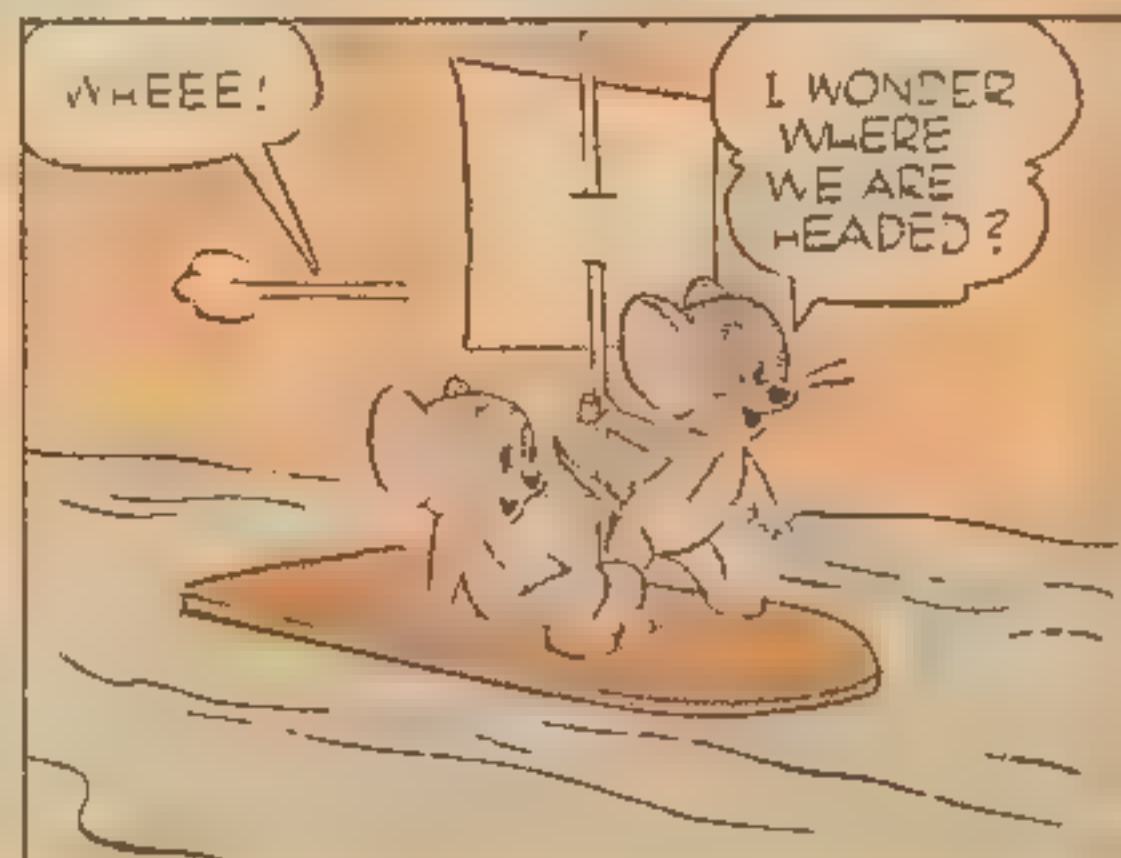
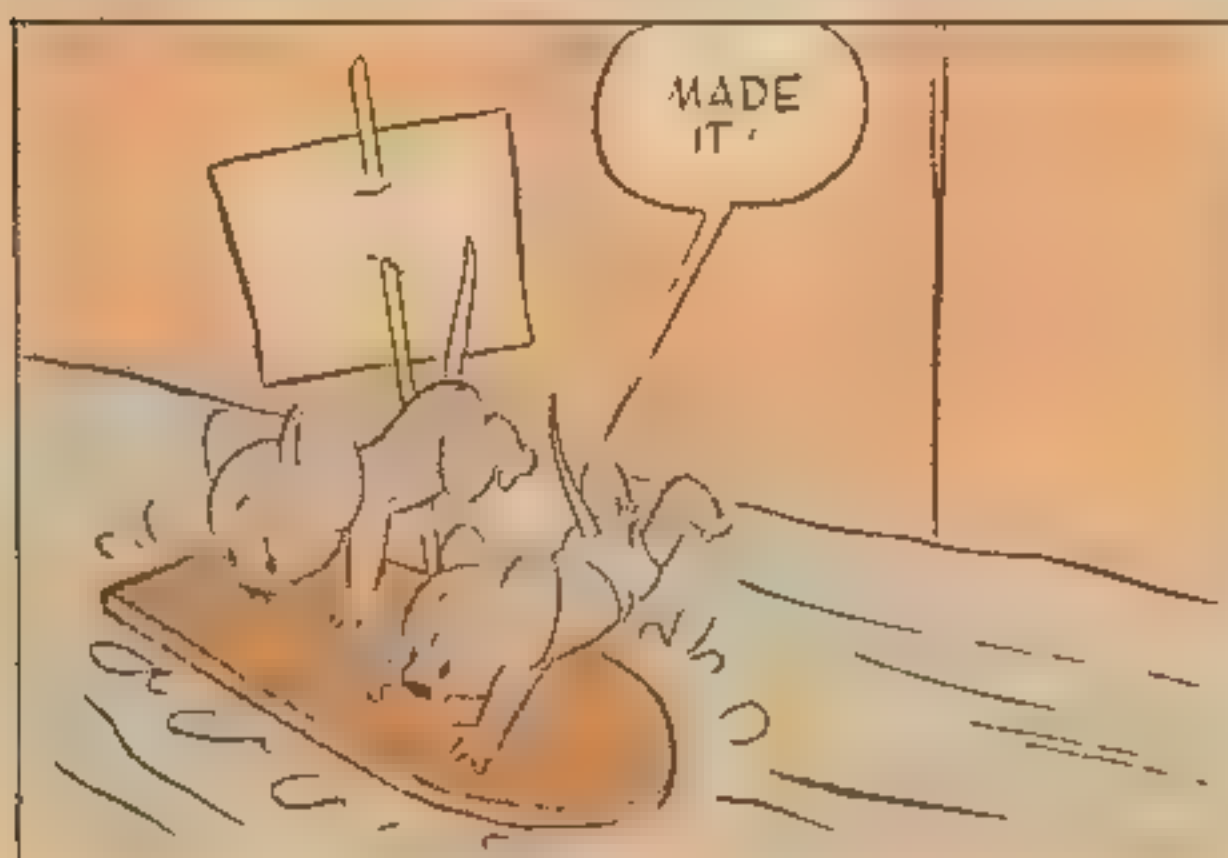
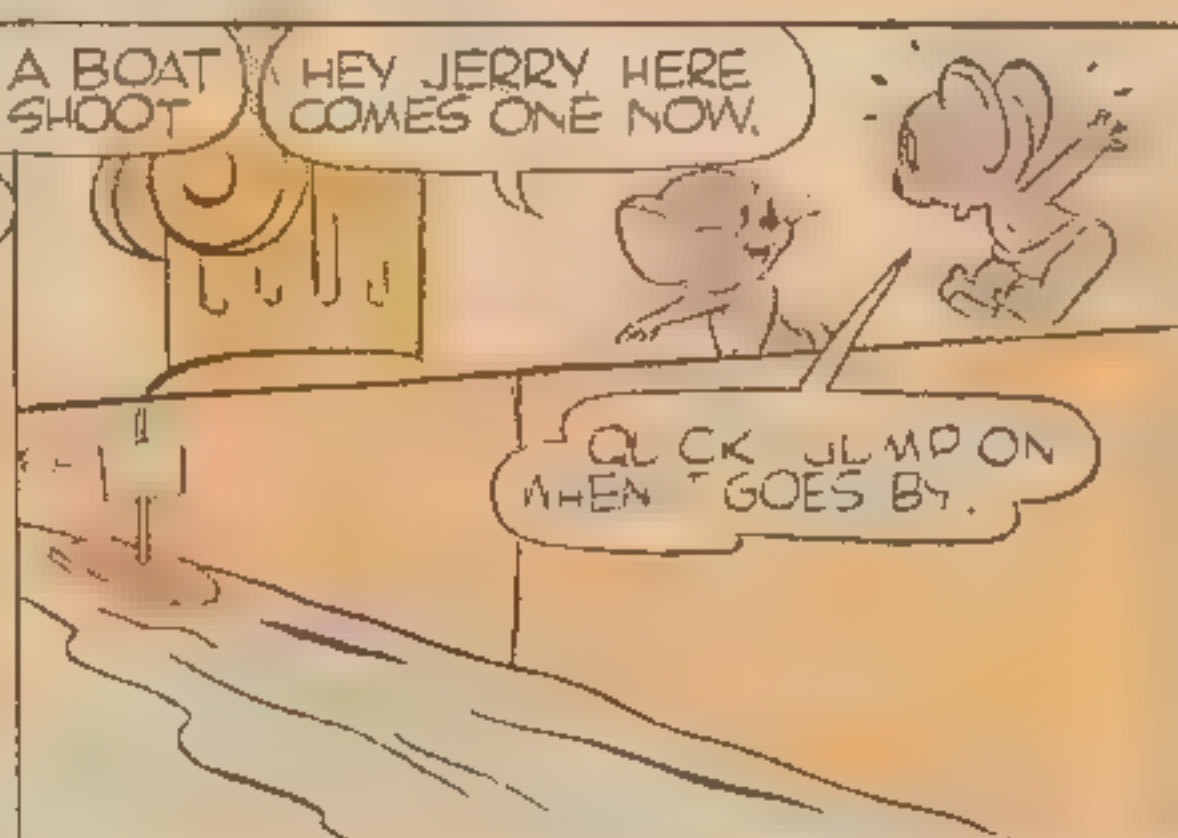
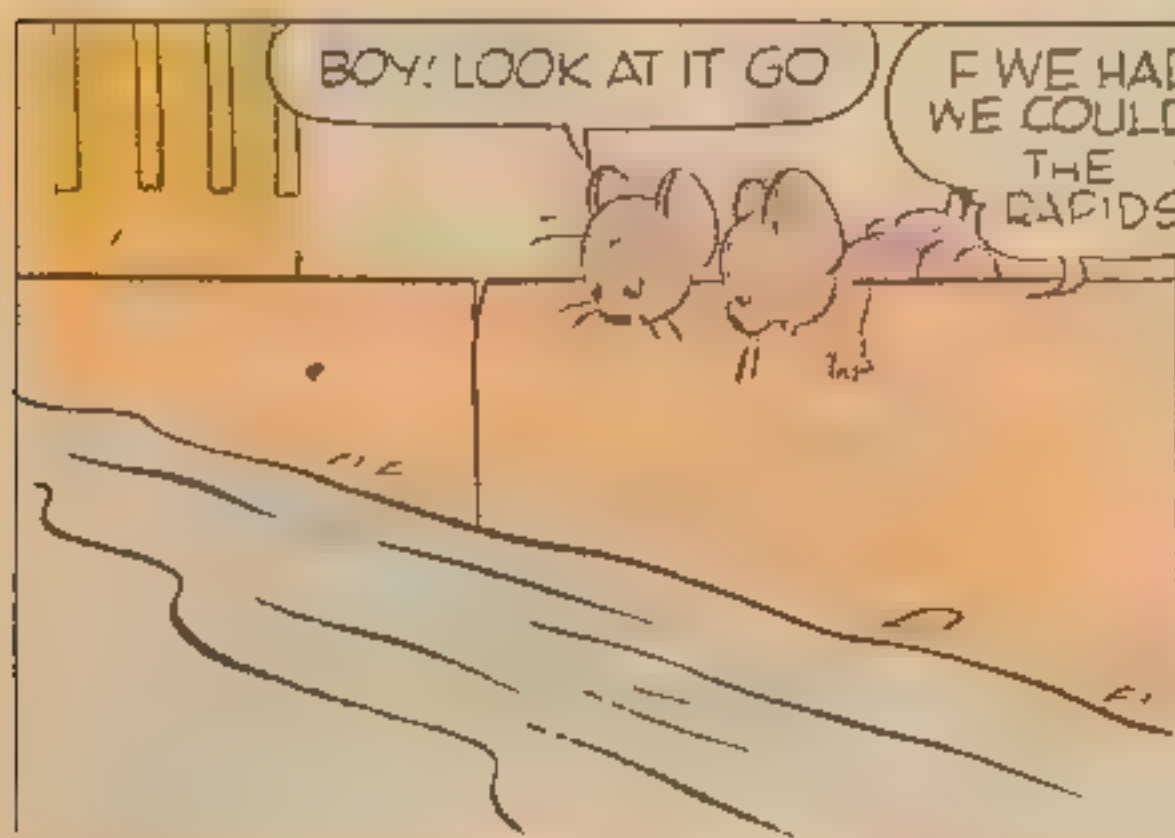
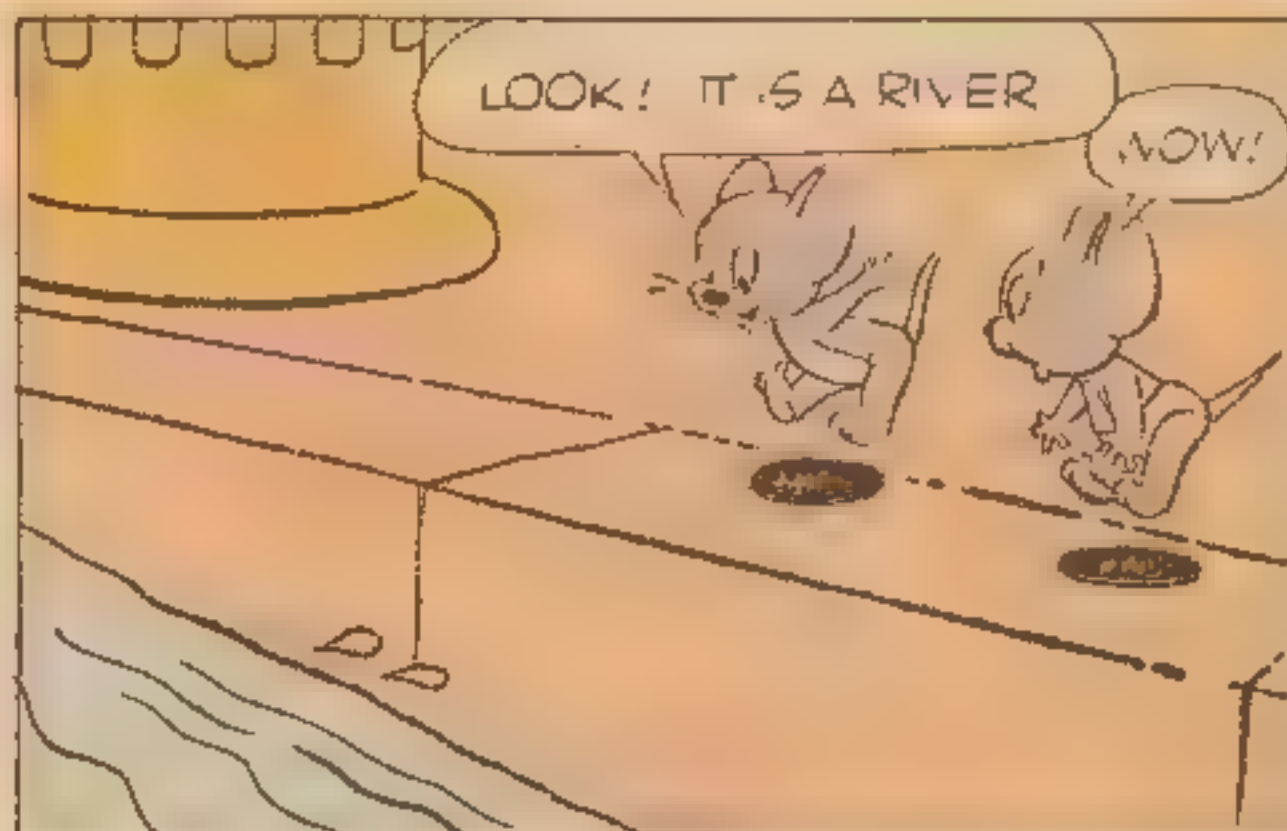
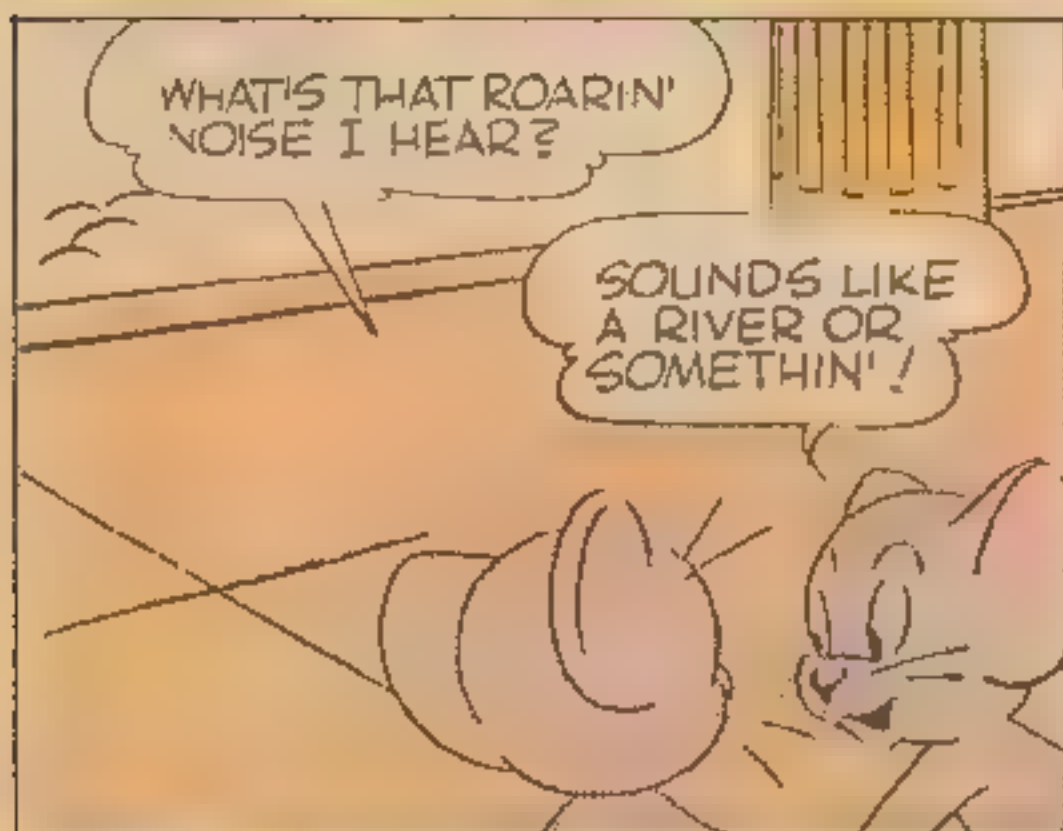
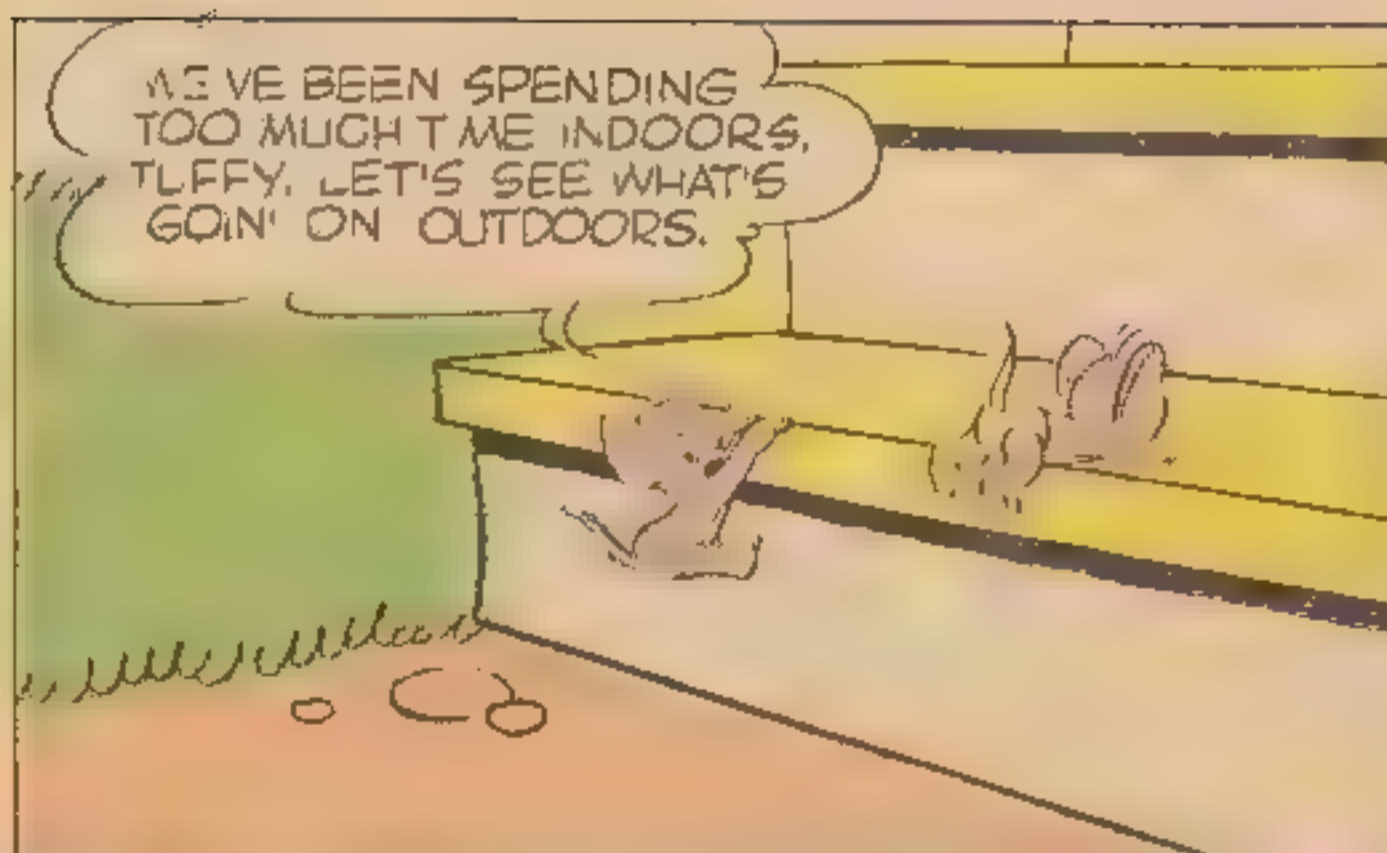


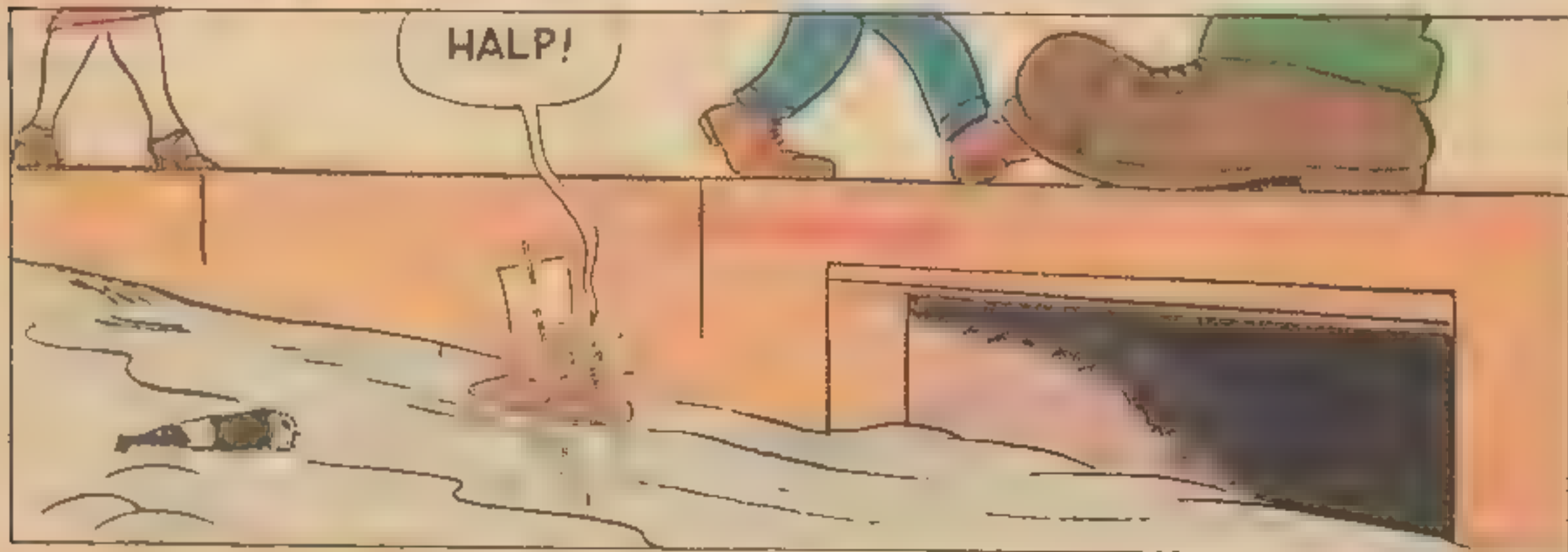
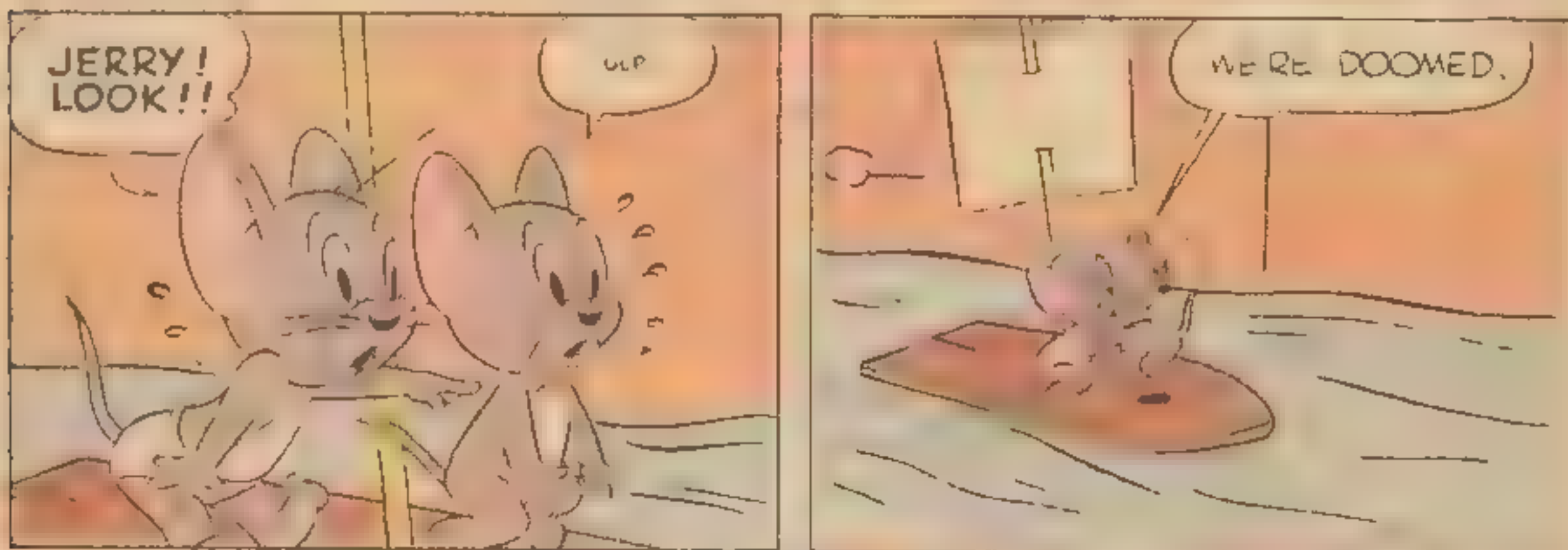
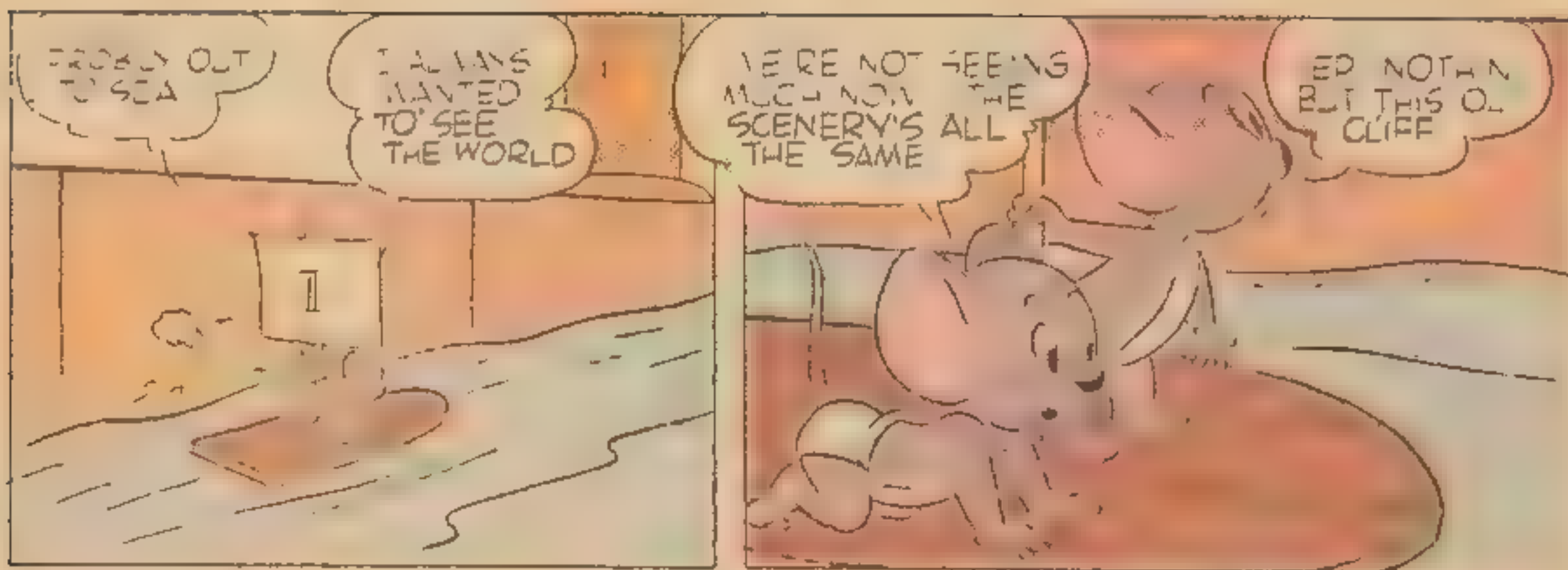


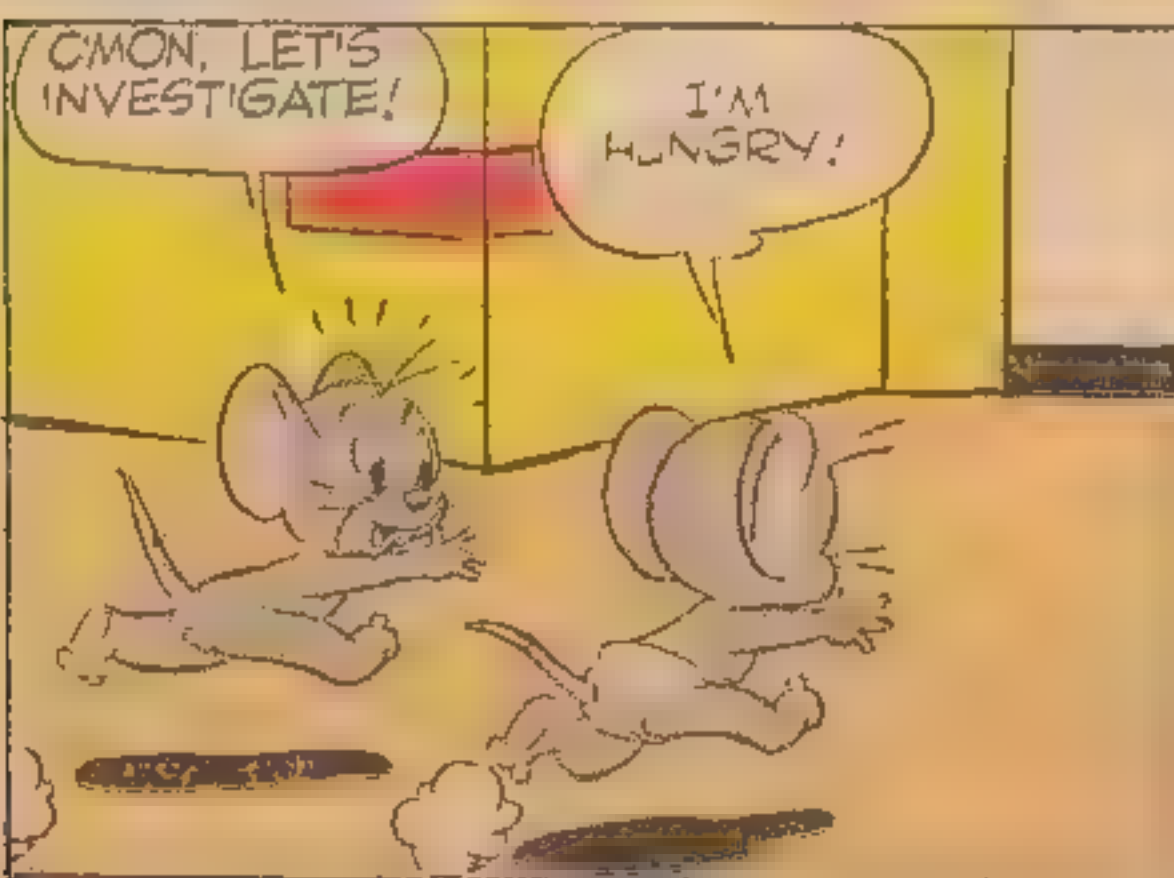
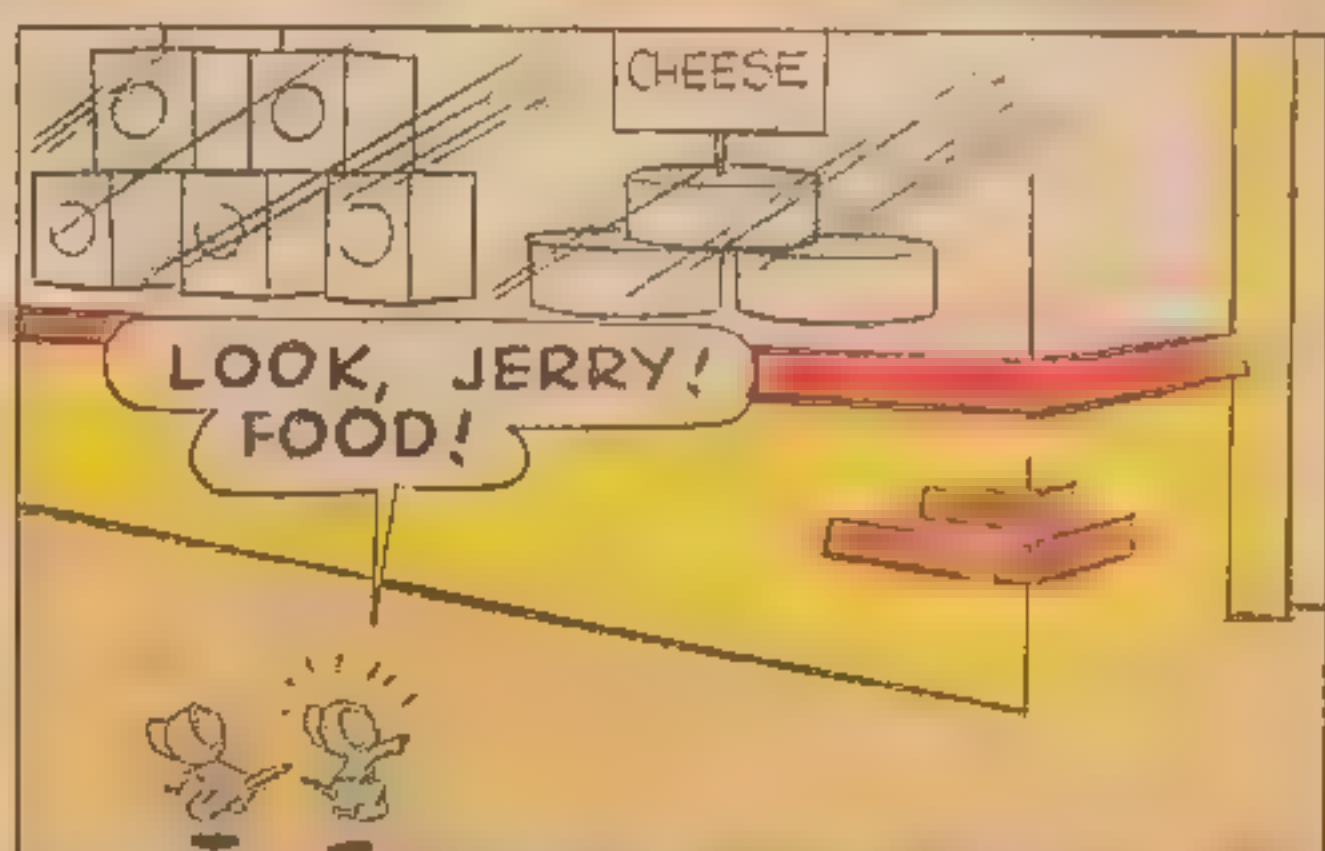
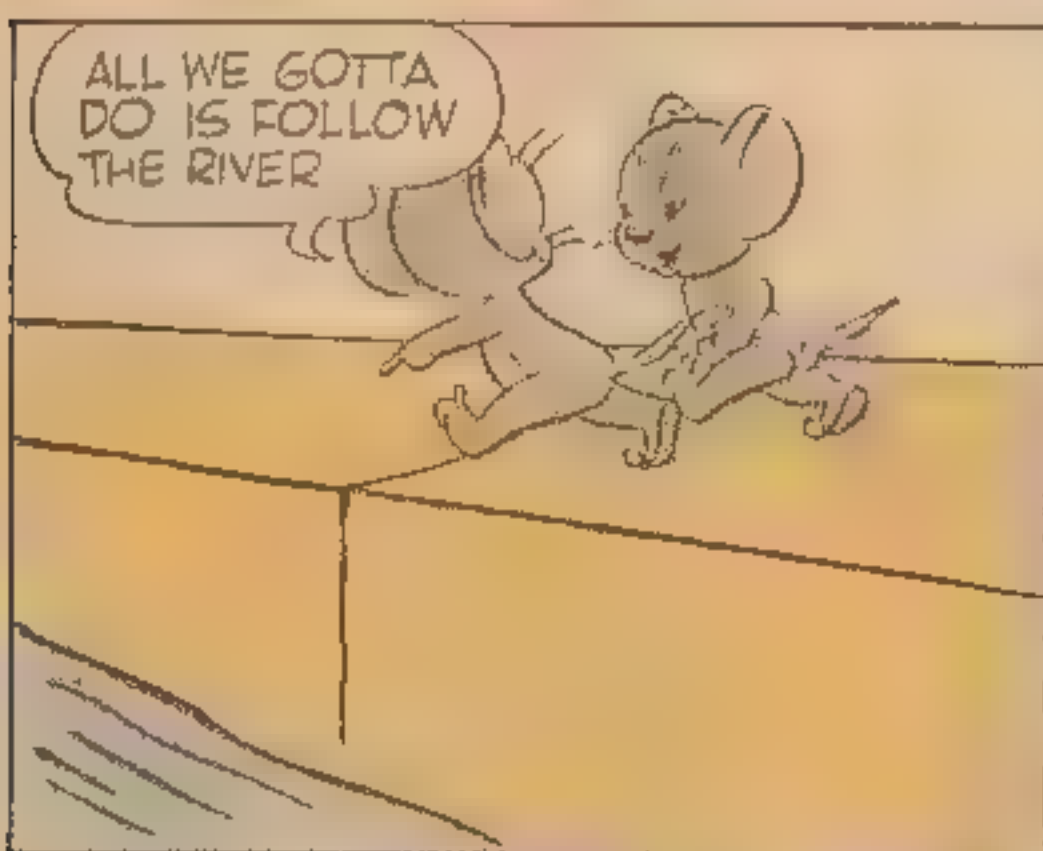
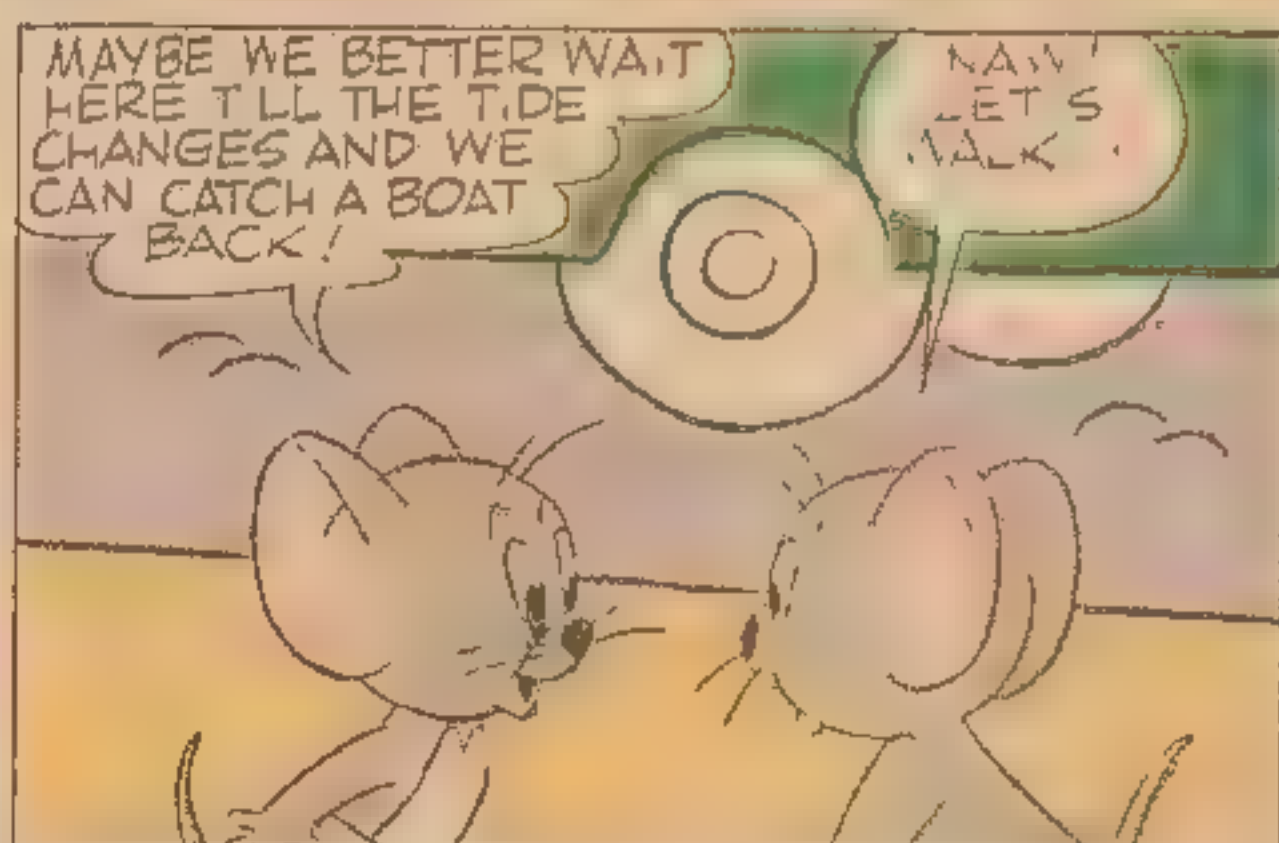
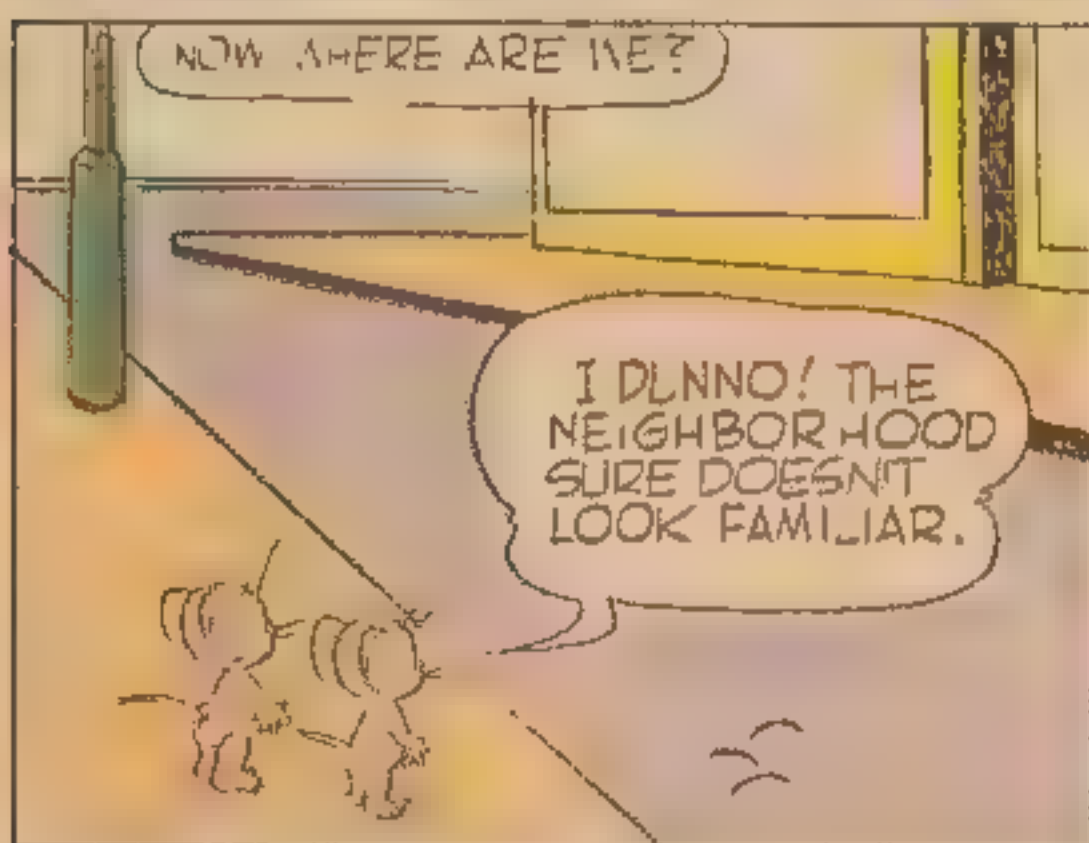


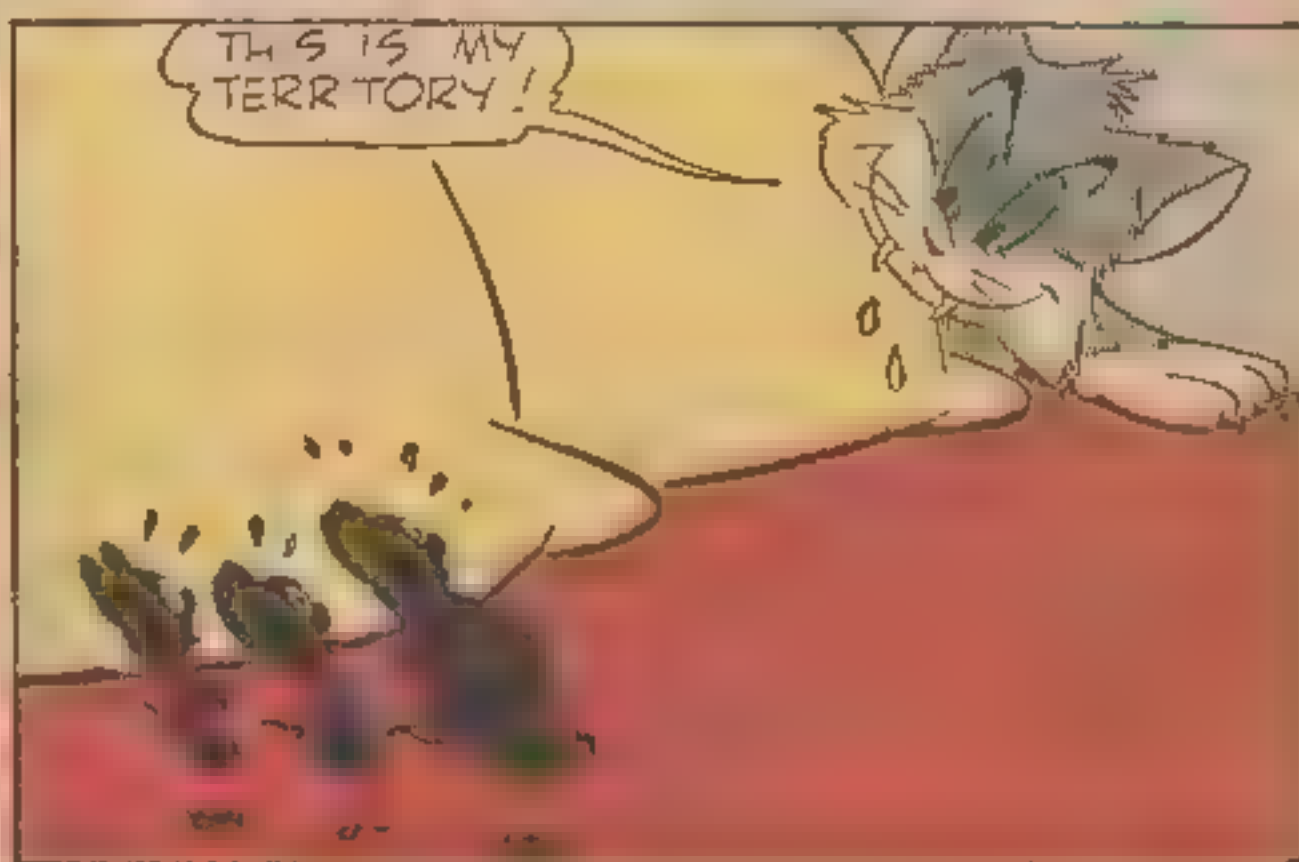
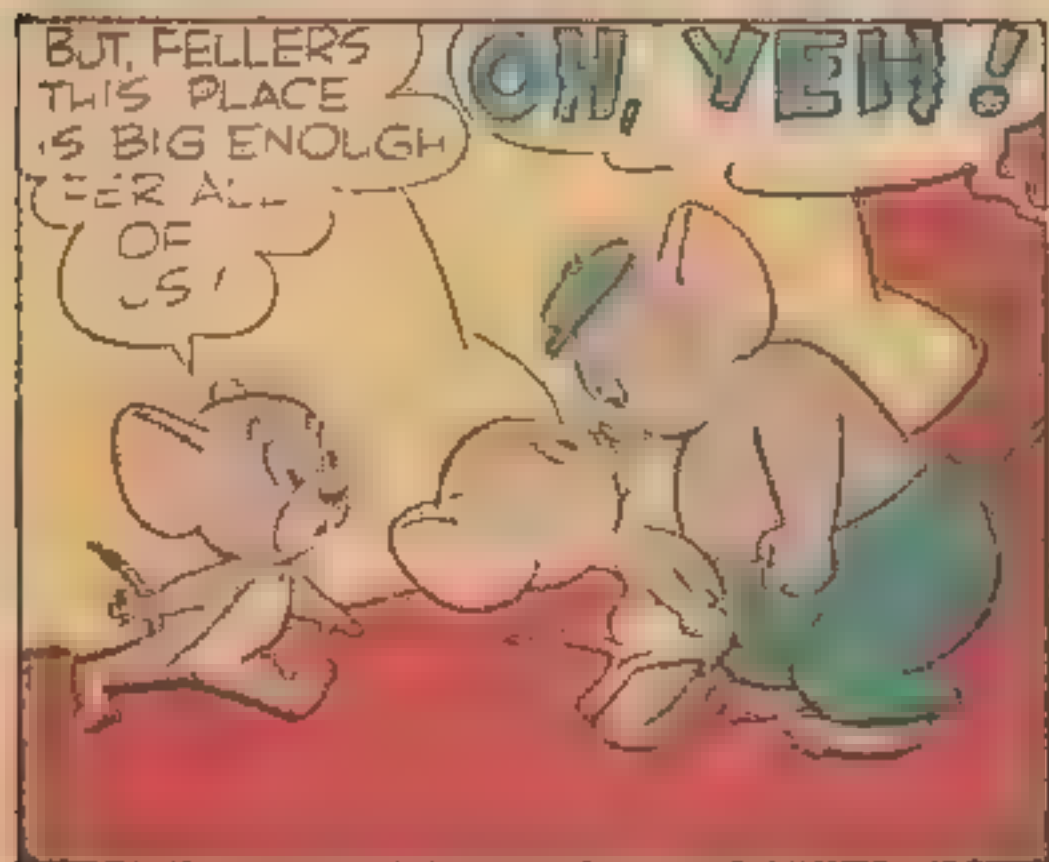
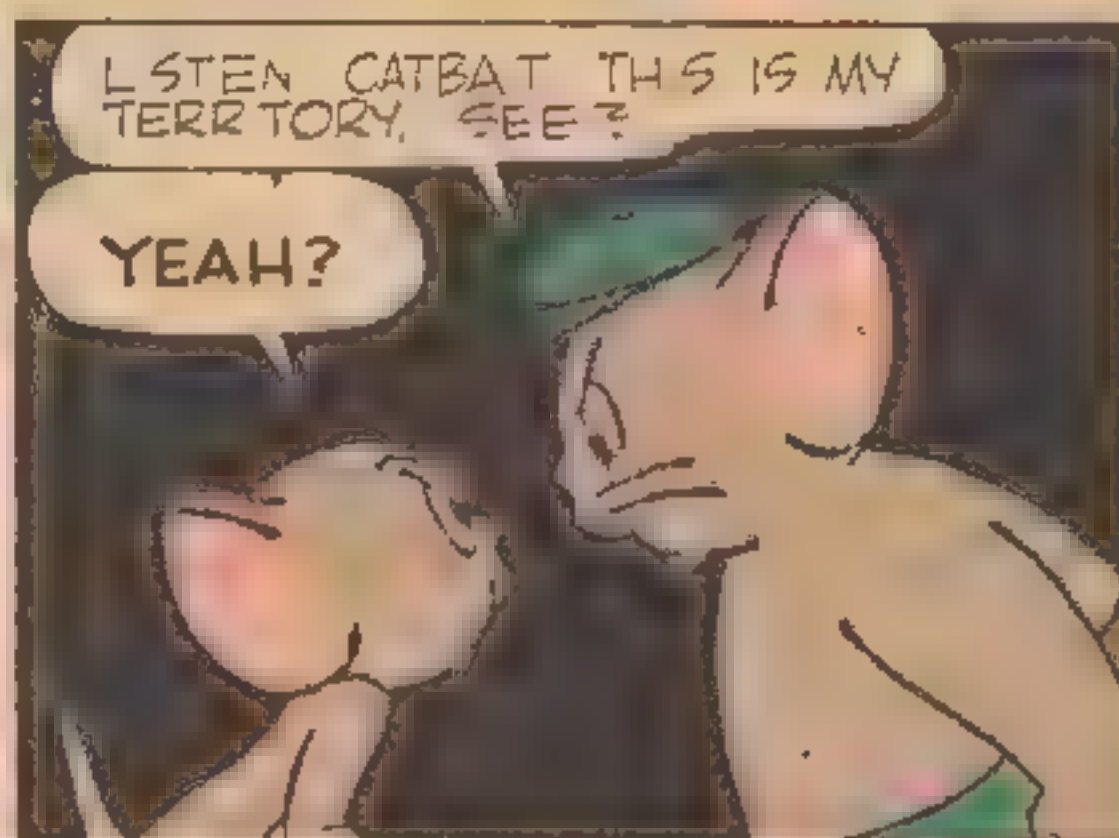
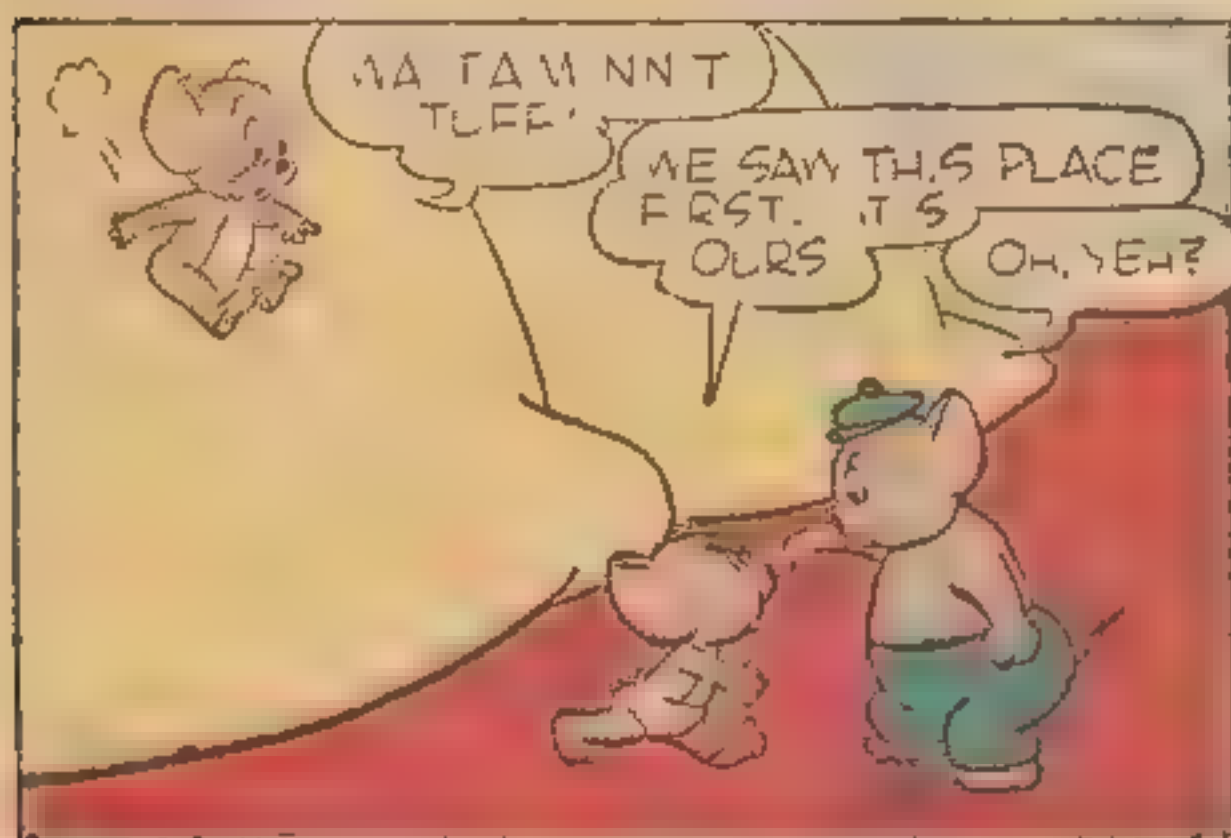
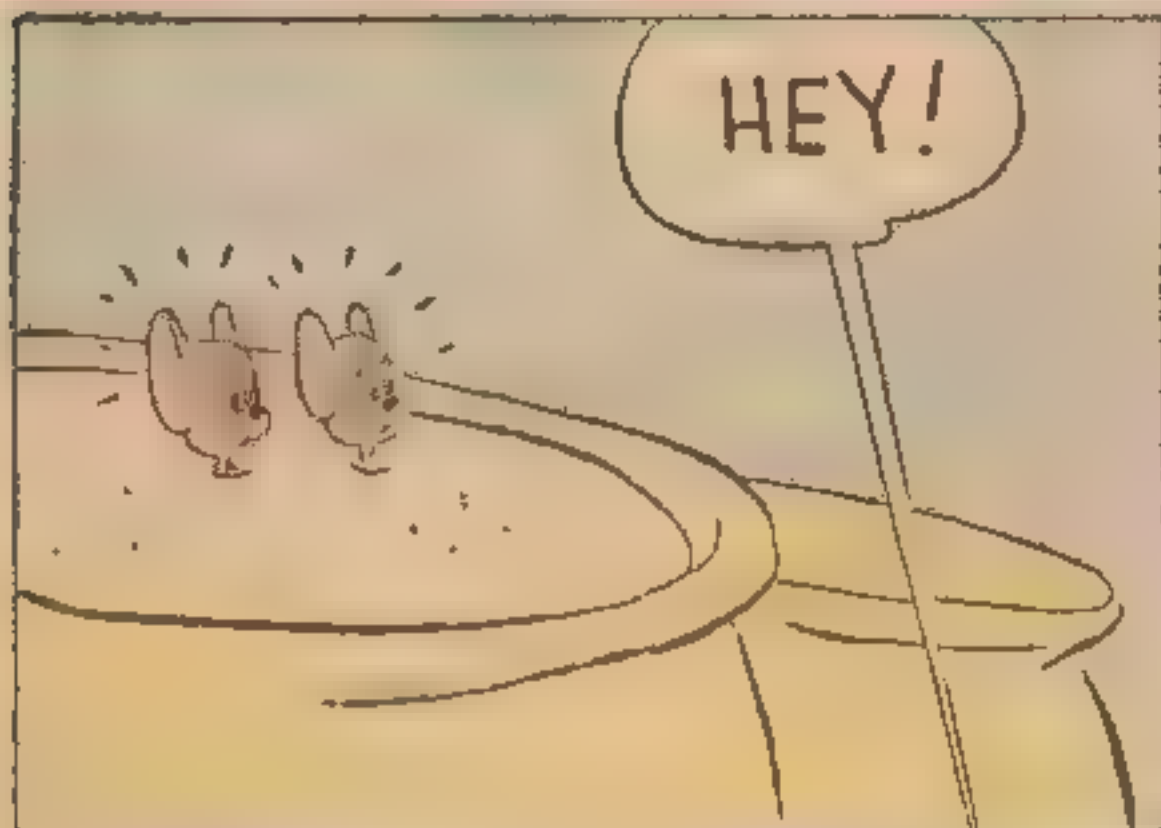
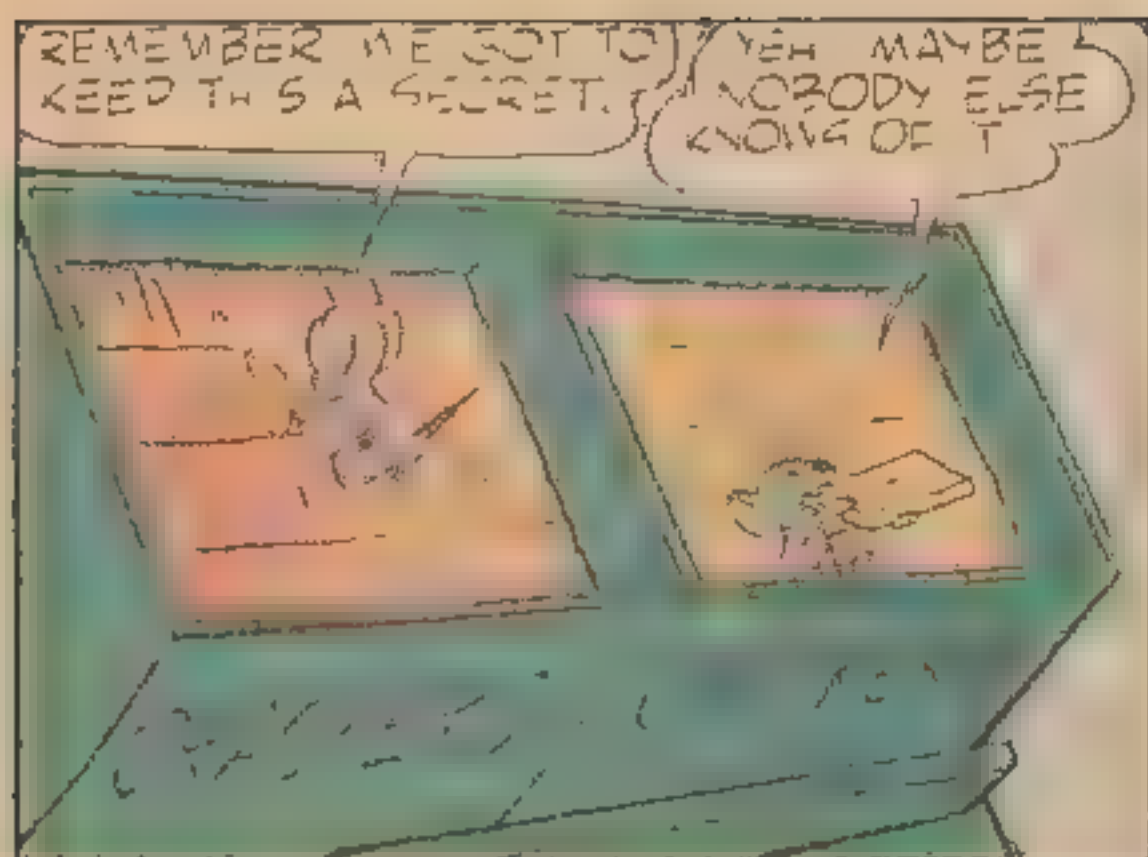


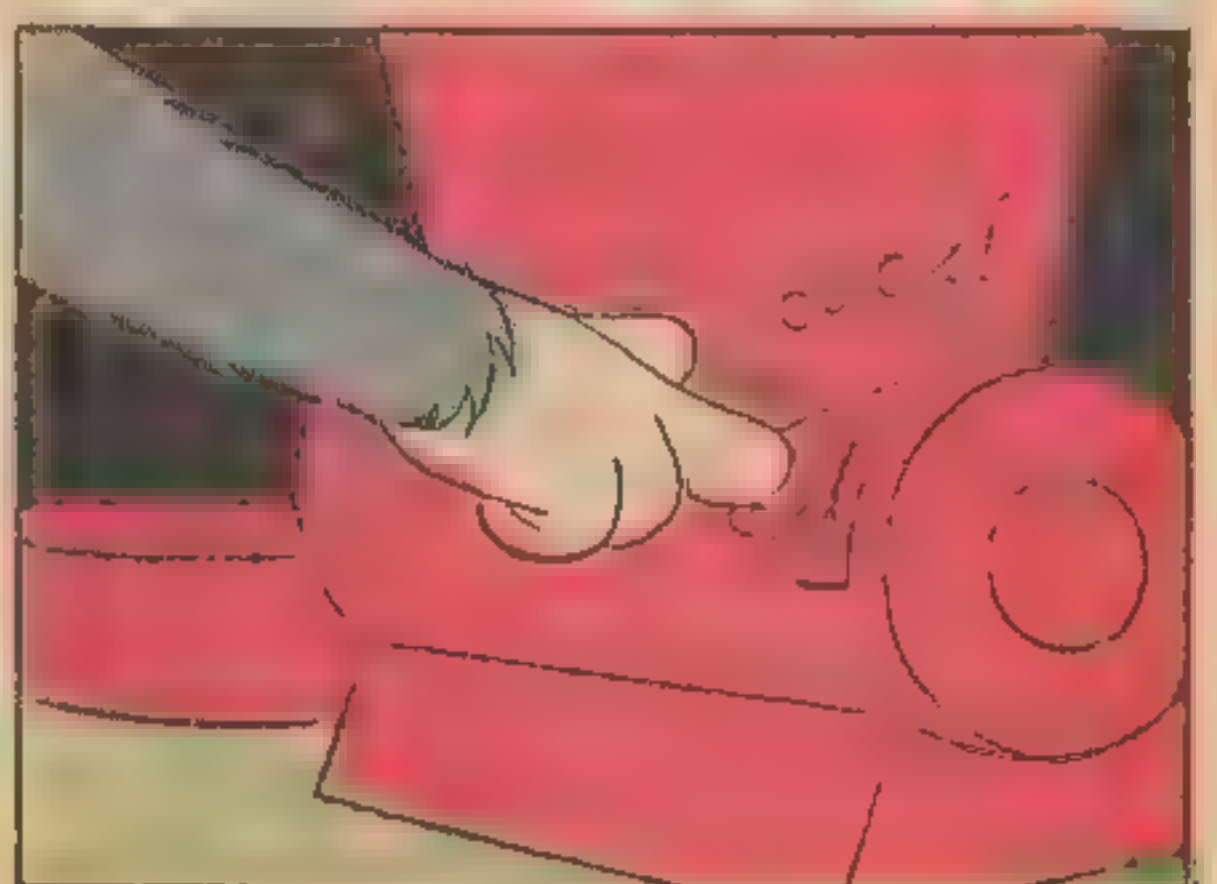
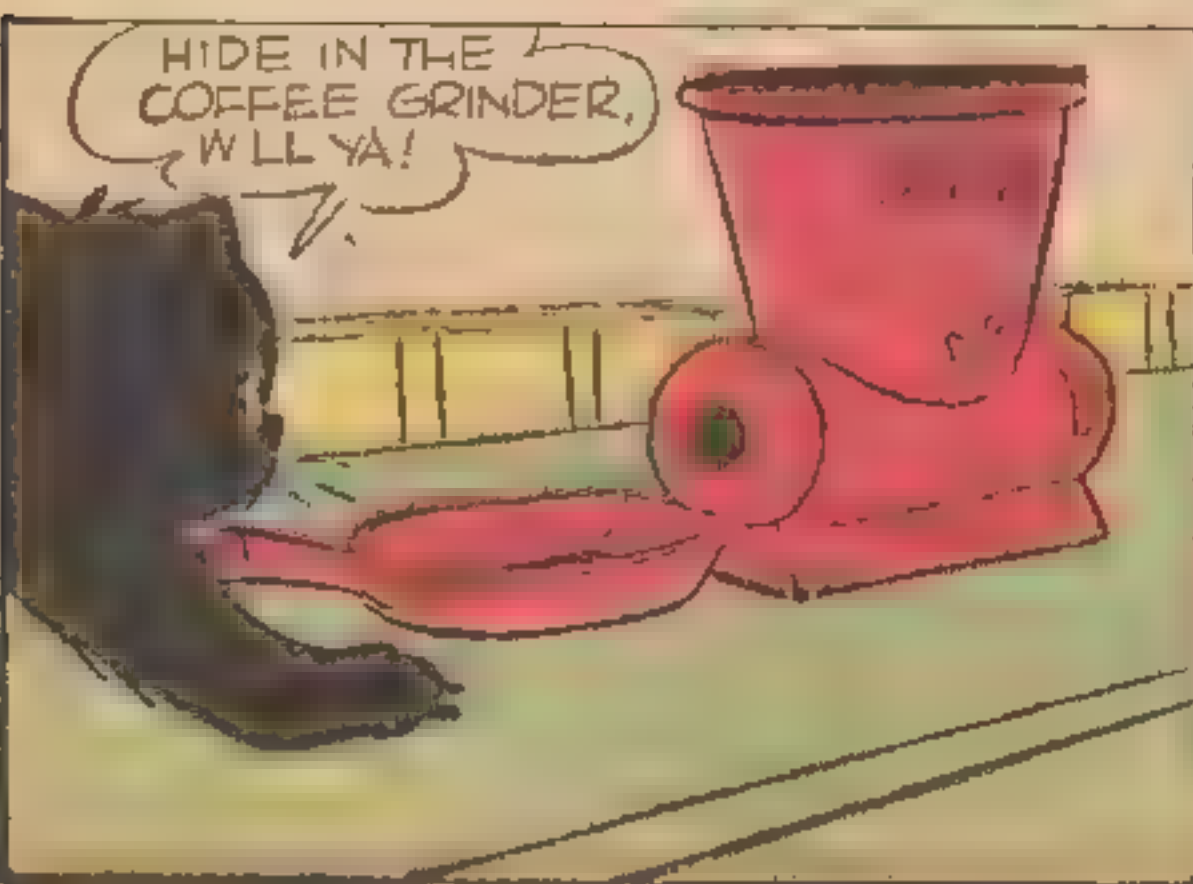
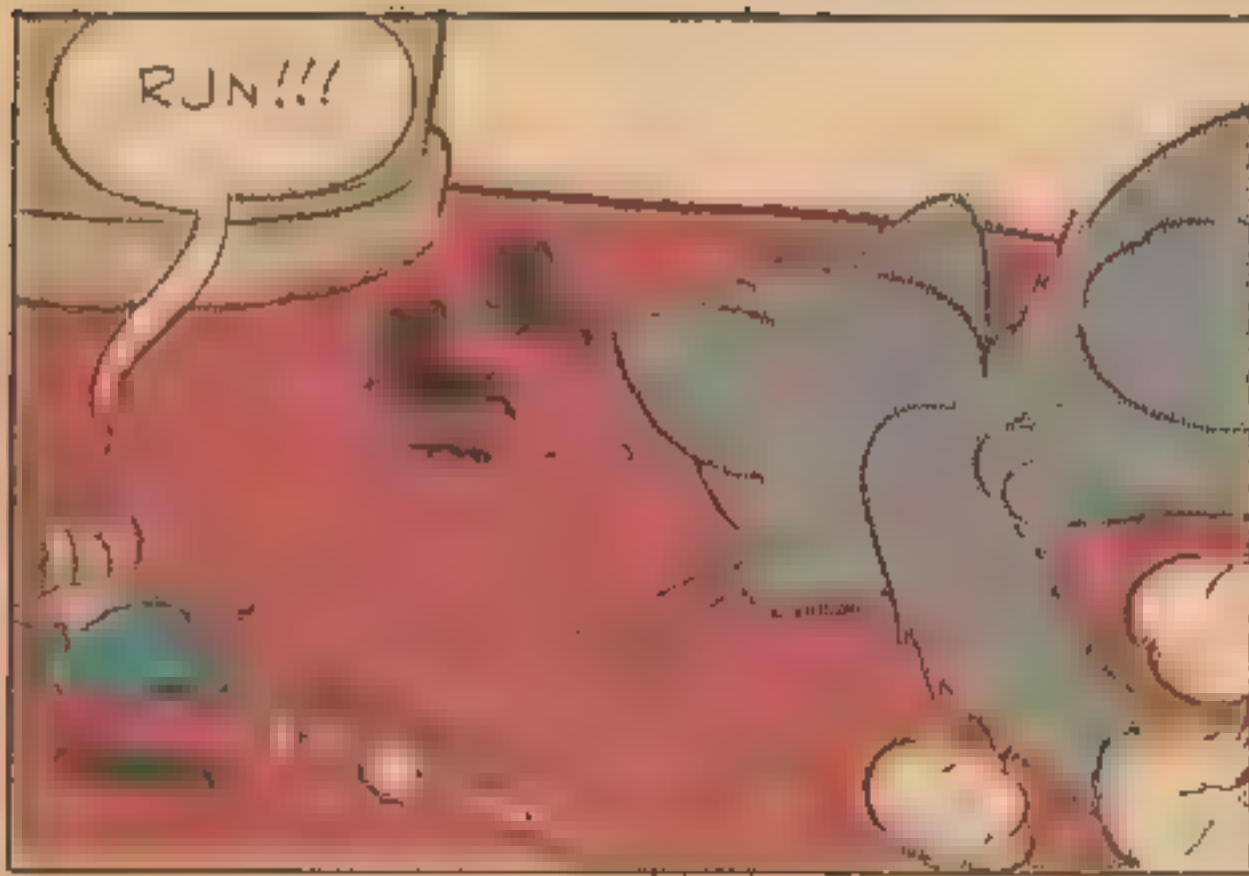
TOM and JERRY

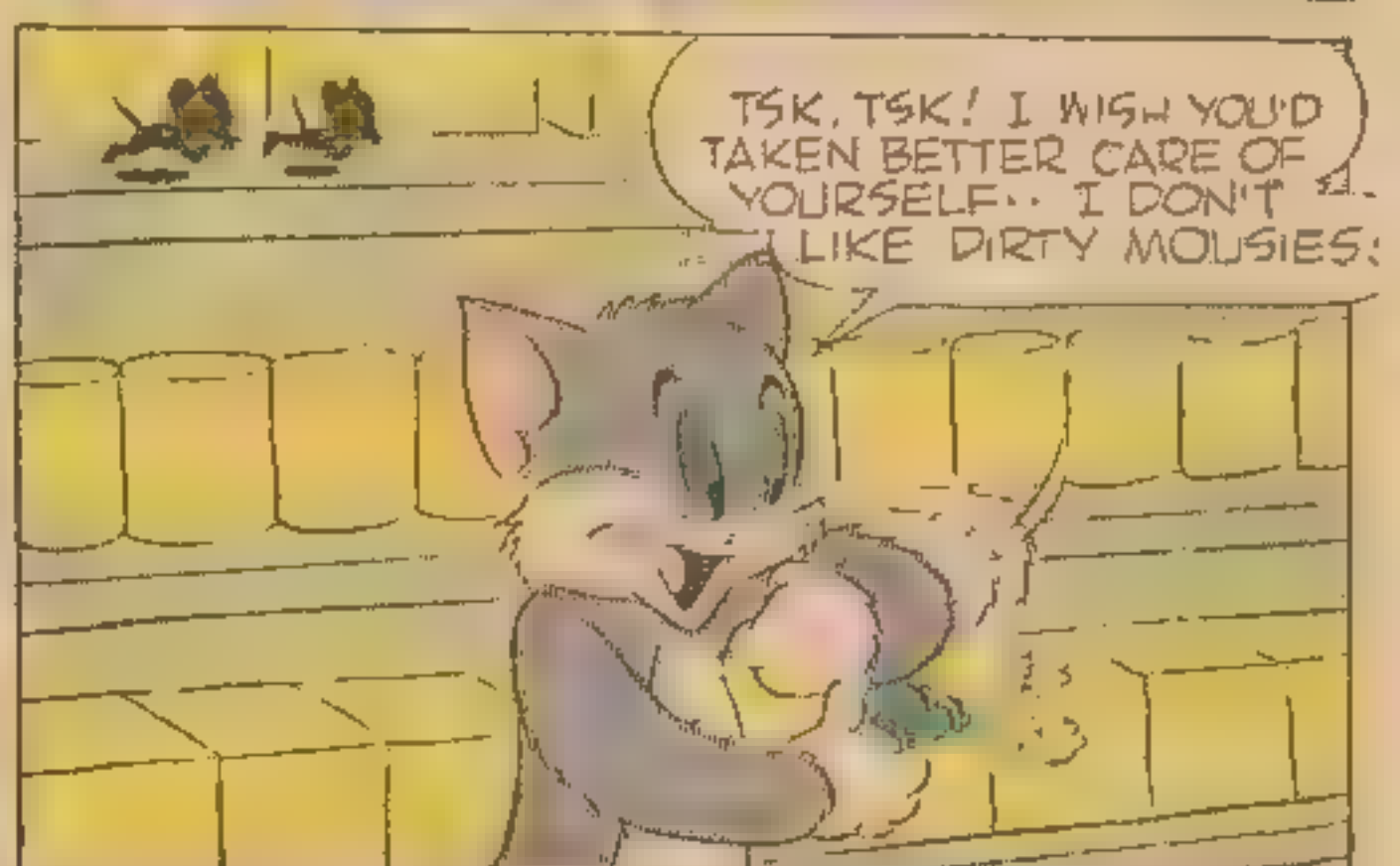
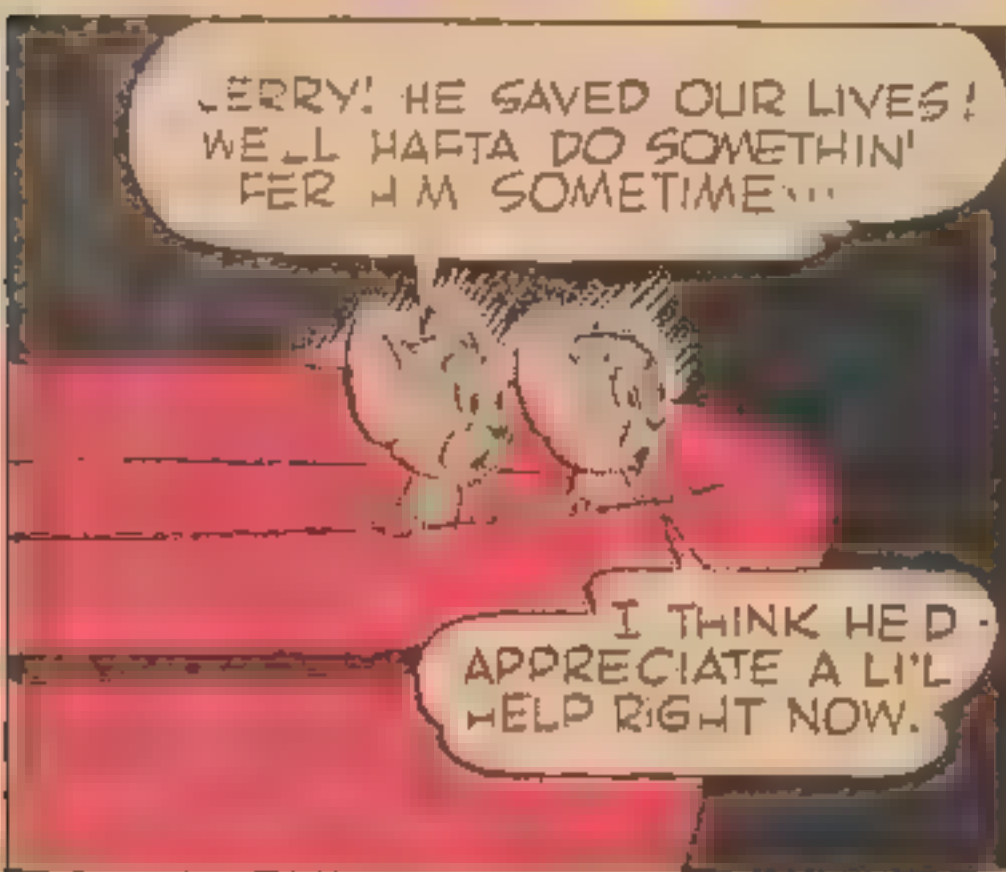
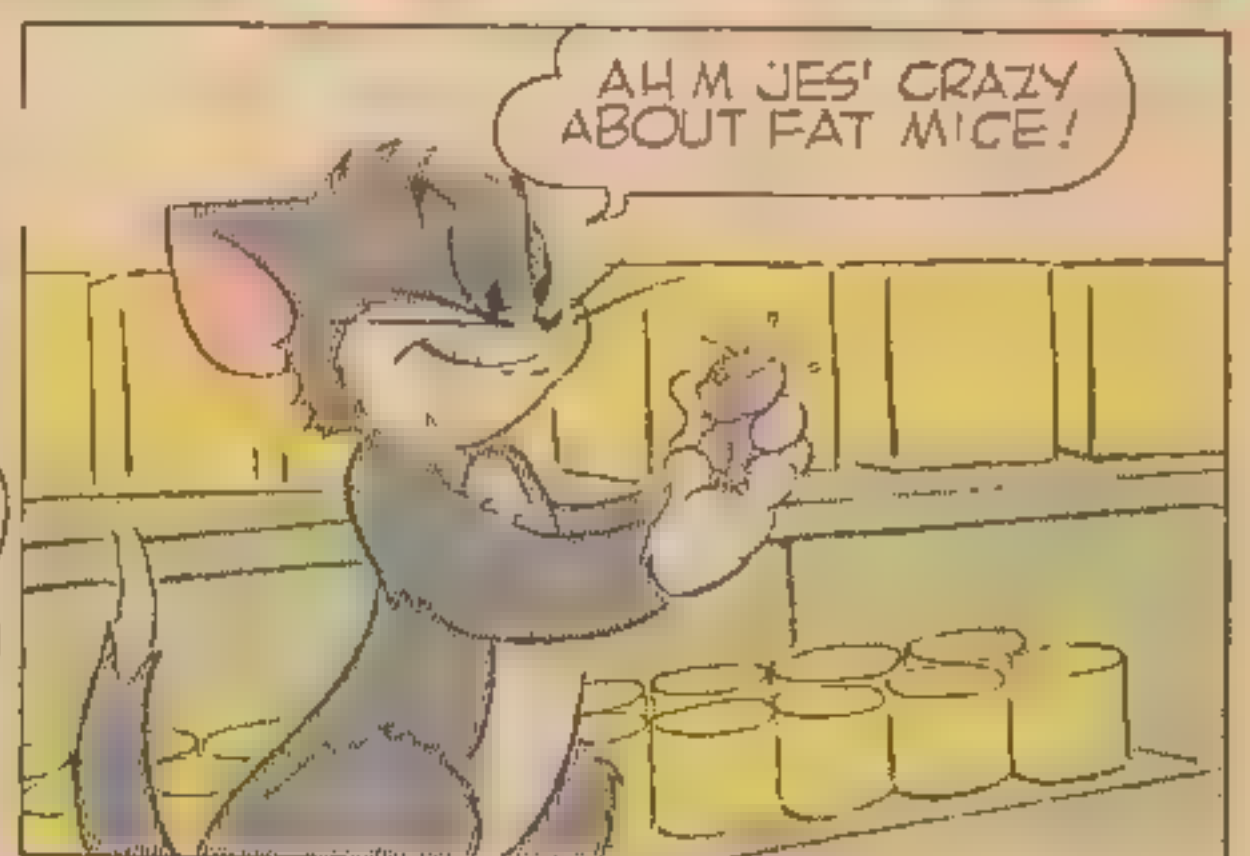
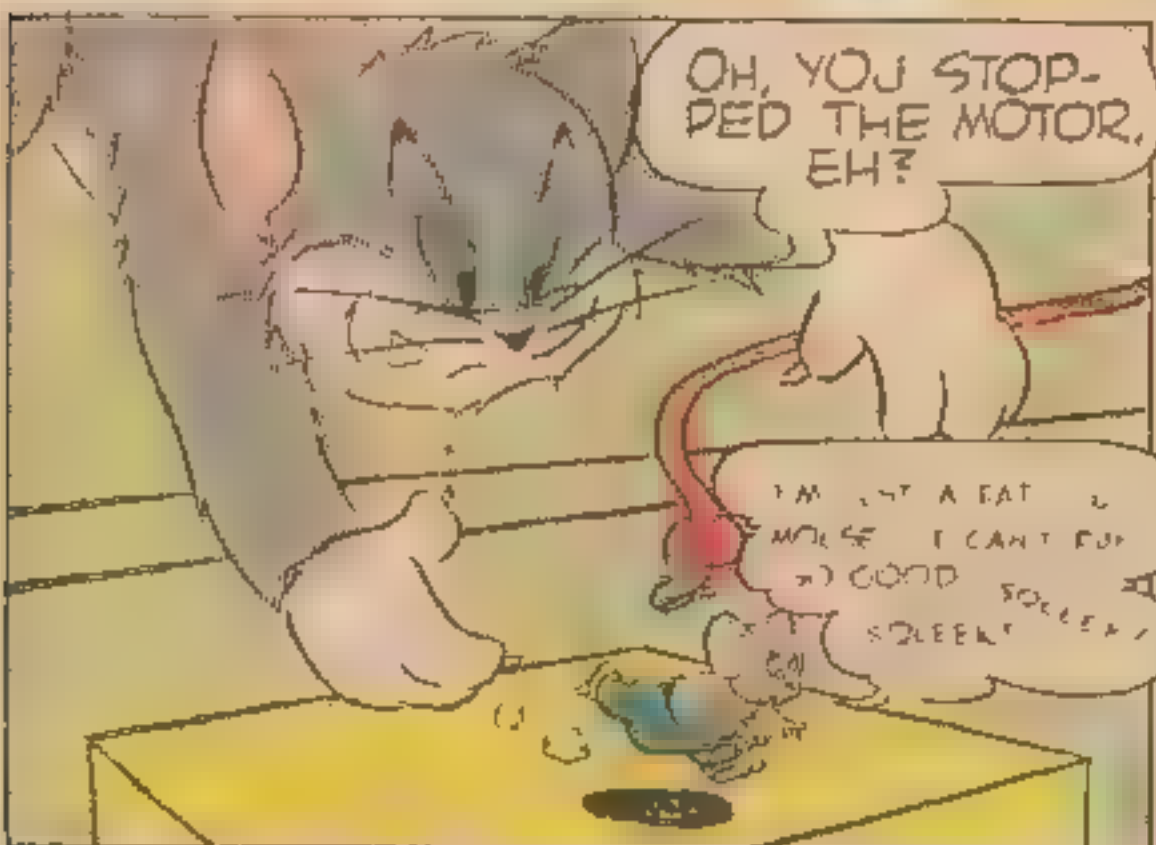
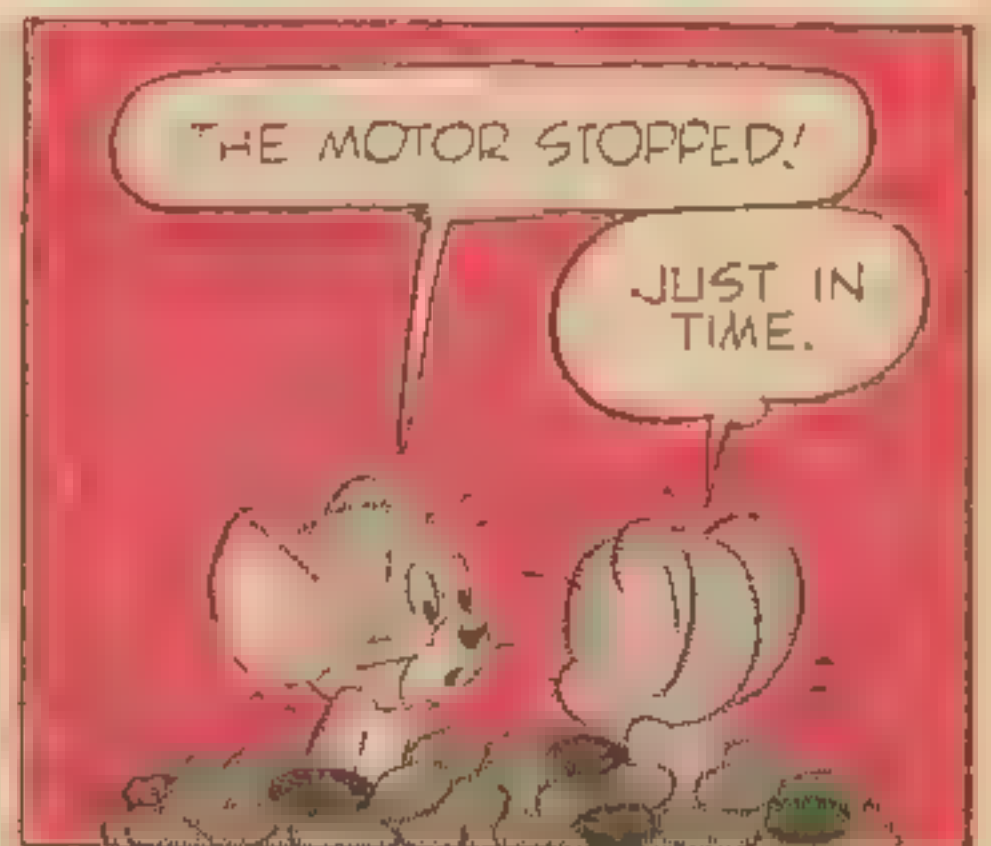
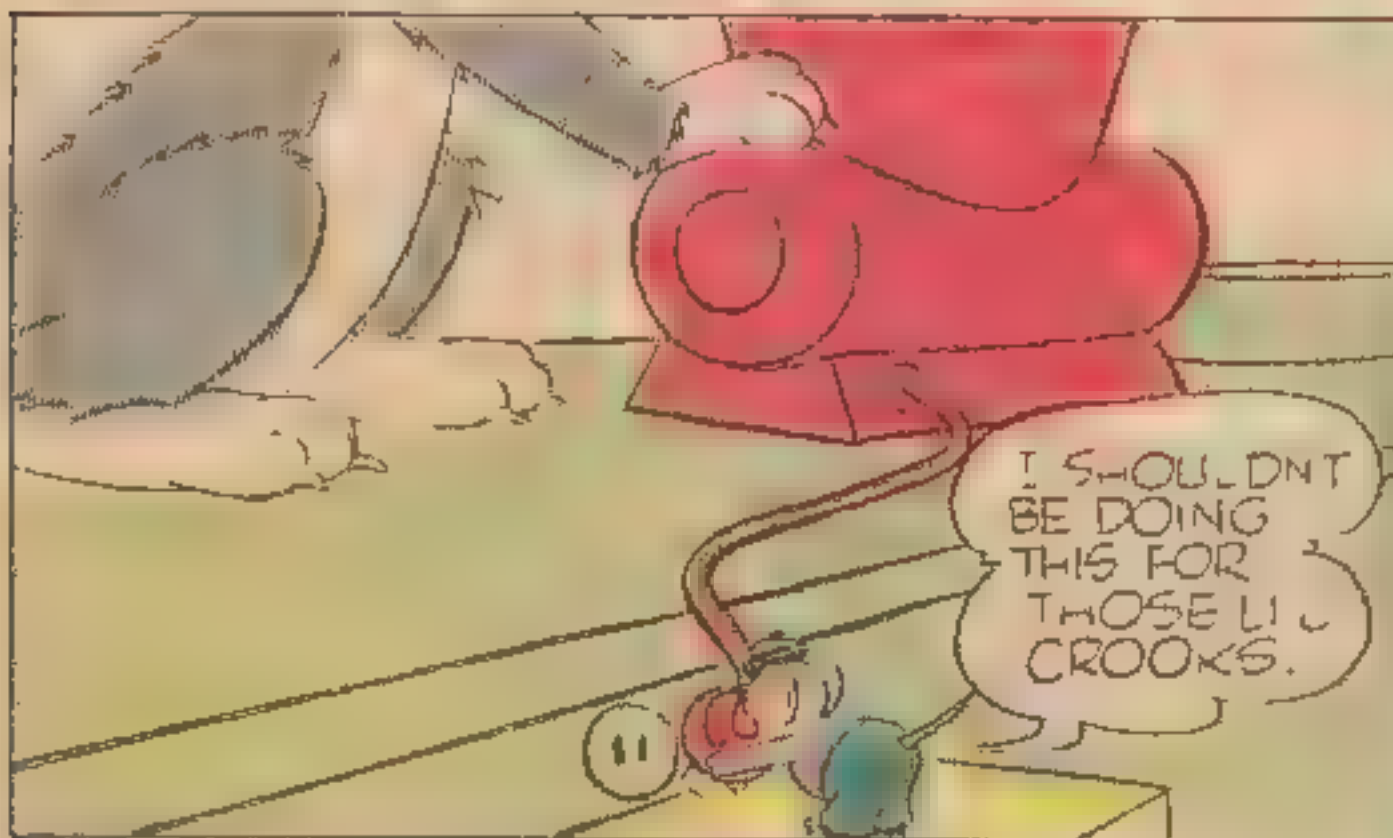
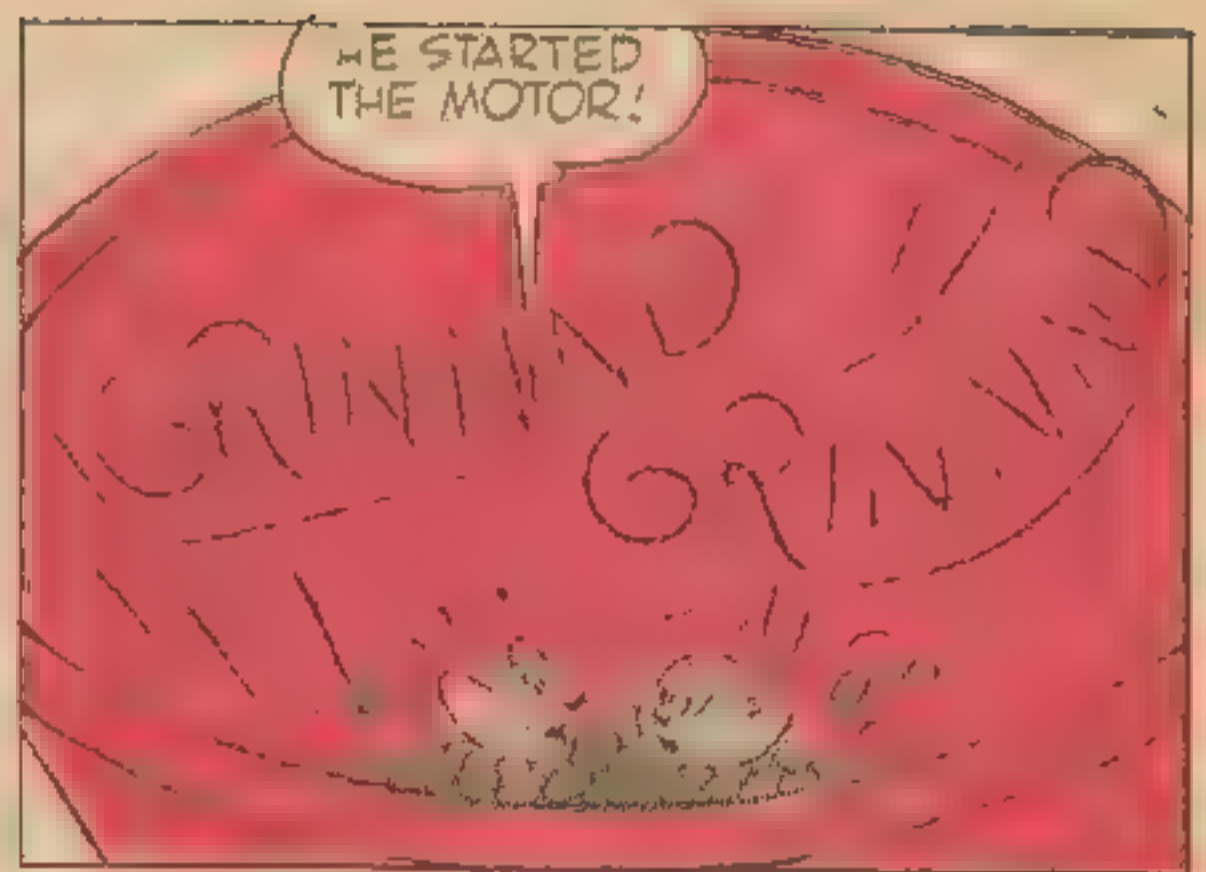
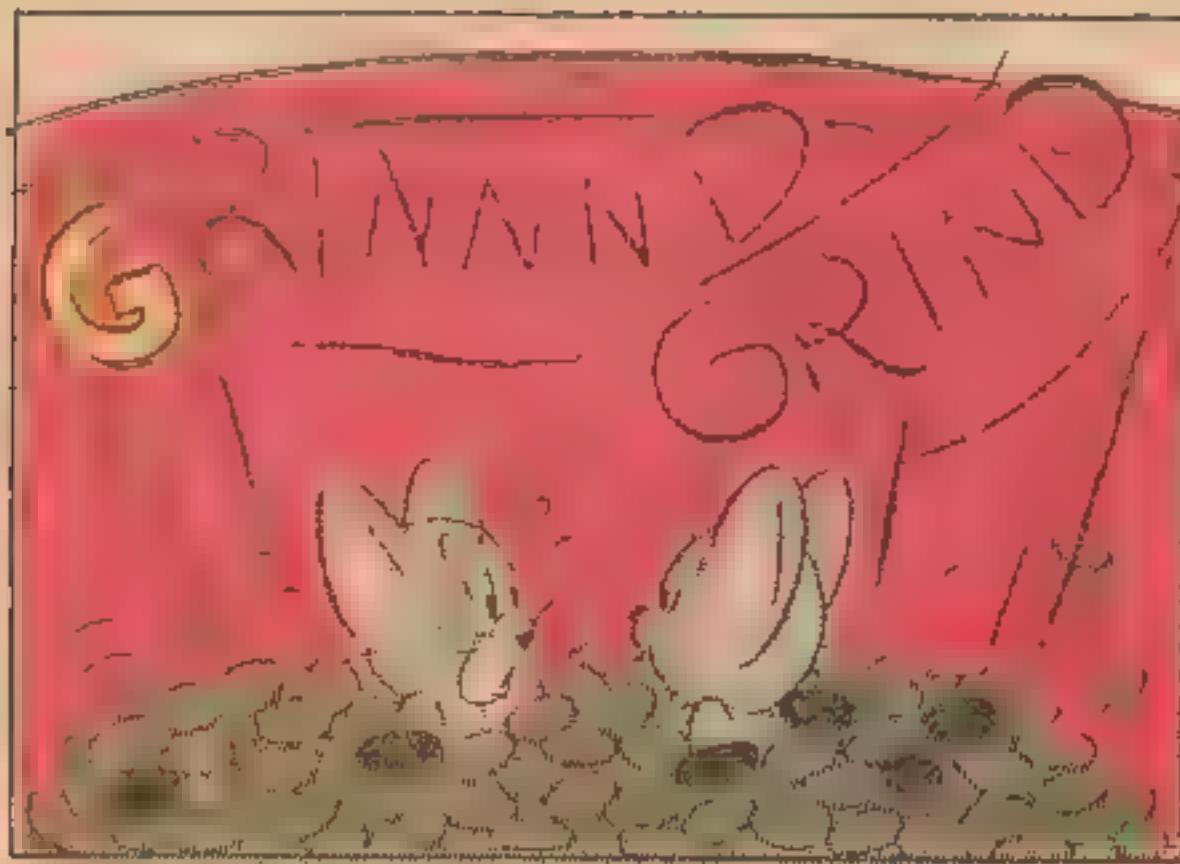


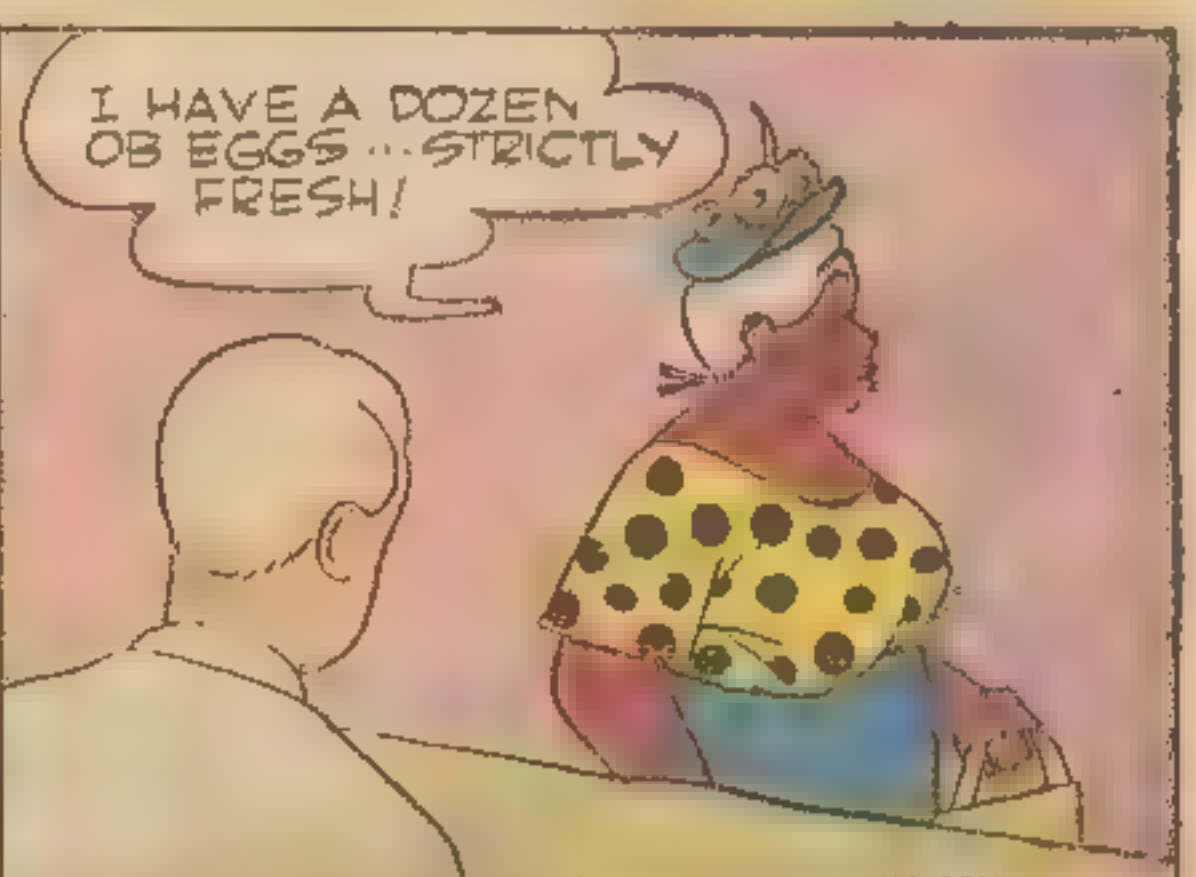
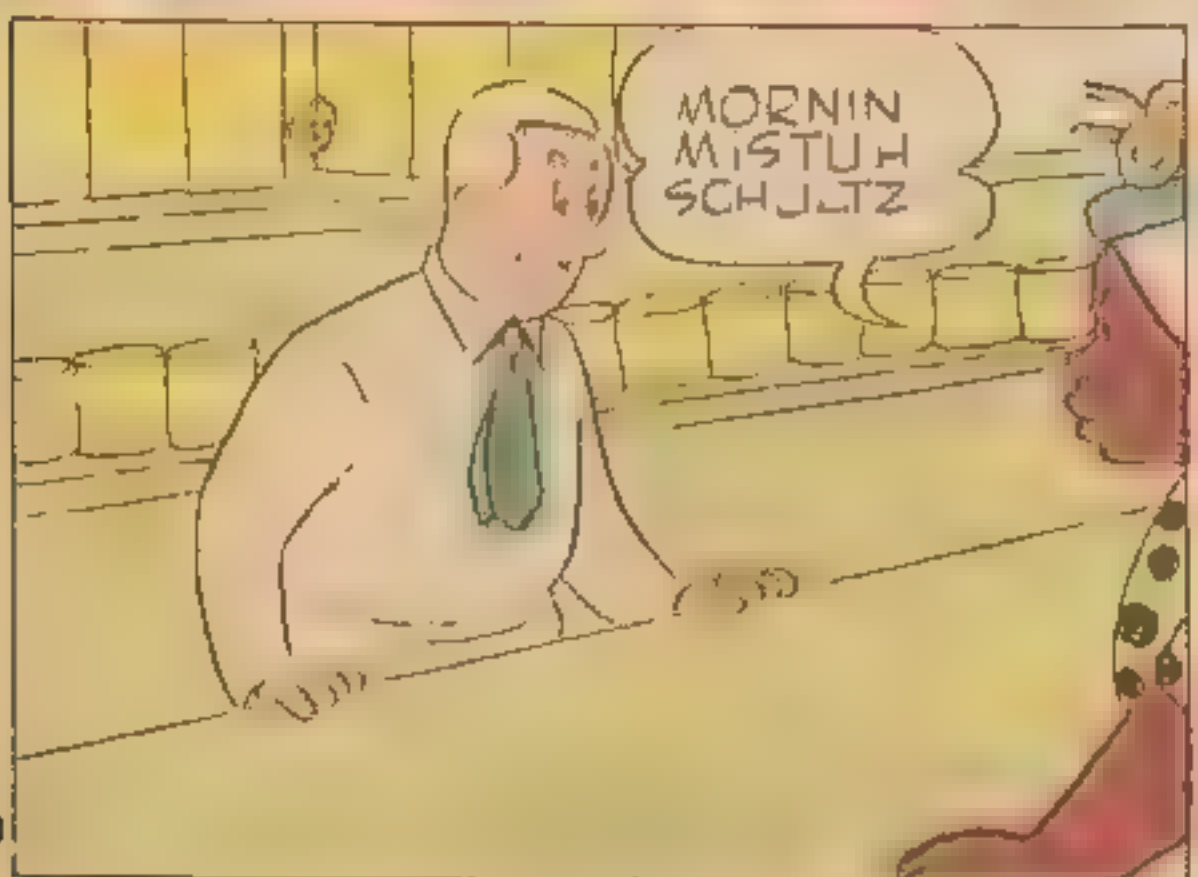
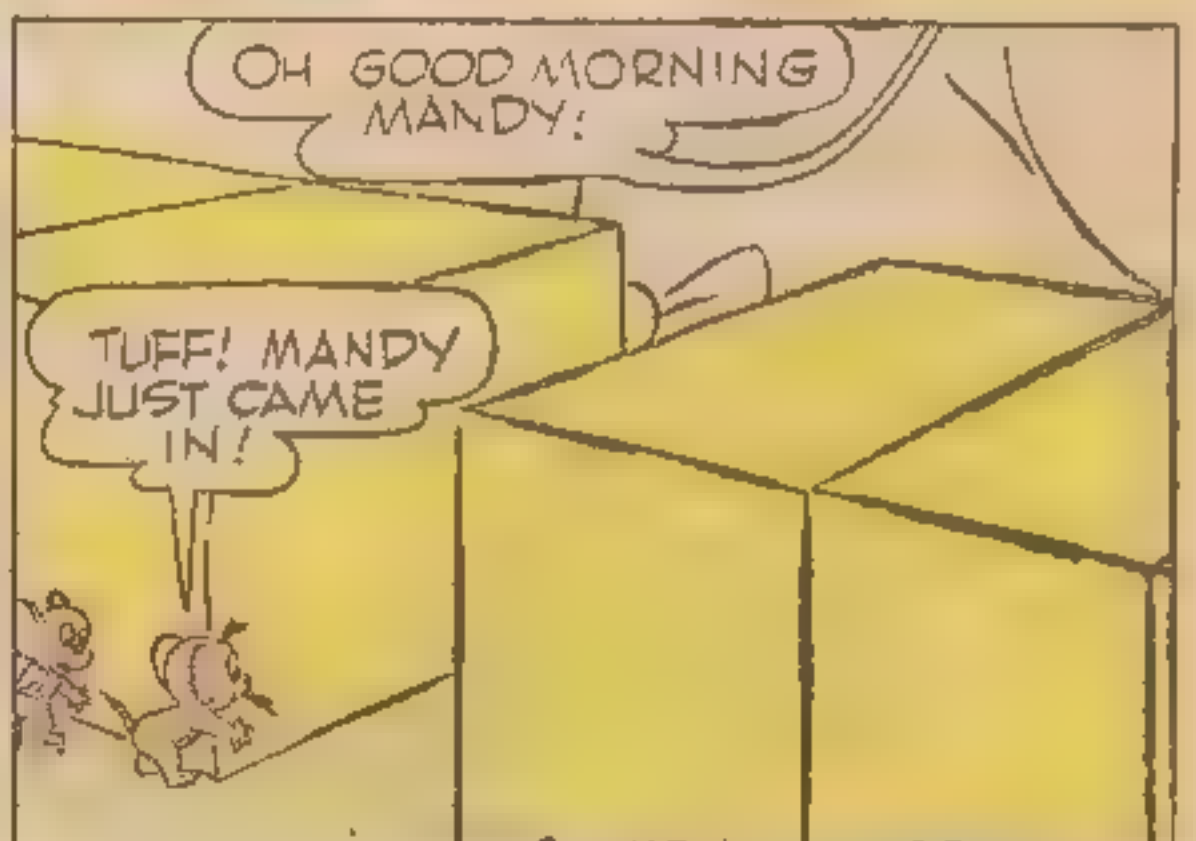
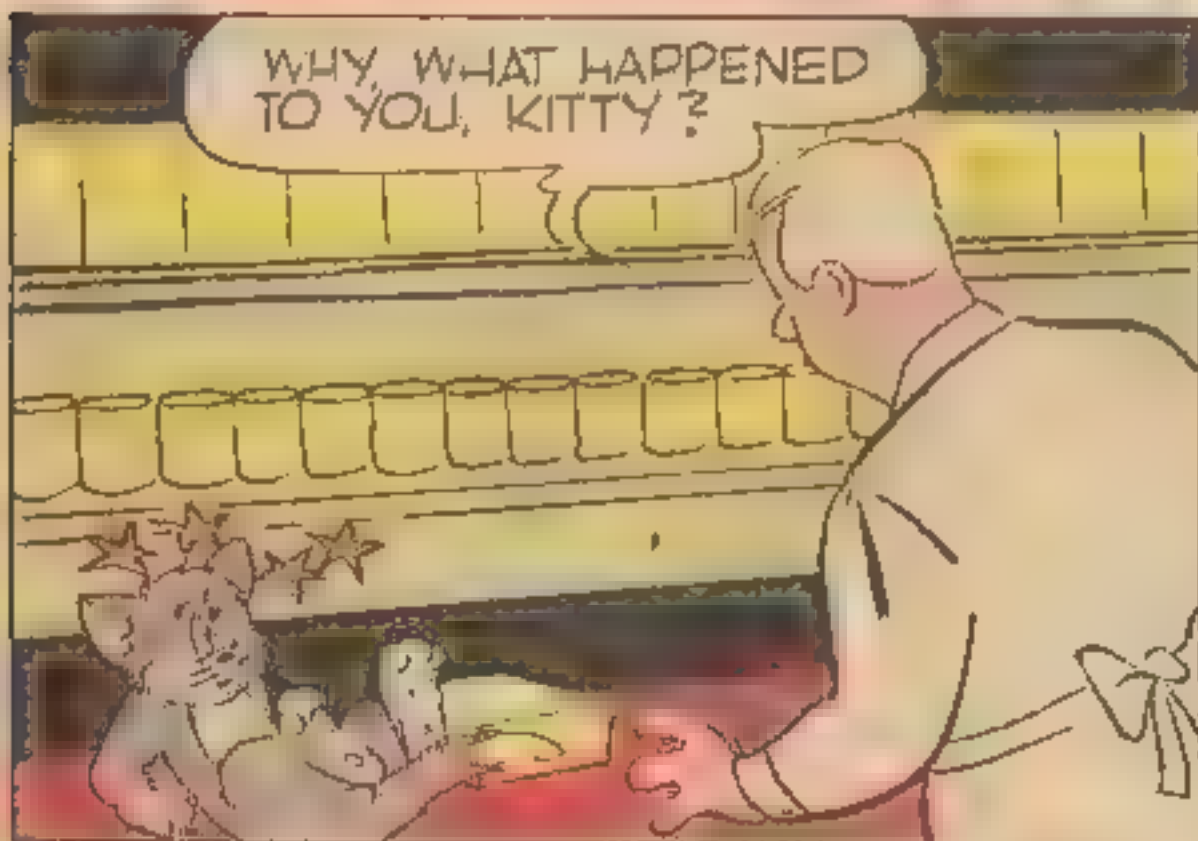
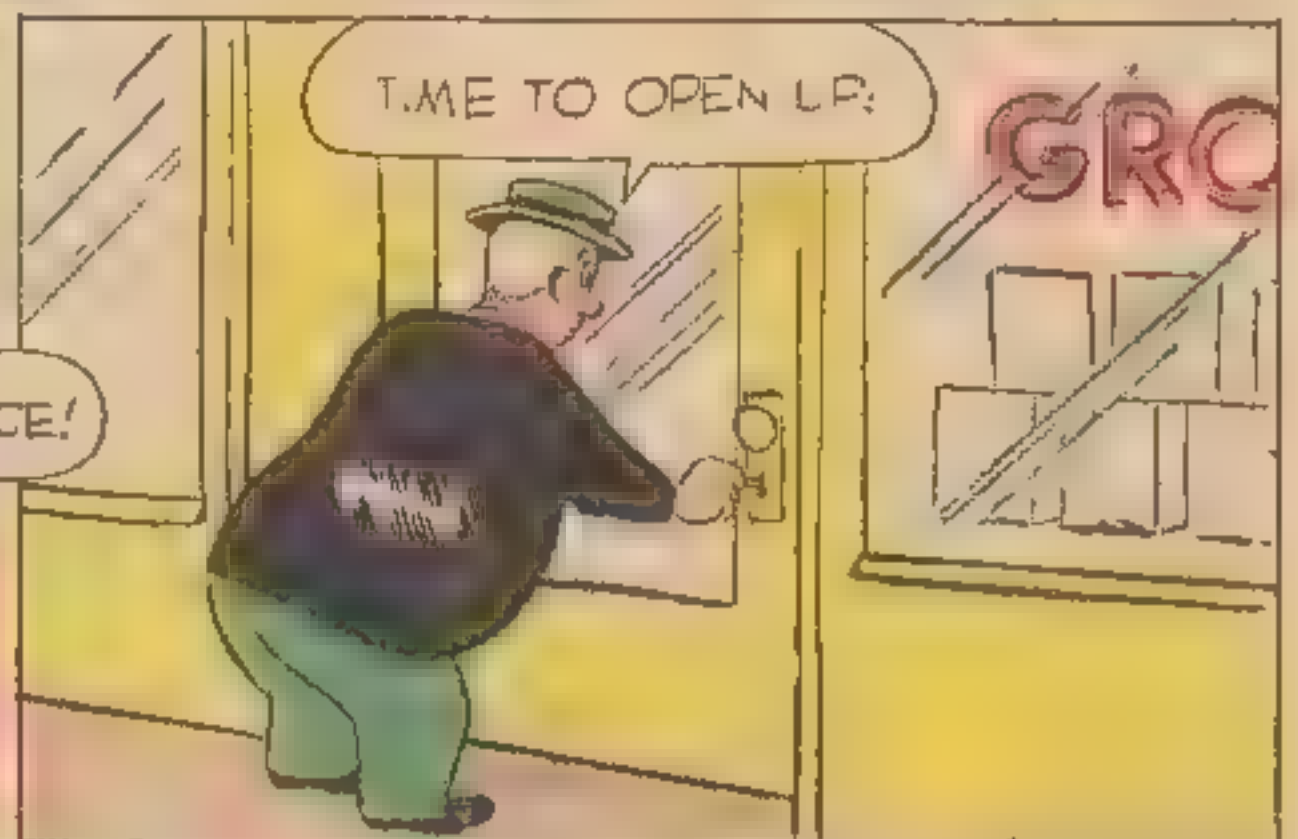
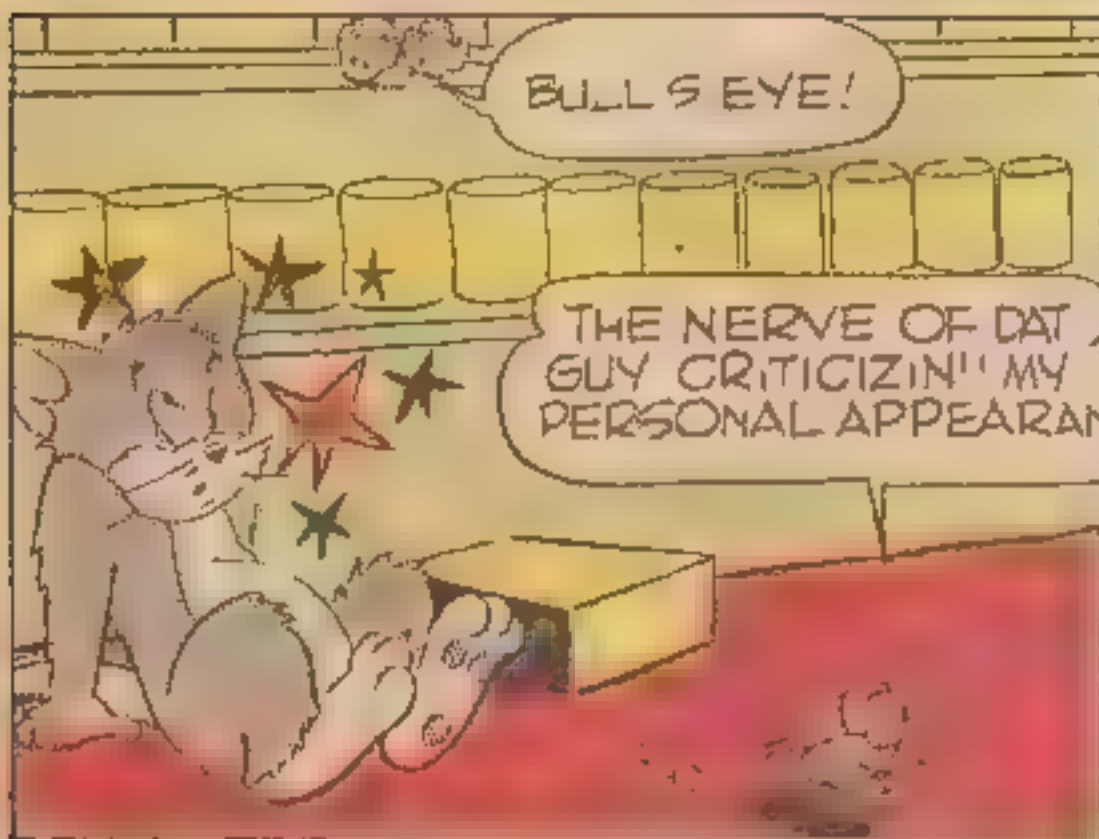
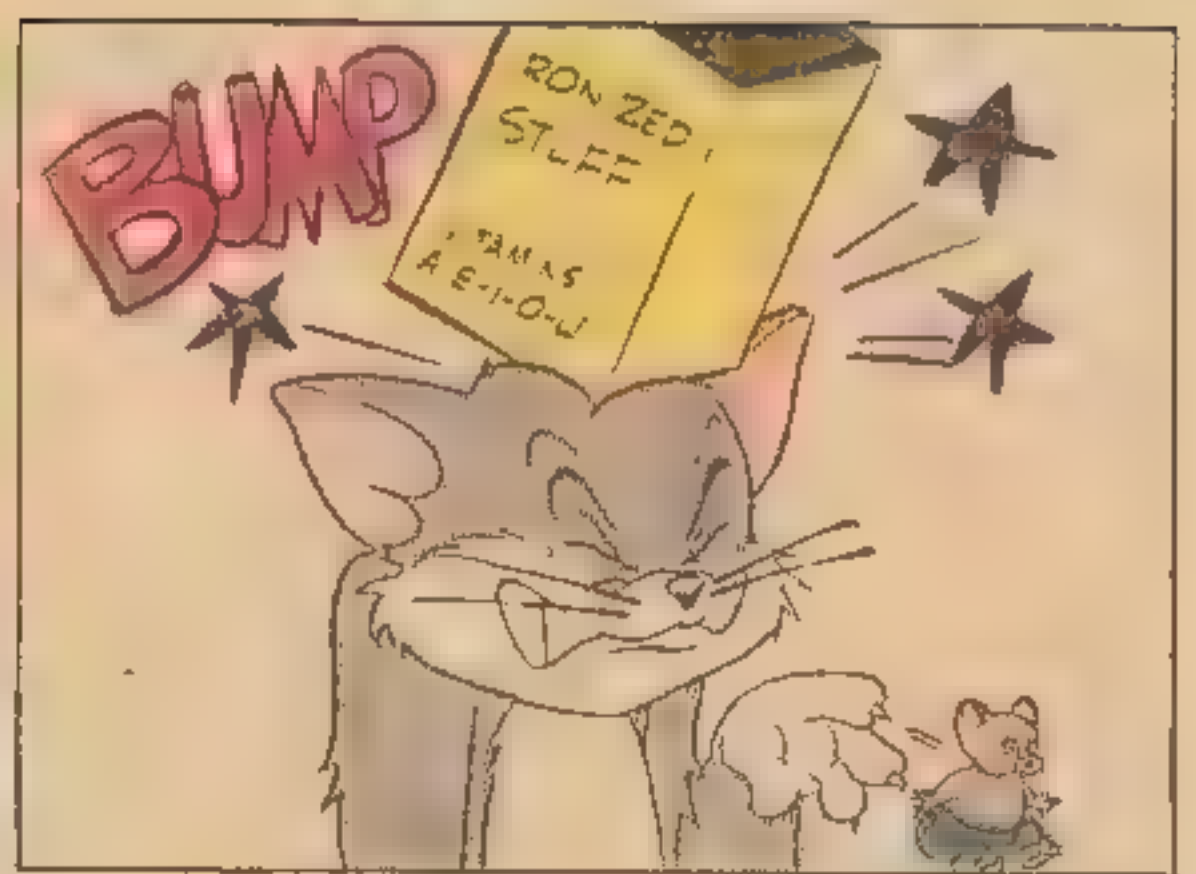
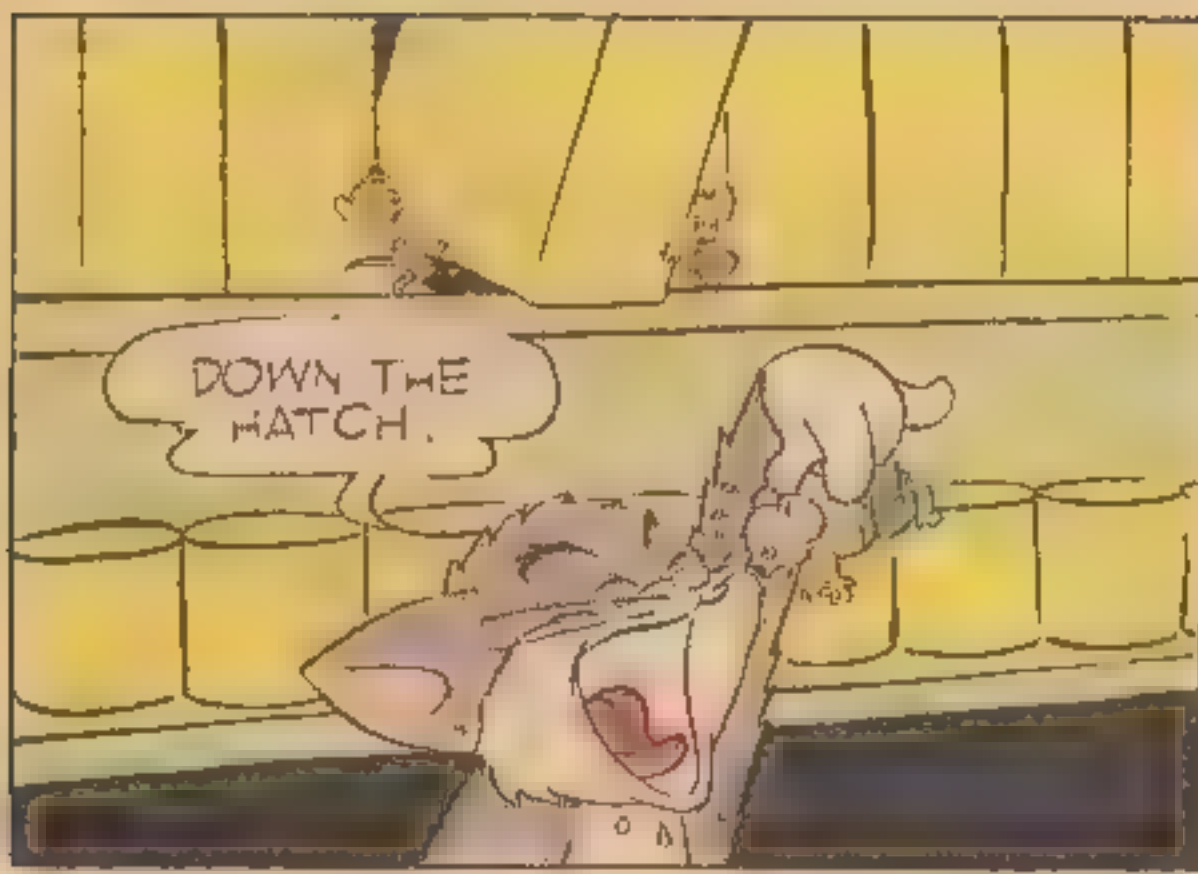


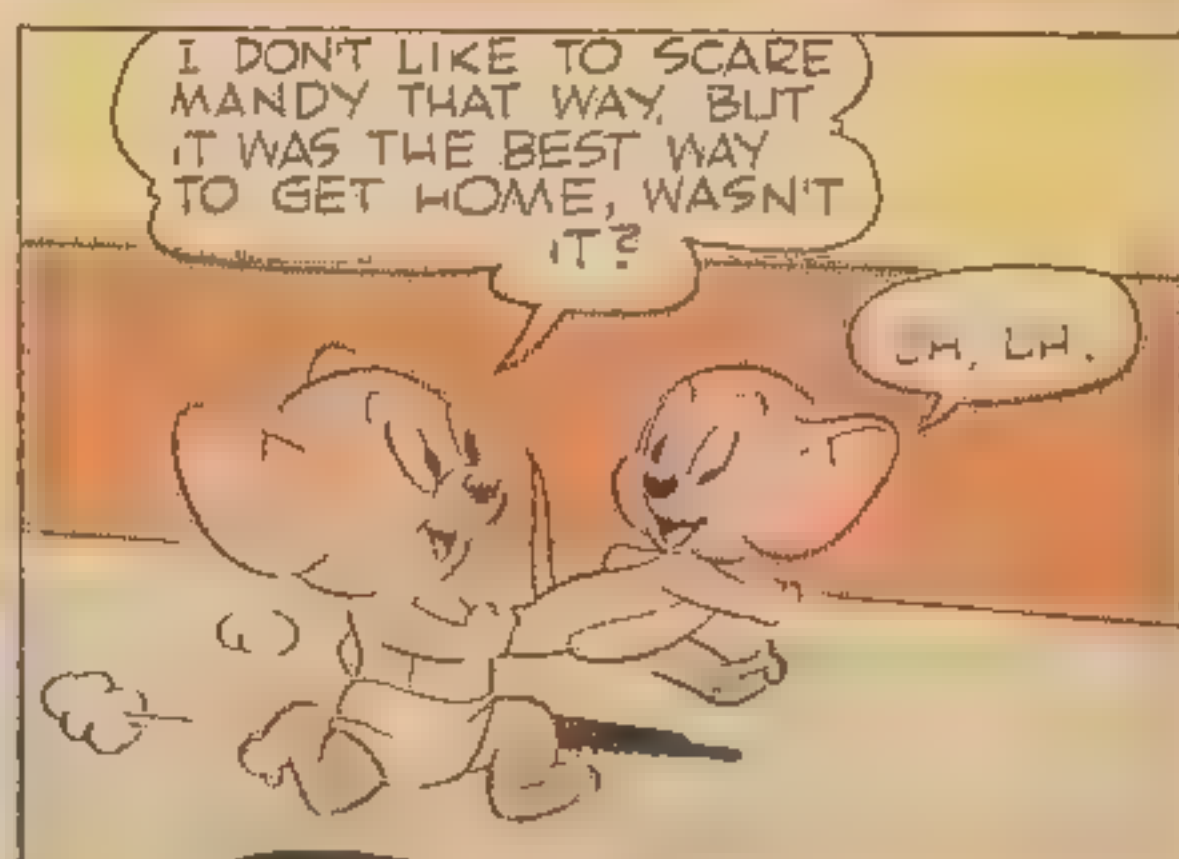
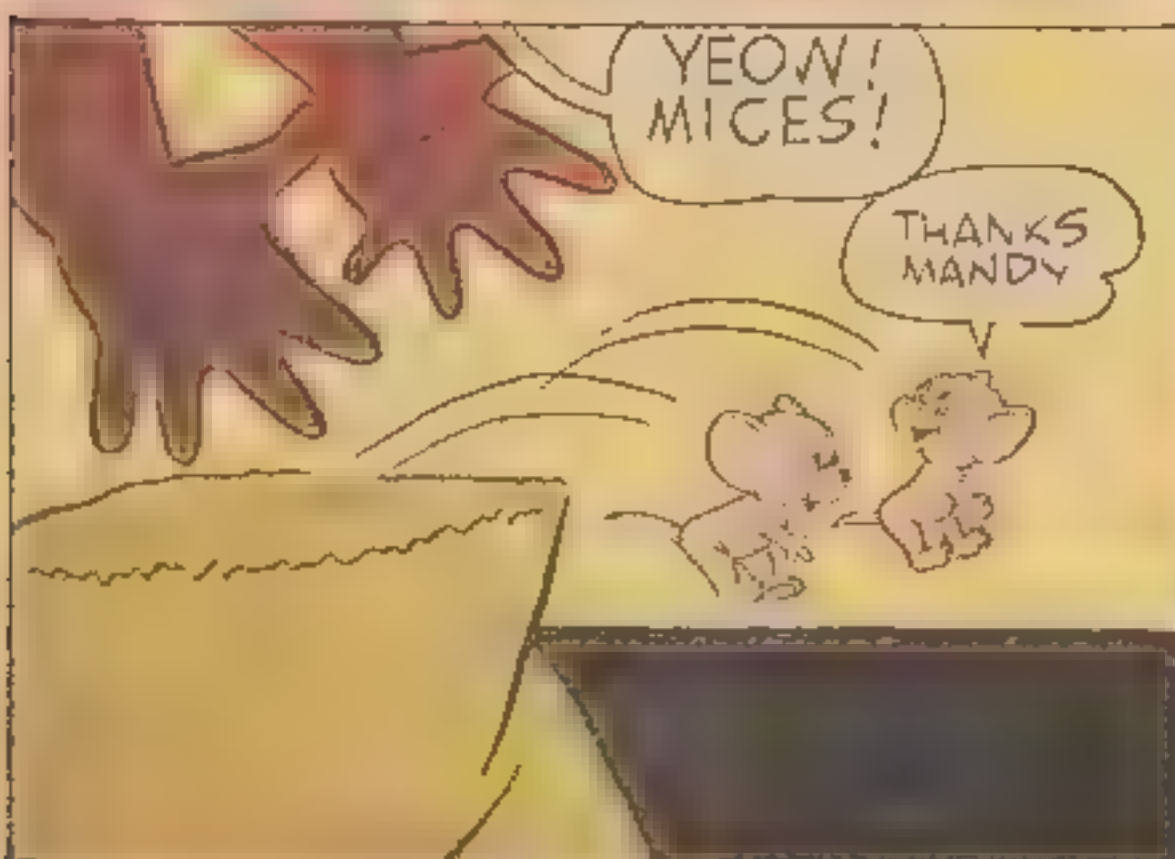
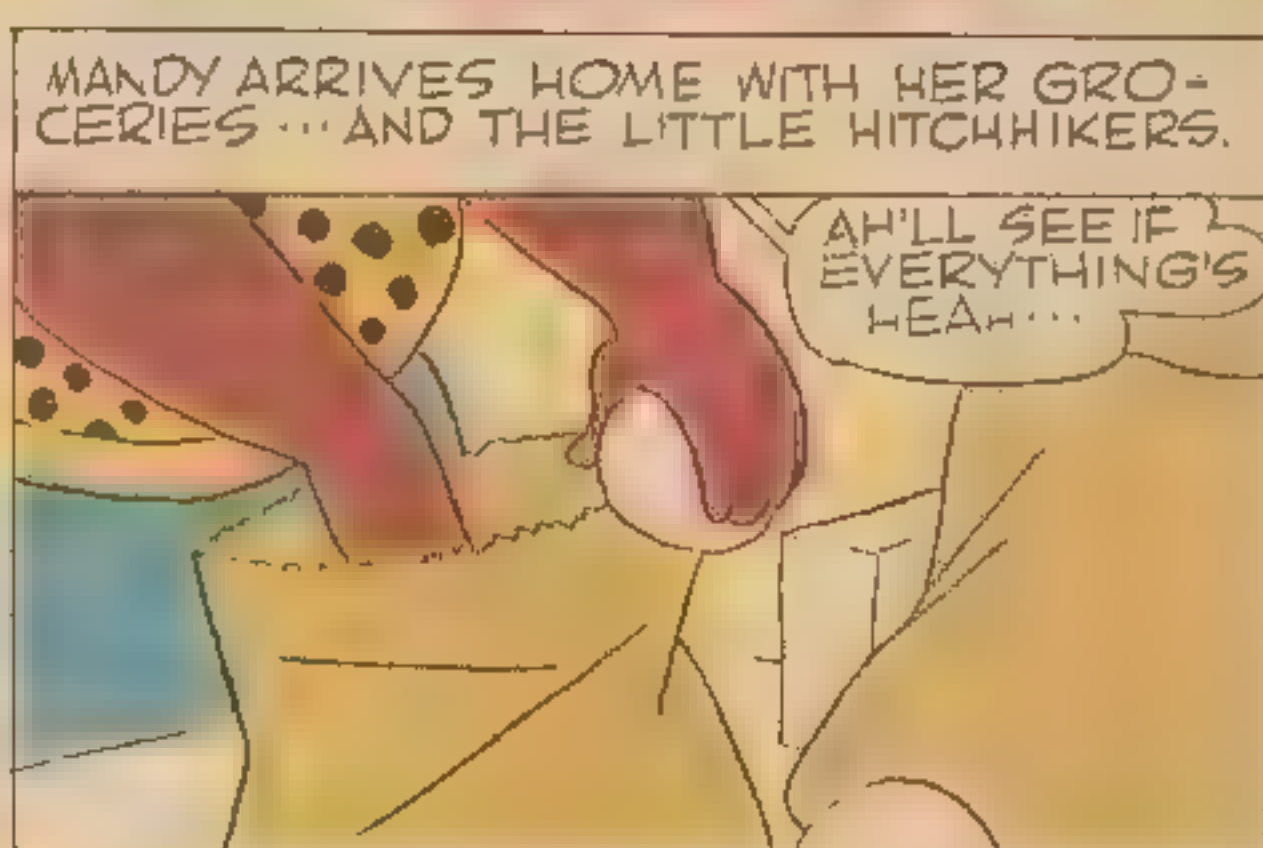
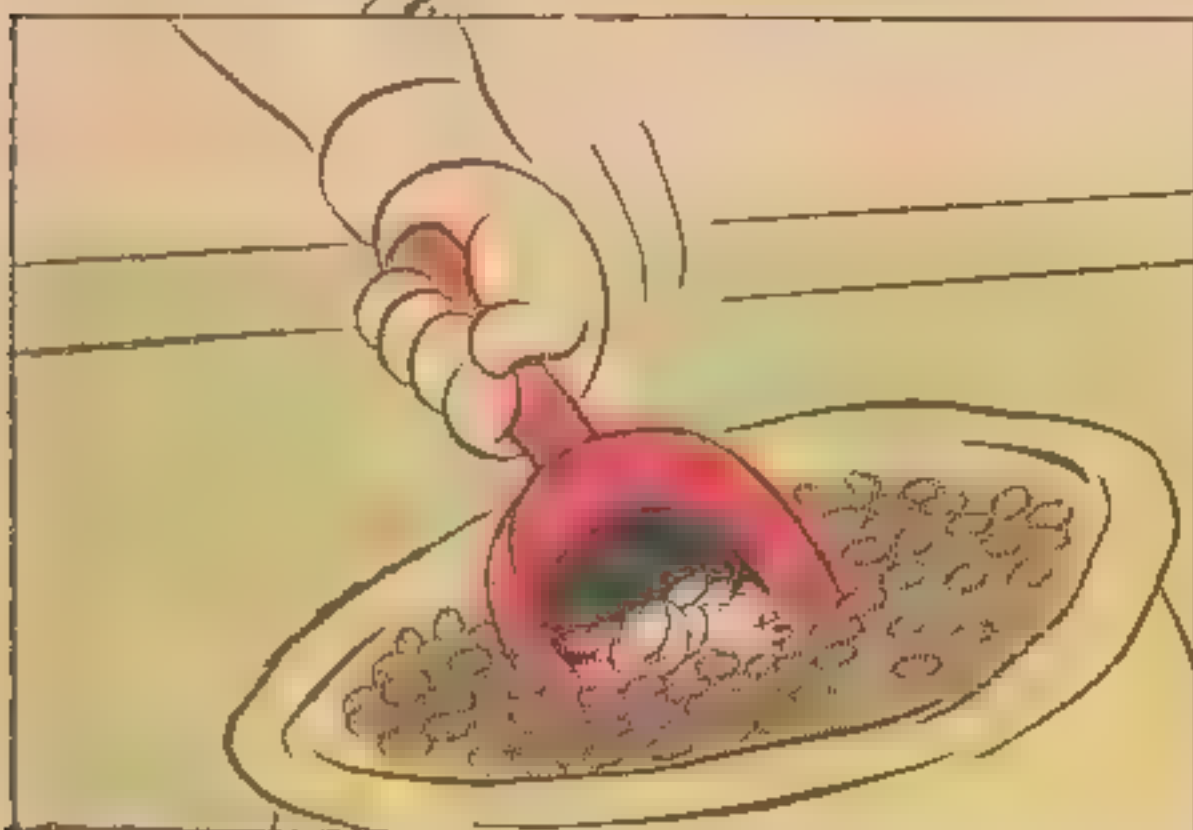
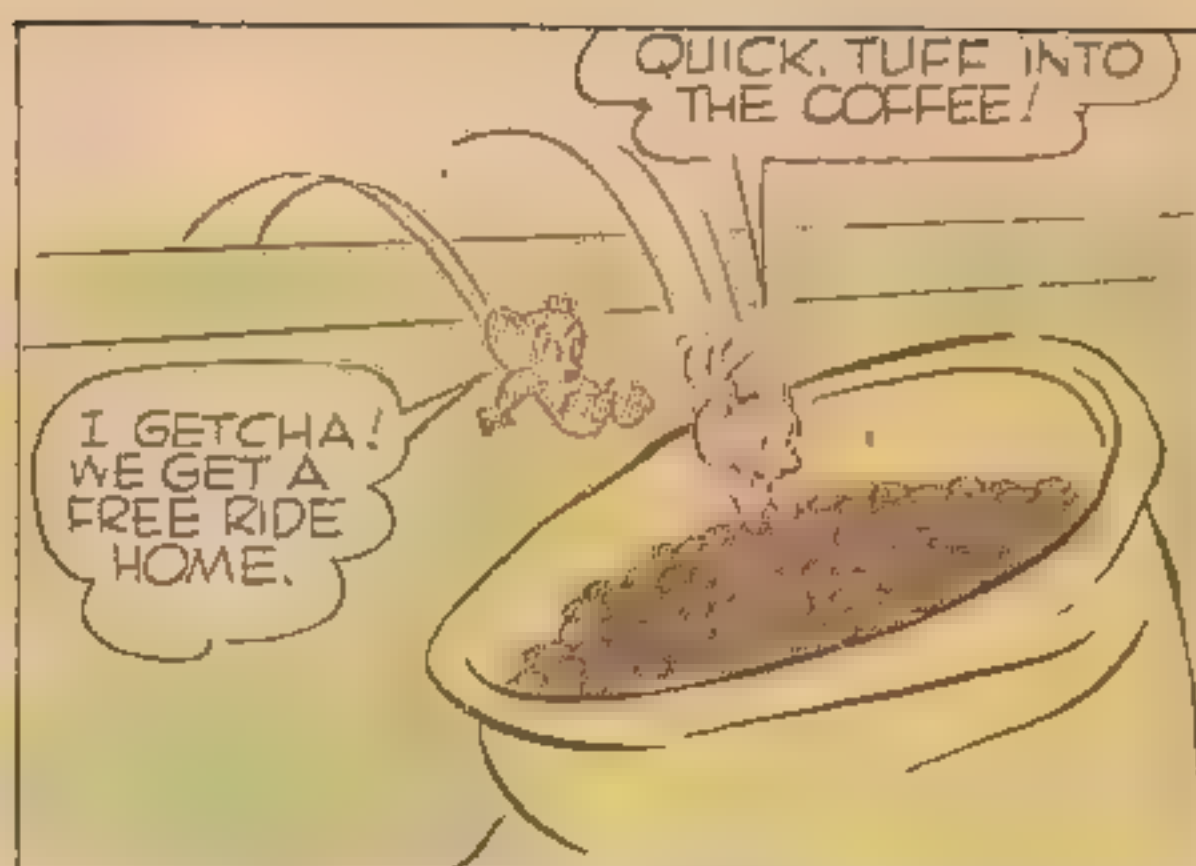
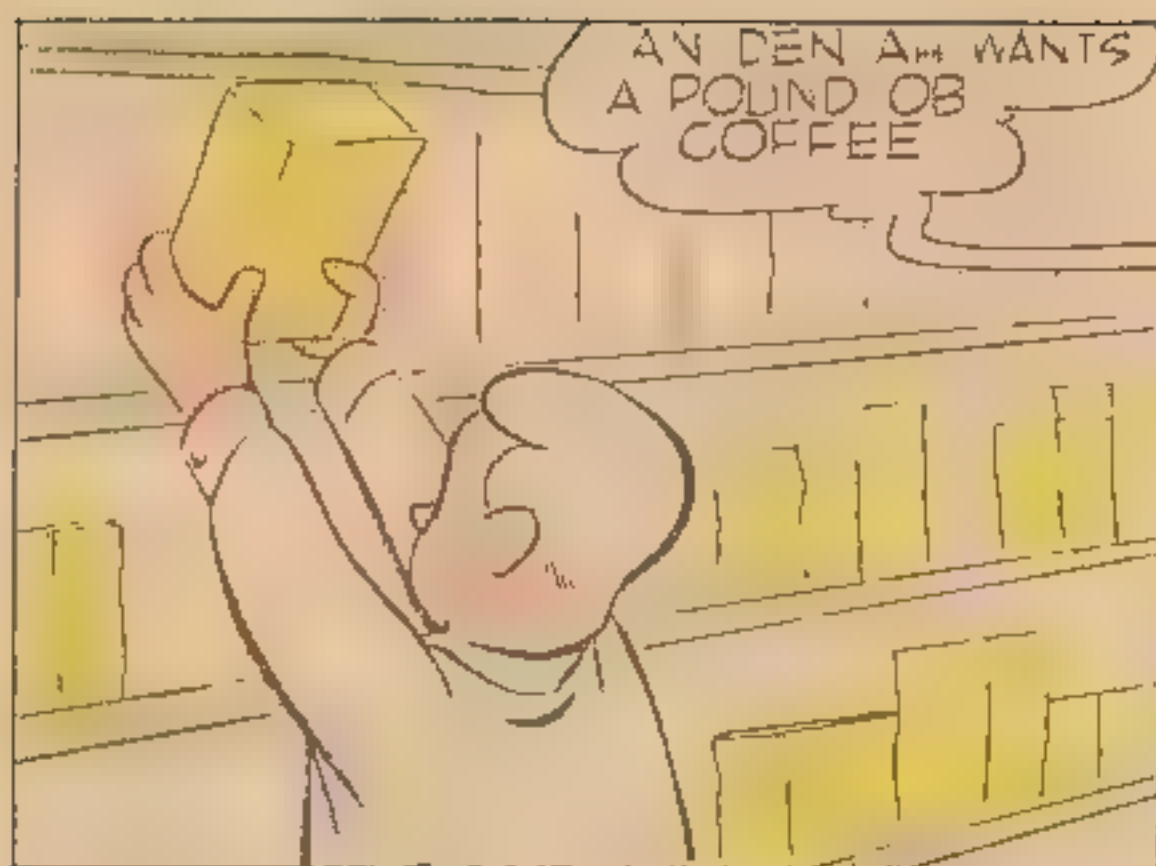












TOM'S MYSTERY



Tom scratched his sharp claws across the little door which led to Jerry's house in the baseboard of the living room.

"Pssst!" he hissed. "C'm on out, Jerry! I've got somethin' important to tell you!"

The tiny door opened a narrow crack and Jerry's bright eyes looked warily out at Tom.

"All right! Tell me!" he said.

"Come all the way out!" Tom insisted. "There's a big mystery around here! I want to talk to you about it."

But Jerry well knew Tom's sly tricks for coaxing him out of the safety of his little house. So he stayed where he was.

"Cre your heart that you're telling the truth. And promise not to grab me!" Jerry demanded.

Tom crossed his heart and promised. So, finally, Jerry edged cautiously out of his house and stood beside the crouching, green-eyed Tom.

"What's the mystery?" he asked.

"Somebody new is coming to live with us! Our happy days alone together are over!" Tom exclaimed in a low, hoarse whisper.

"How do you know?" Jerry squeaked excitedly.

"Follow me! I'll show you!" Tom said, and padded silently across the rug.

The worried little Jerry followed him out of the room, up the stairs, and into a bedroom.

"It's in the closet!" Tom muttered. "The door was open. That's how I happened to discover it."

The closet door was slightly ajar. The two slipped through into the darkness.

"There!" Tom groaned, pointing.

Jerry looked and gasped. On the floor of the closet stood a small, white wicker basket. It was lined with soft padding and decorated with ribbon bows.

"What is it?" Jerry asked, bewildered.

"It's a CAT BASKET!" Tom exploded. "It's a fancy, soft bed for a fancy, soft cat! That means that the Family is goin' to get another cat! And that means the end of all our fun!"

"But why?" Jerry wanted to know. "We can put the new cat in his place. We can show him . . ."

"Oh, yeah?" Tom interrupted with a sneer. "He'll be the boss around here, the PET! You don't see 'em givin' me a fancy basket, do you? No! I sleep on a mat in the kitchen. The new one'll have this soft bed! He'll be the favorite. We won't dare to tease him or play rough. I know. I've lived with PETS before!"

Tom paused and his eyes flashed green fire in the darkness of the closet.

"As for you," he sputtered at Jerry, "he won't play with you and be friends, the way I do. He'll catch you an' EAT YOU UP!"



The horrified Jerry gasped. "What'll we do?" he quavered.

"We've gotta get rid of him before he gets here," Tom decided.

"Yeah!" Jerry agreed. "What do you say we start by tearing up his bed? If he hasn't a bed, he won't stay . . . maybe."

"Sometimes you're sorta smart, Jerry," Tom said, admiringly. "Let's get busy!"

They went to work with vim and vigor, with sharp teeth and sharper claws. They yanked the soft padding out of the basket and tore it to shreds. They scratched and slashed the gleaming wicker. They clawed the ribbon bows to bits.

As they were finishing the wrecking of the basket, they heard the click of Missus' high heels on the stairs.

"Quick! Under the bed!" Tom hissed in panic.

Swiftly they scurried beneath the protecting flounces of the bed spread and crouched in the darkness, listening.

Missus crossed the room to the closet. There was a breath-taking si-

lence. Then Missus screamed and called to Cook.

A moment later Cook pounded up the stairs and into the room.

"Look!" Missus cried. "Somebody's been in the closet and torn my beautiful basket to pieces!"

"Lan's sake!" Cook groaned. "It sure looks like some o' ole Tom's work! But he's the one that's goin' to suffer. He'll jest have to keep on sleepin' on the mat in the kitchen."

"Yes," Missus wailed. "And he's been so good lately that I was going to surprise him with this pretty, soft bed!"

In the under-the-bed blackness Tom glared at Jerry. Jerry shivered and moved away as far as he could.

They waited in electric silence until Missus and Cook were gone. Then Tom leaped toward the shuddering Jerry.

"It was YOU that thought of tearing up the basket!" he screeched. "You ruined my beautiful new bed. I'll get you! I'll . . ."

But Jerry dodged and rolled out from under the bed. He scuttled across the room and down the stairs, with Tom breathing fire and threats at his heels.

Gulping, Jerry darted into the haven of his little house and slammed the door, just as Tom's sharp claws swooped down . . . and missed him.

For a long time there was a tingling quiet on both sides of the little door. Then Tom spoke in a low, coaxing voice.

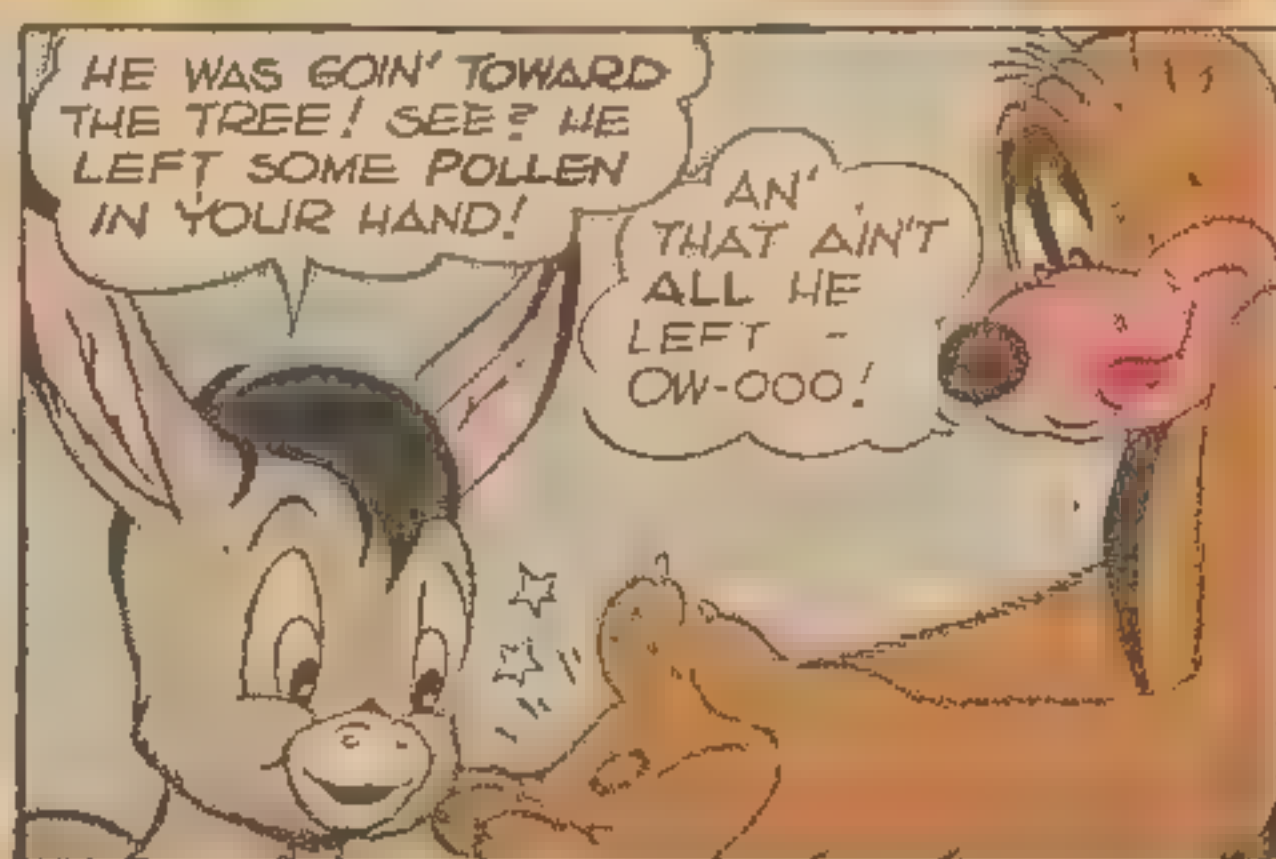
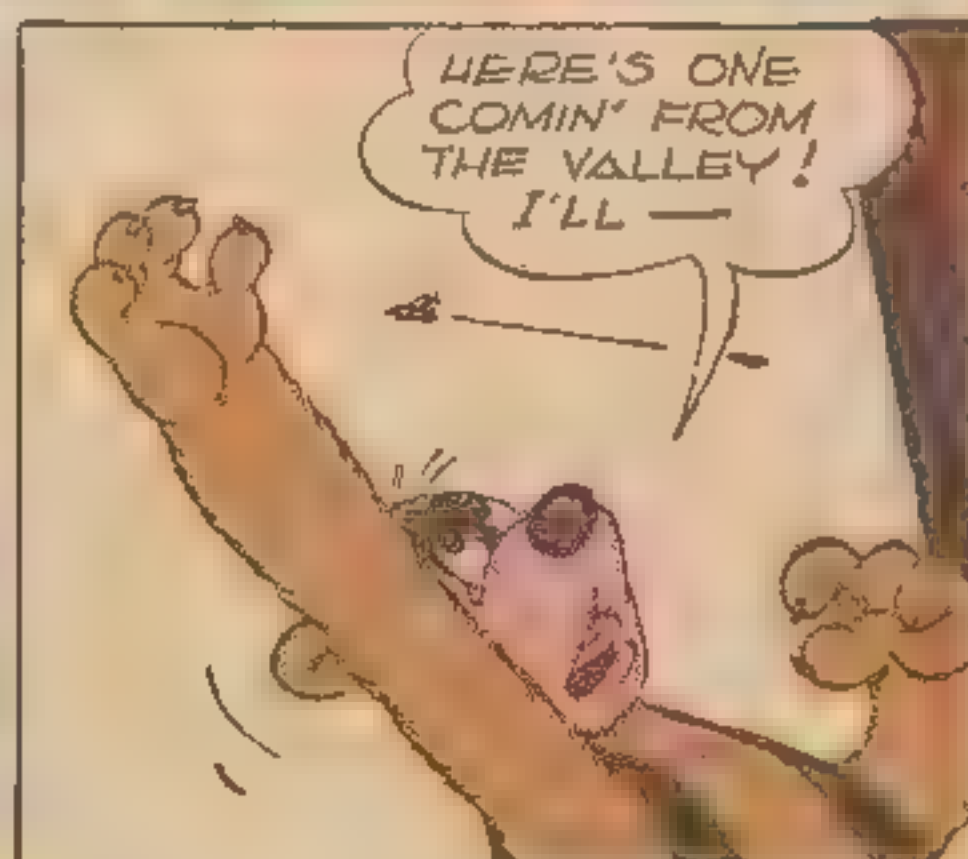
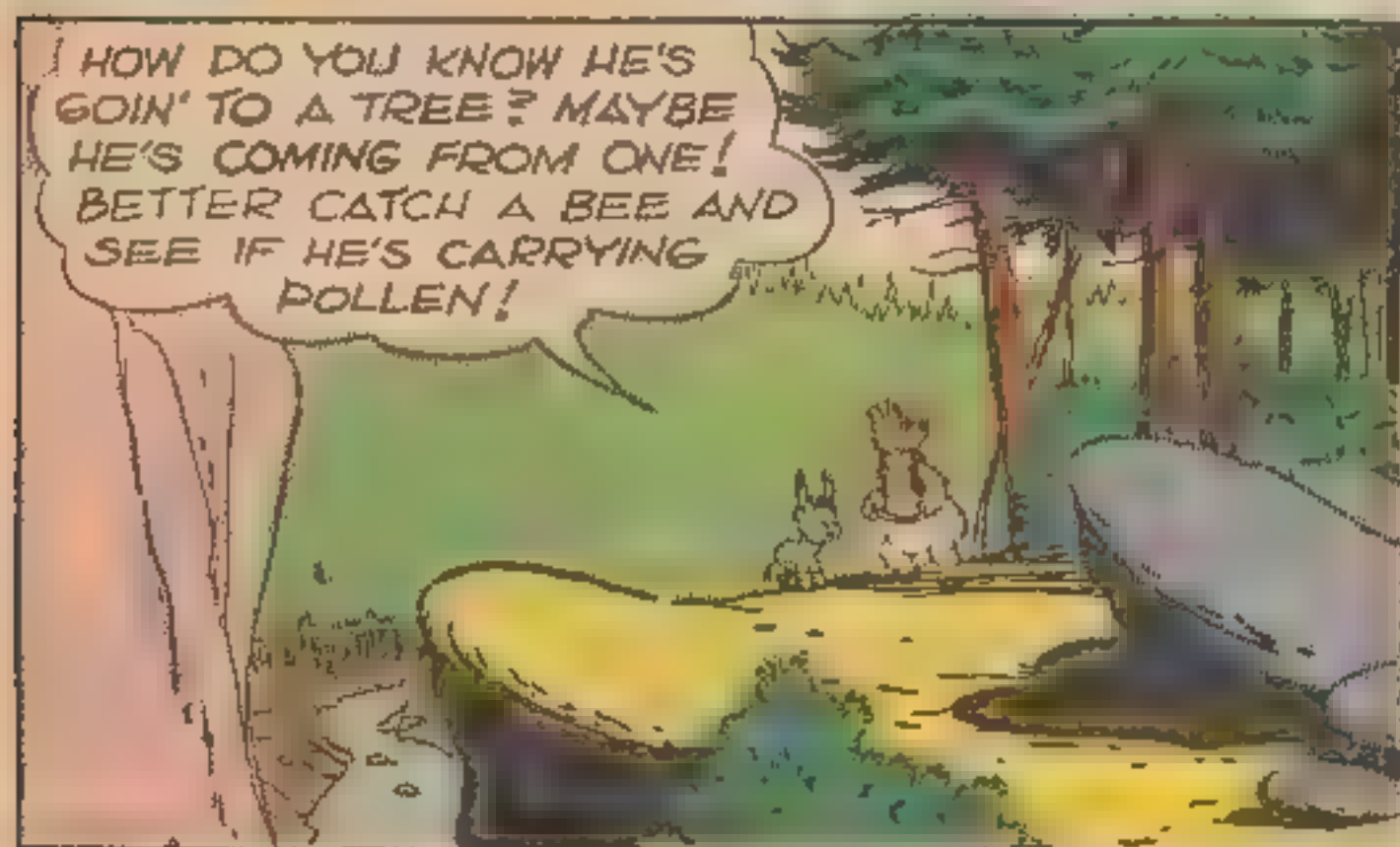
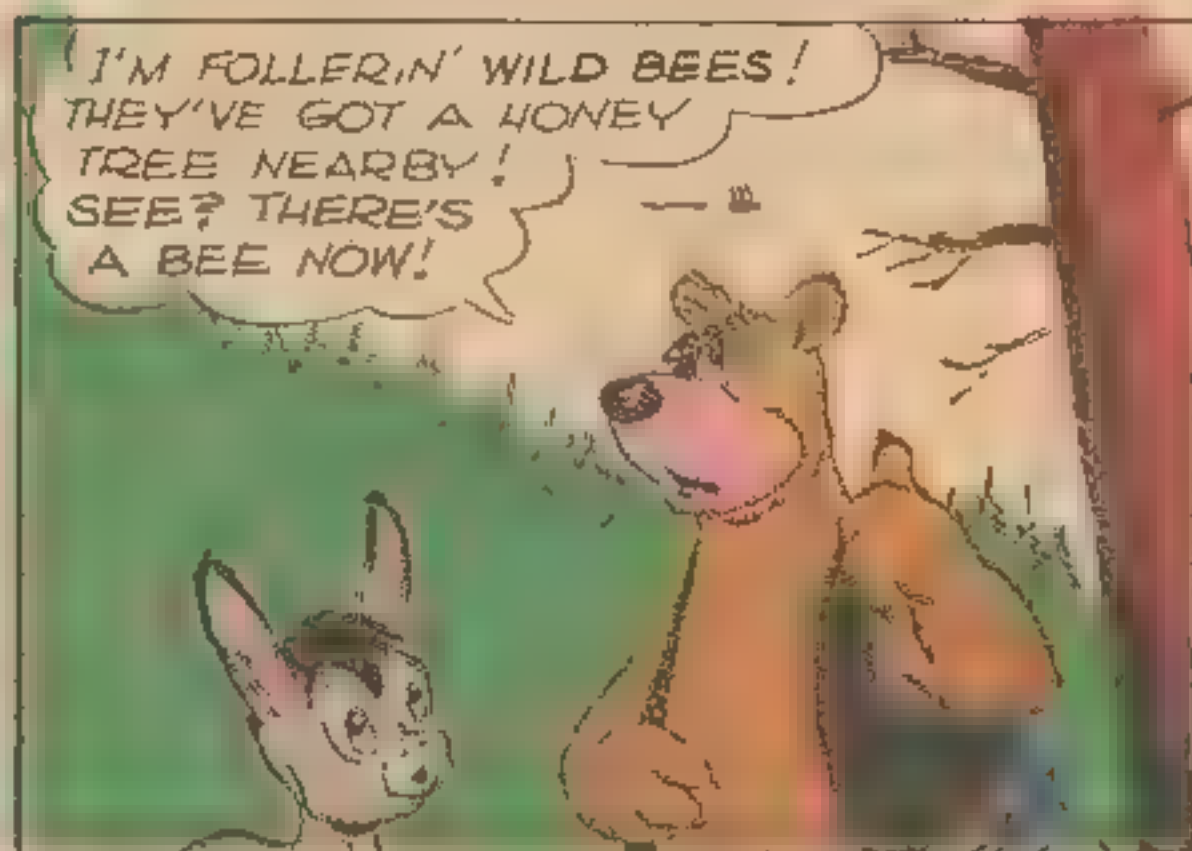
"C'mon out, Jerry!" he whispered softly. "I got somethin' else to tell you, somethin' important an' mysterious."

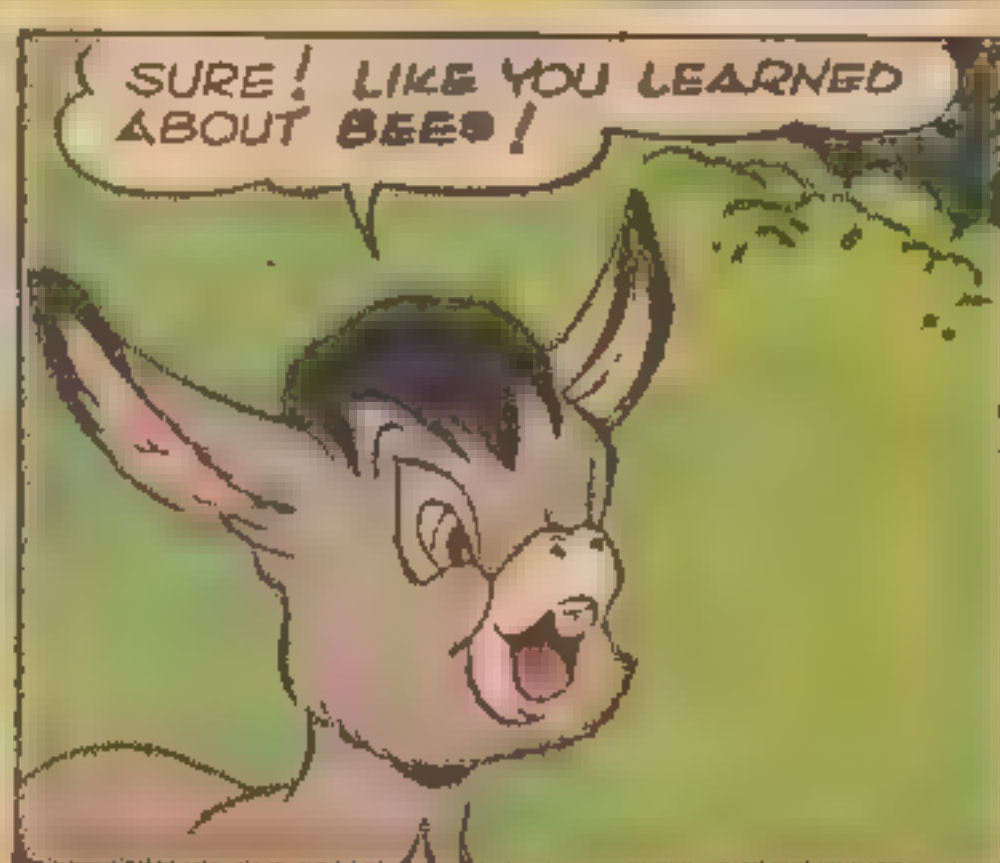
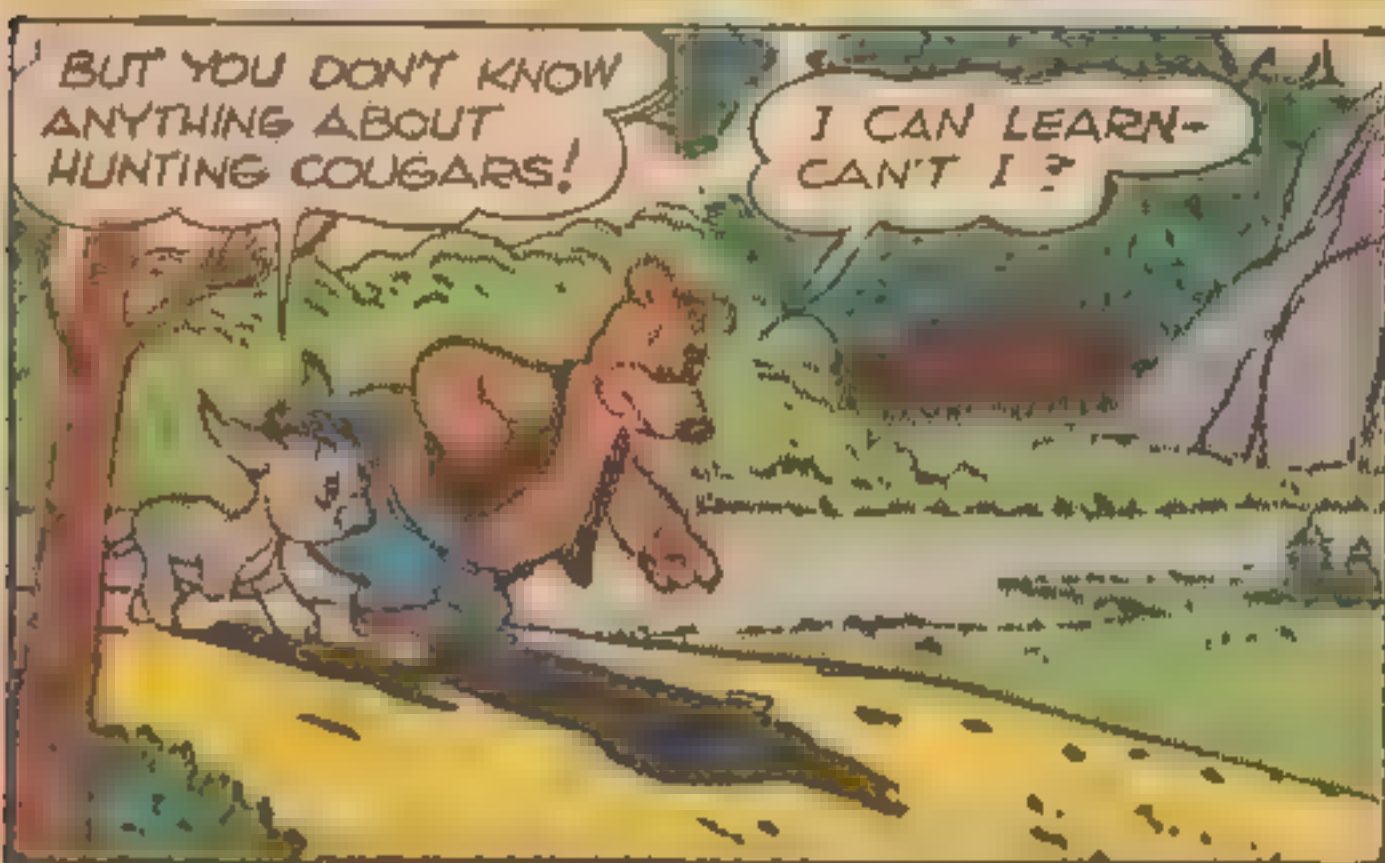
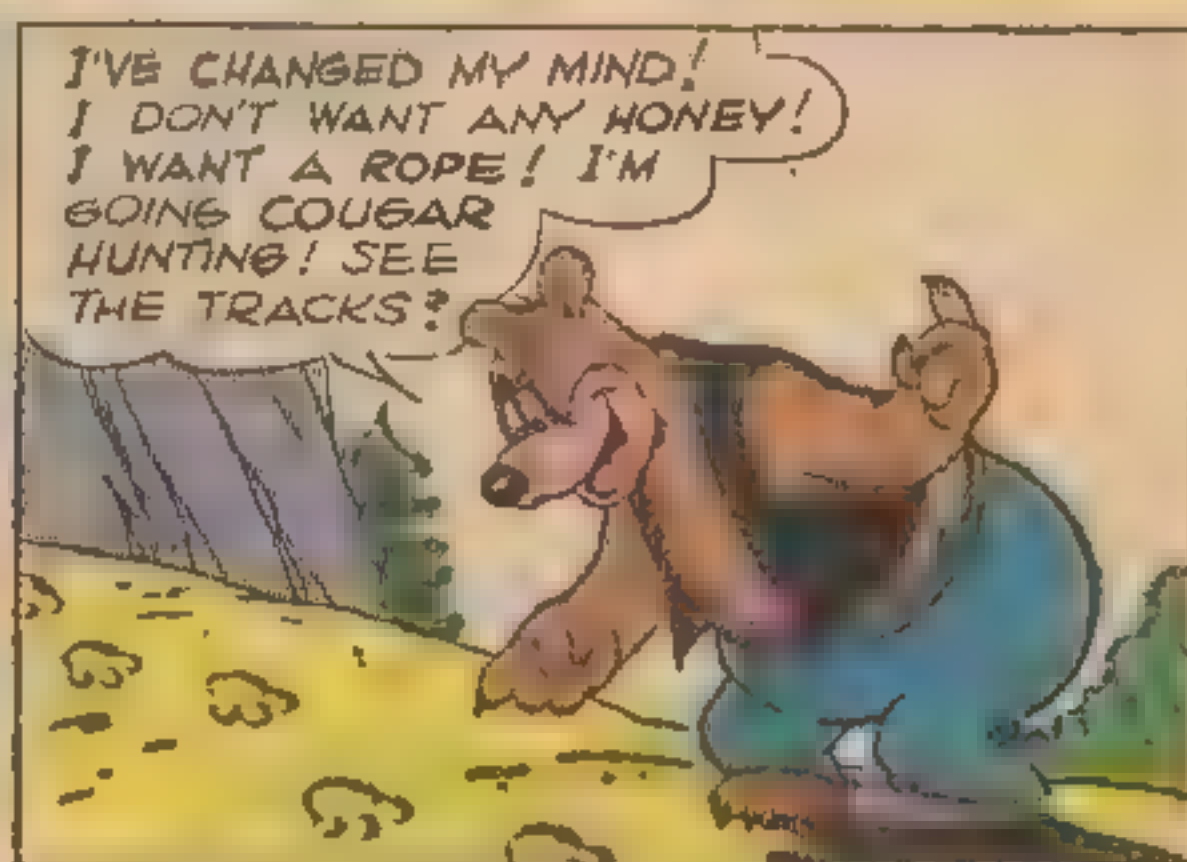
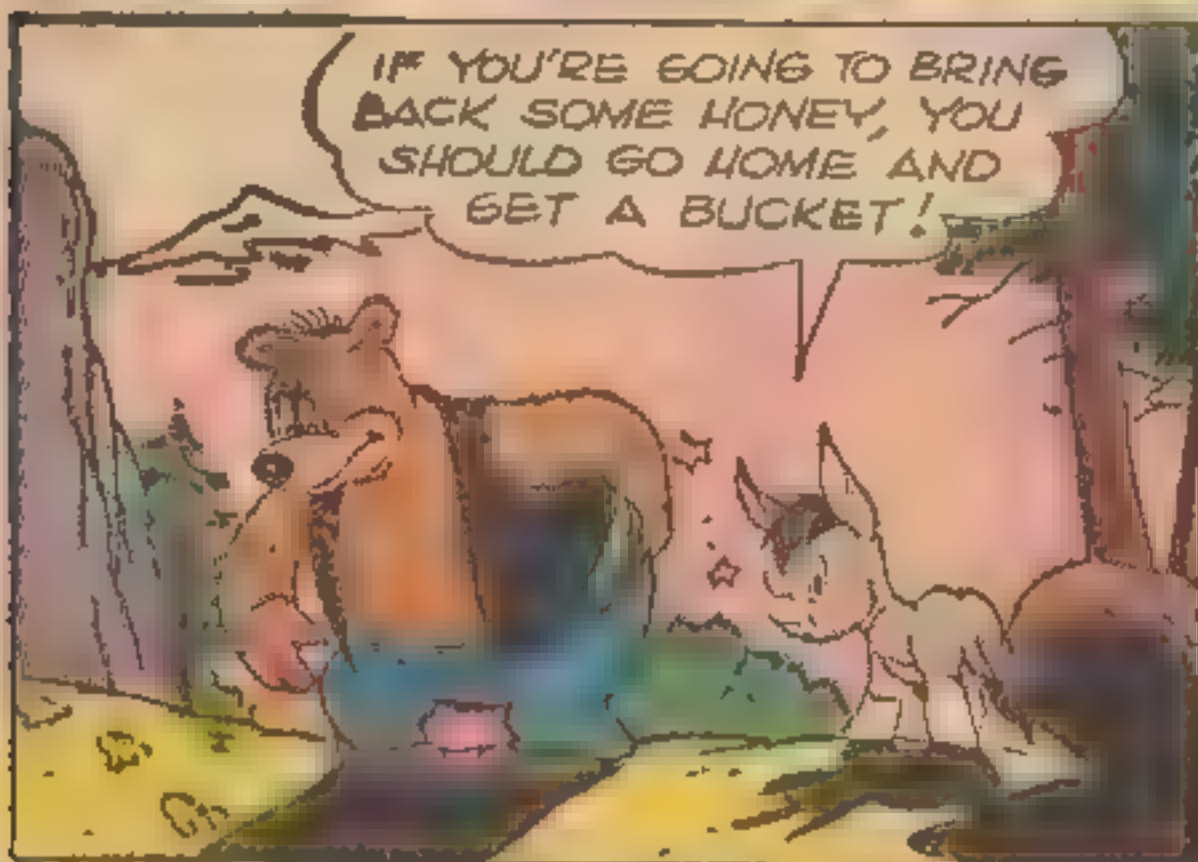
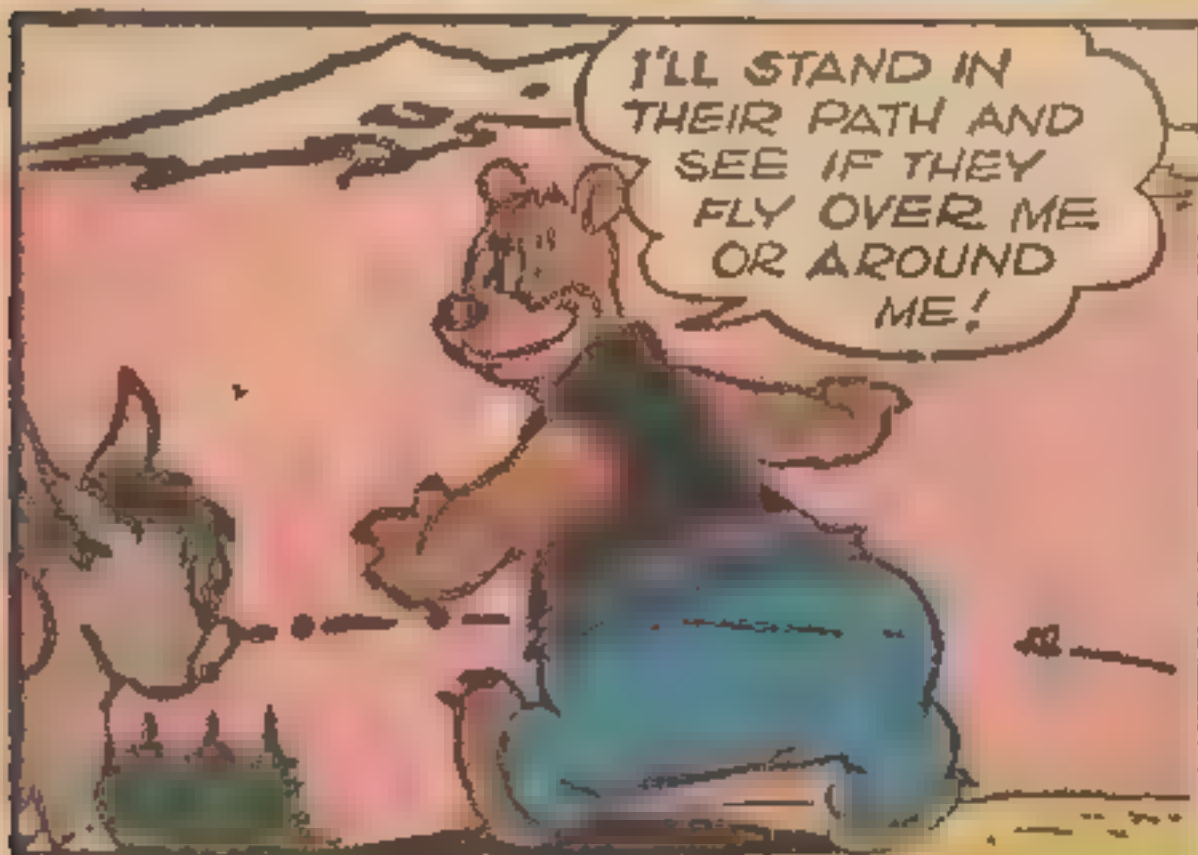
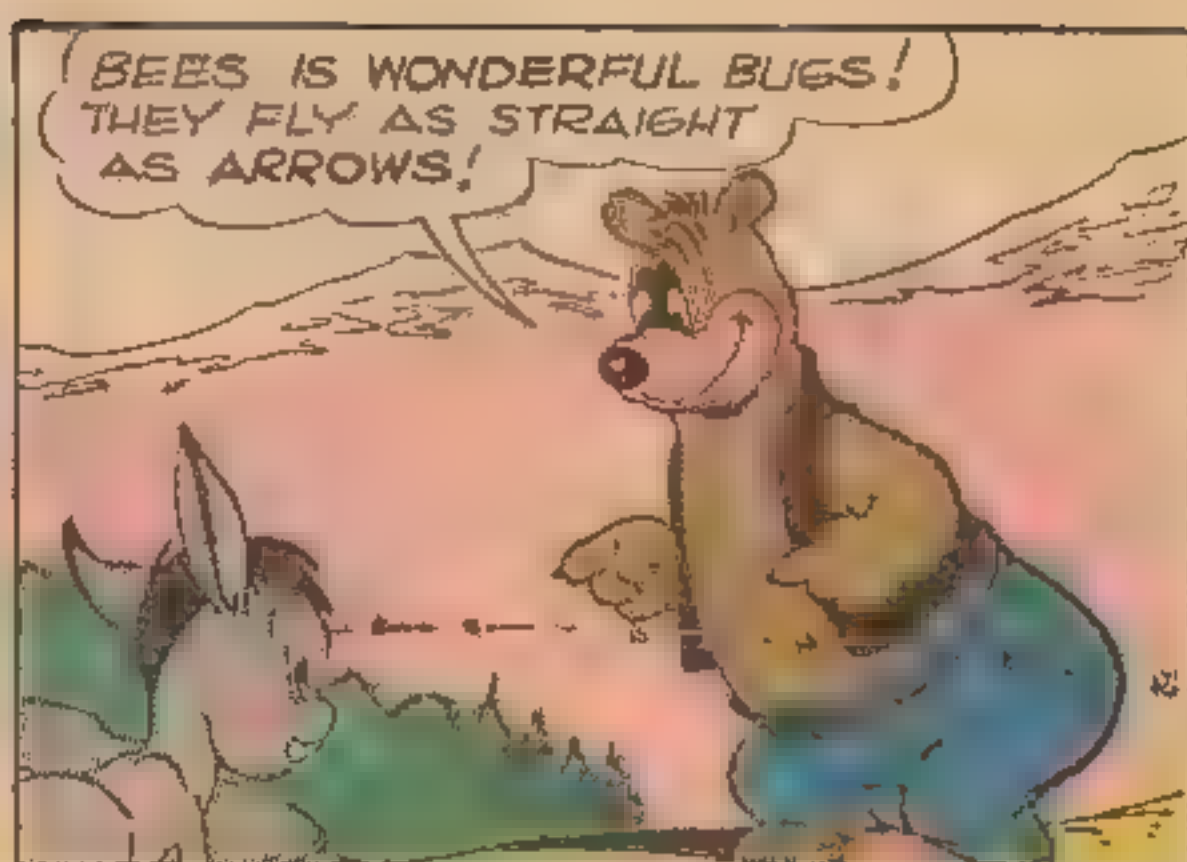
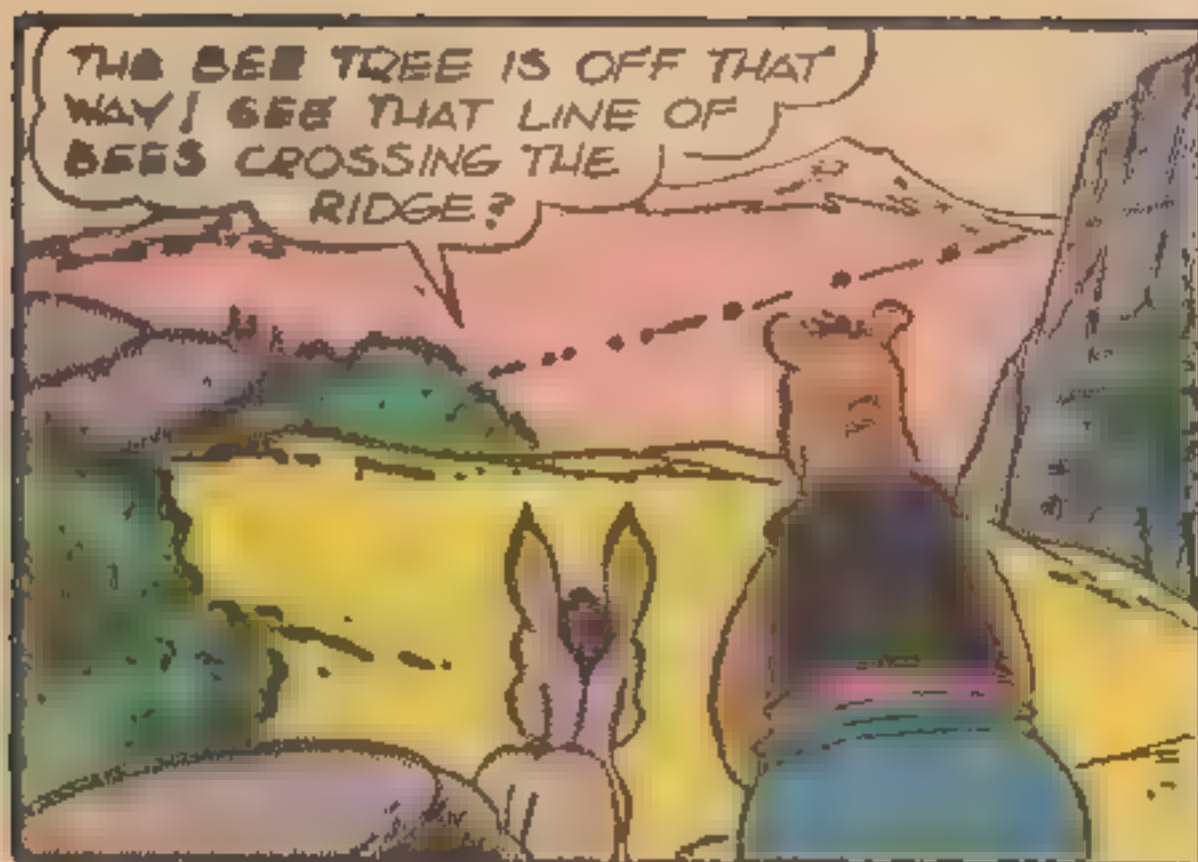
"I'm busy now, Tom," Jerry answered from behind the tightly closed door. "And, after this, I'll READ my mysteries, instead of listenin' to 'em," he chuckled gaily.

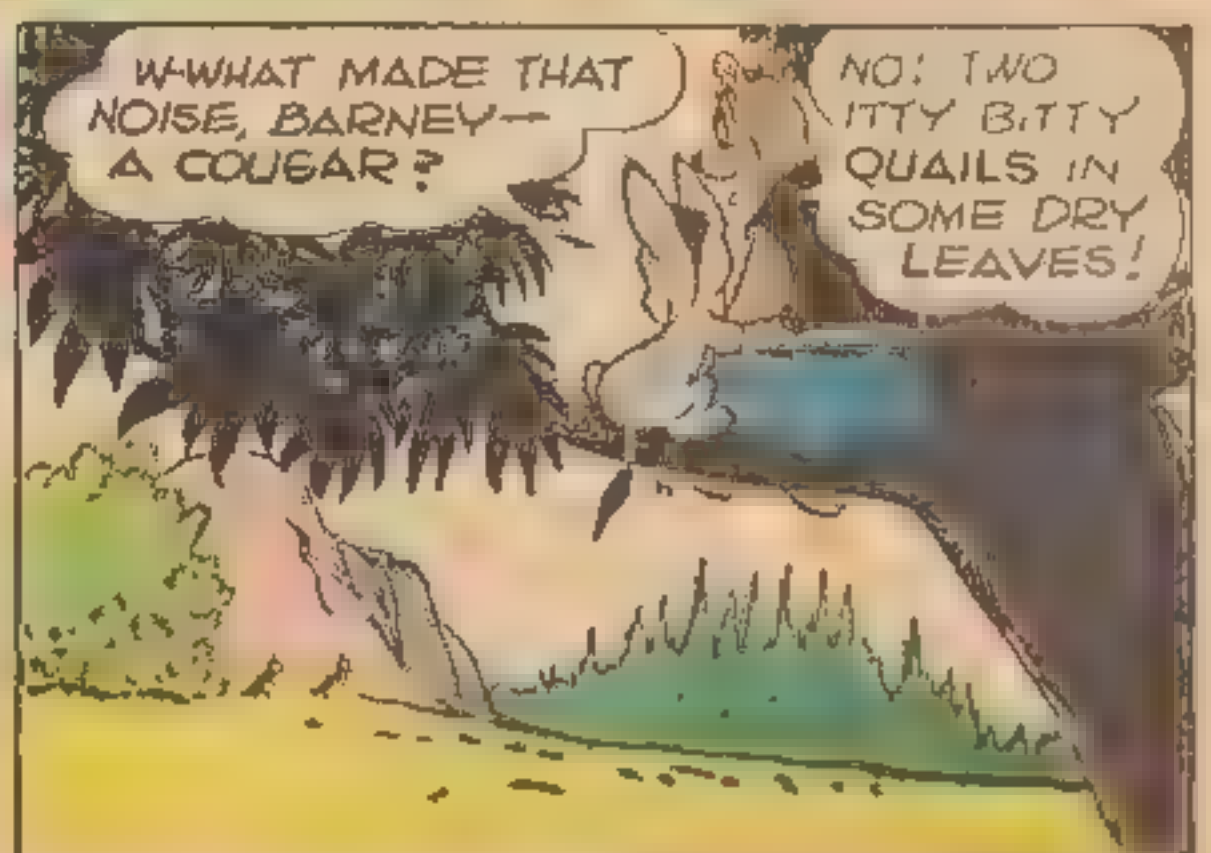
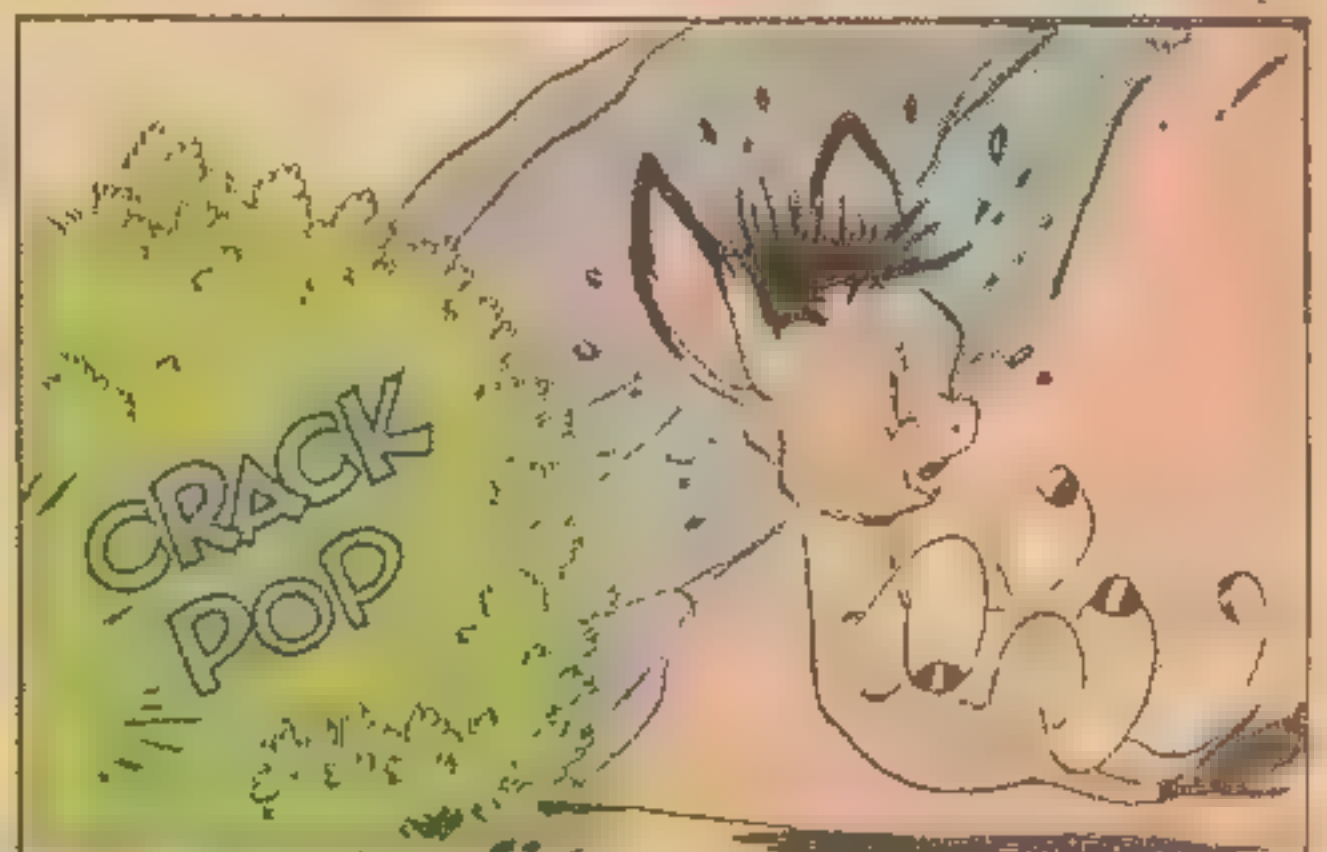
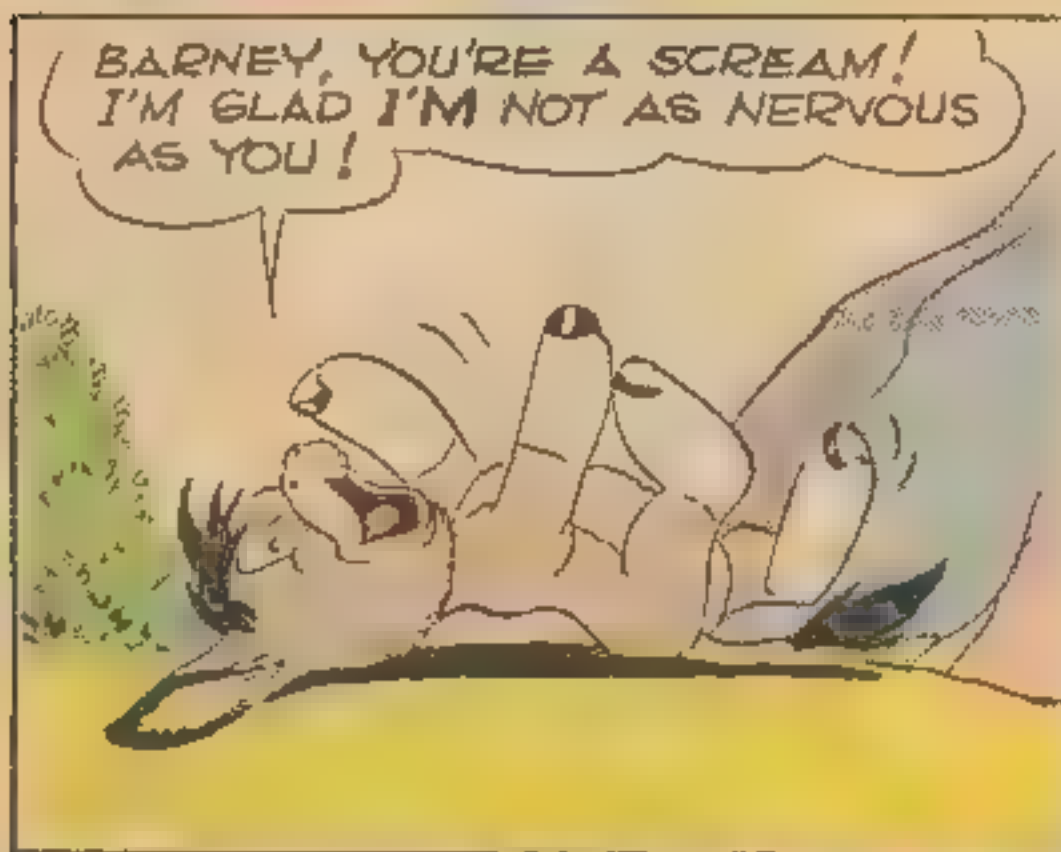
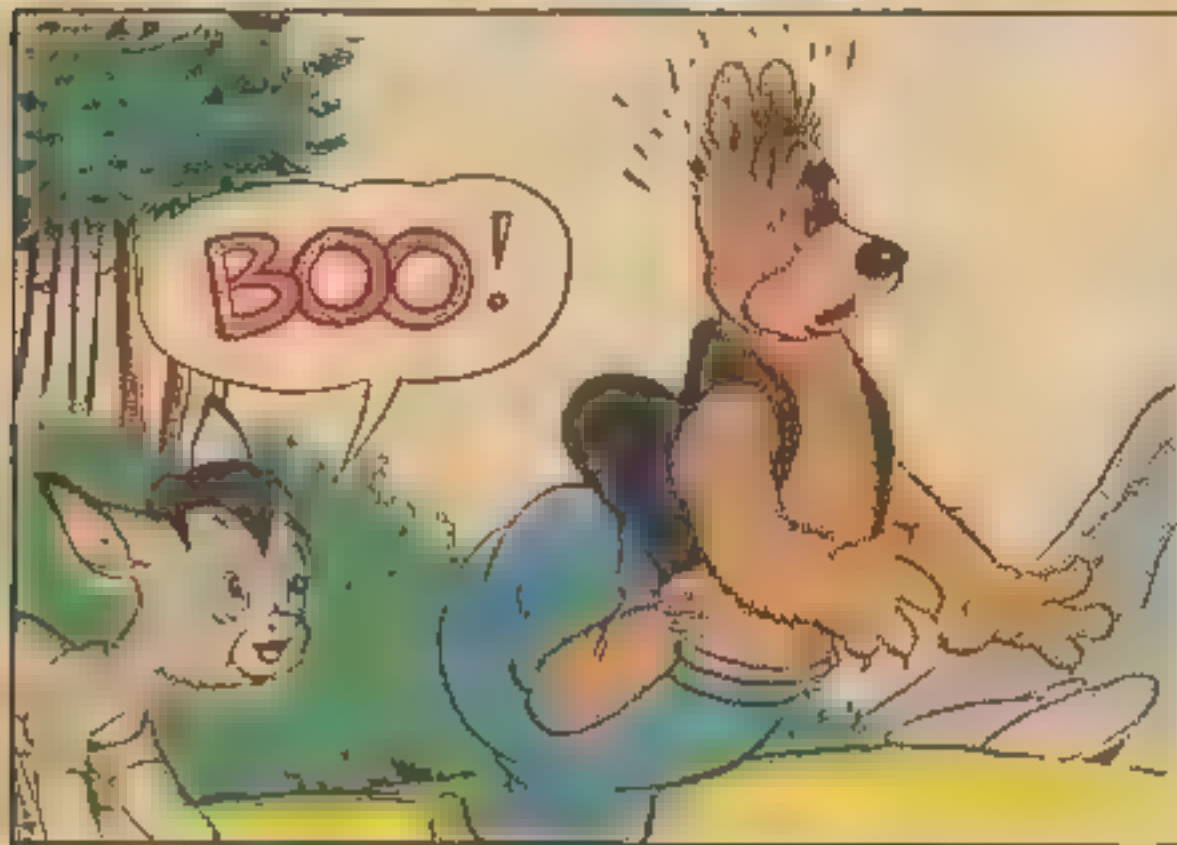
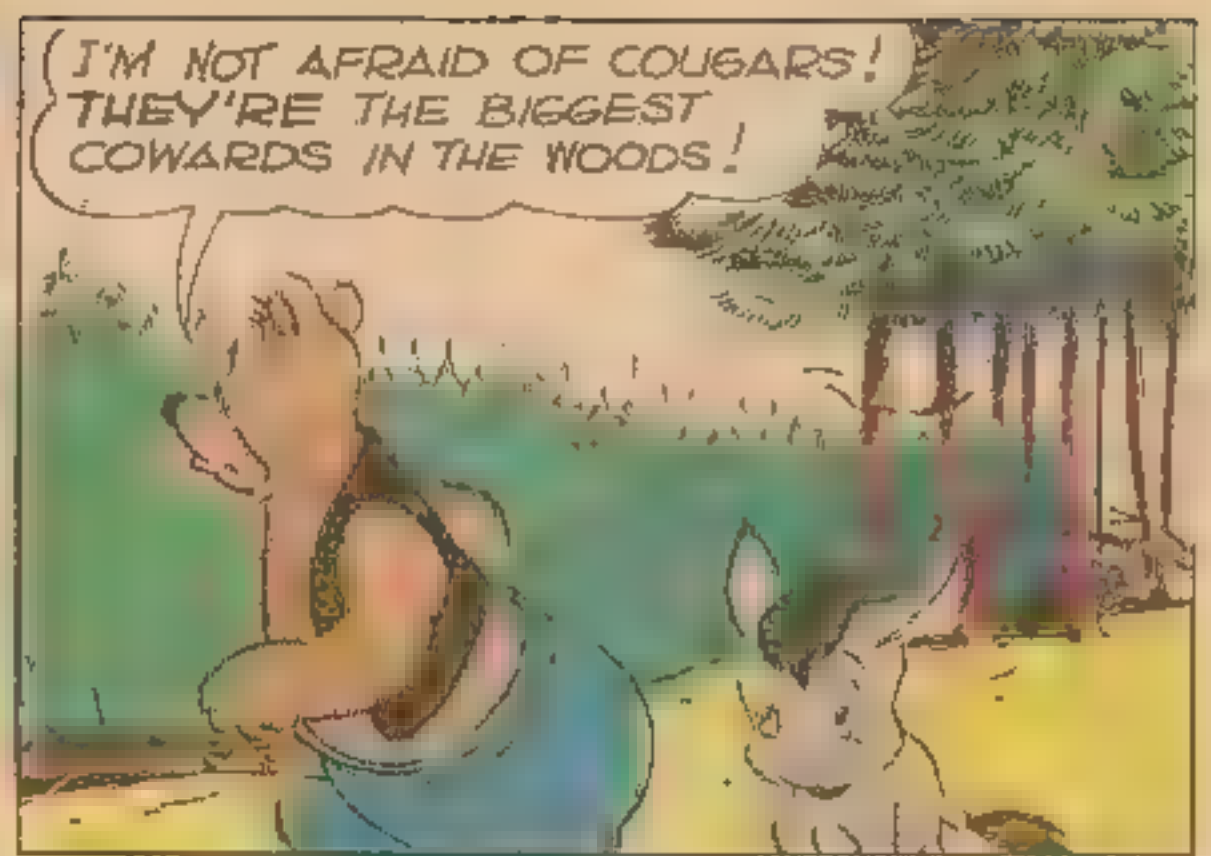
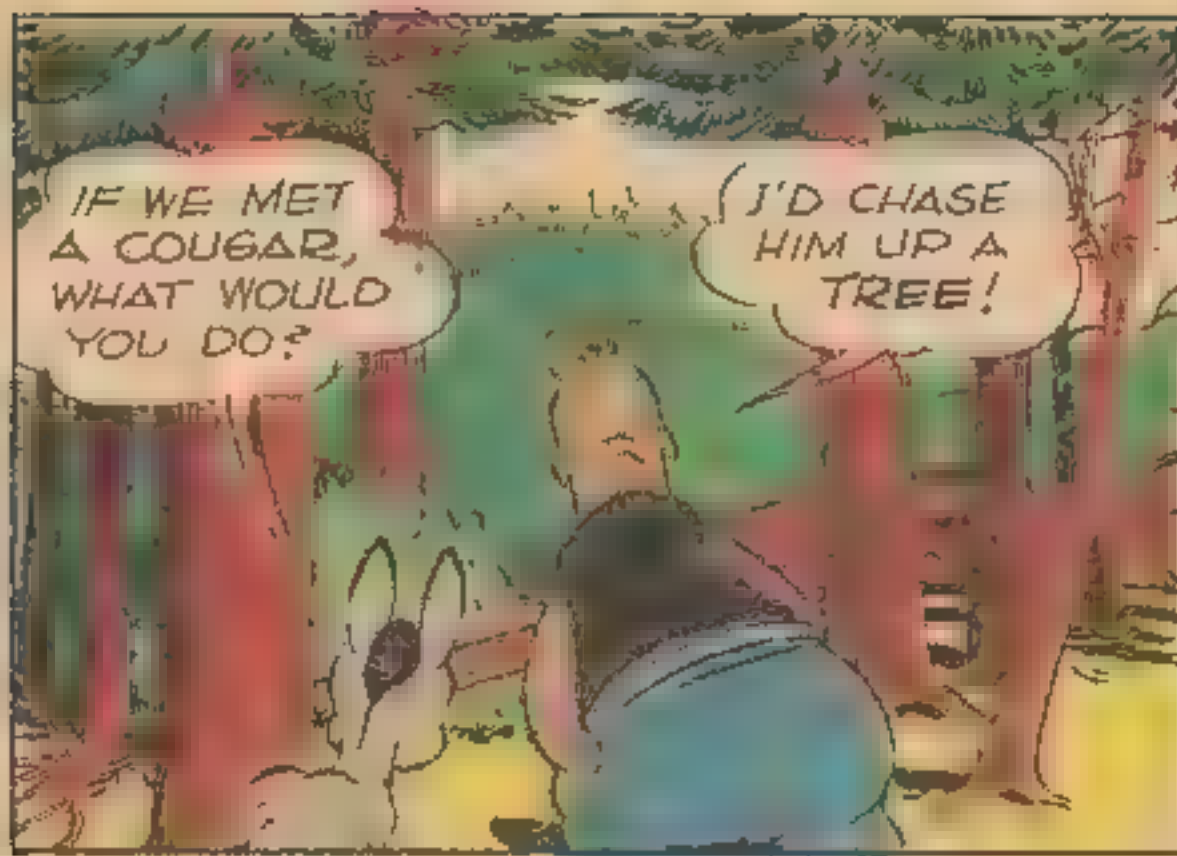


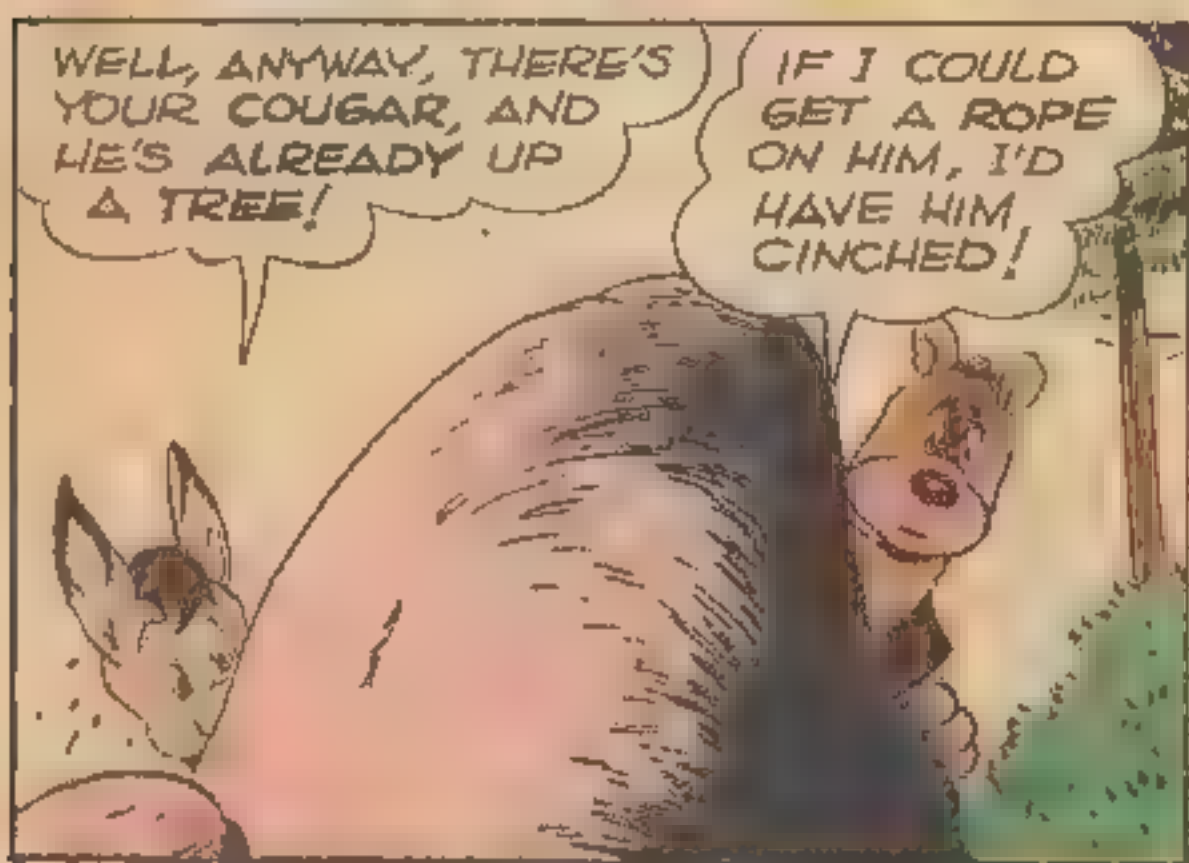
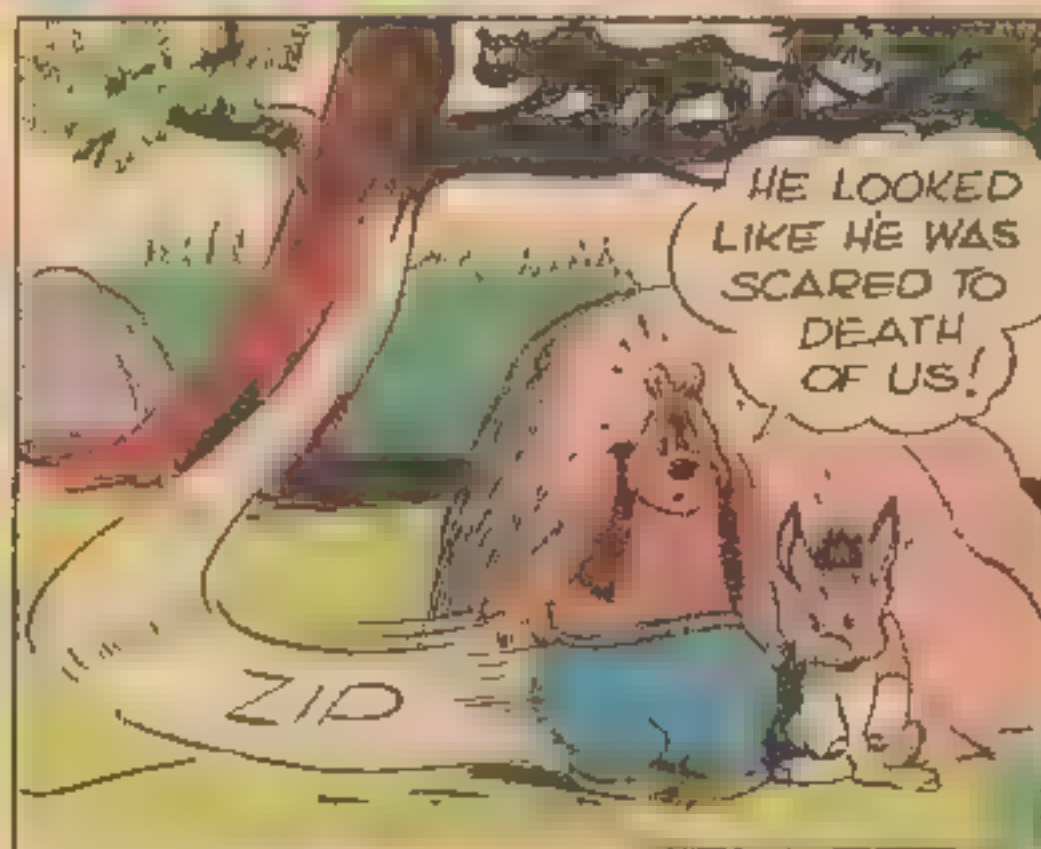
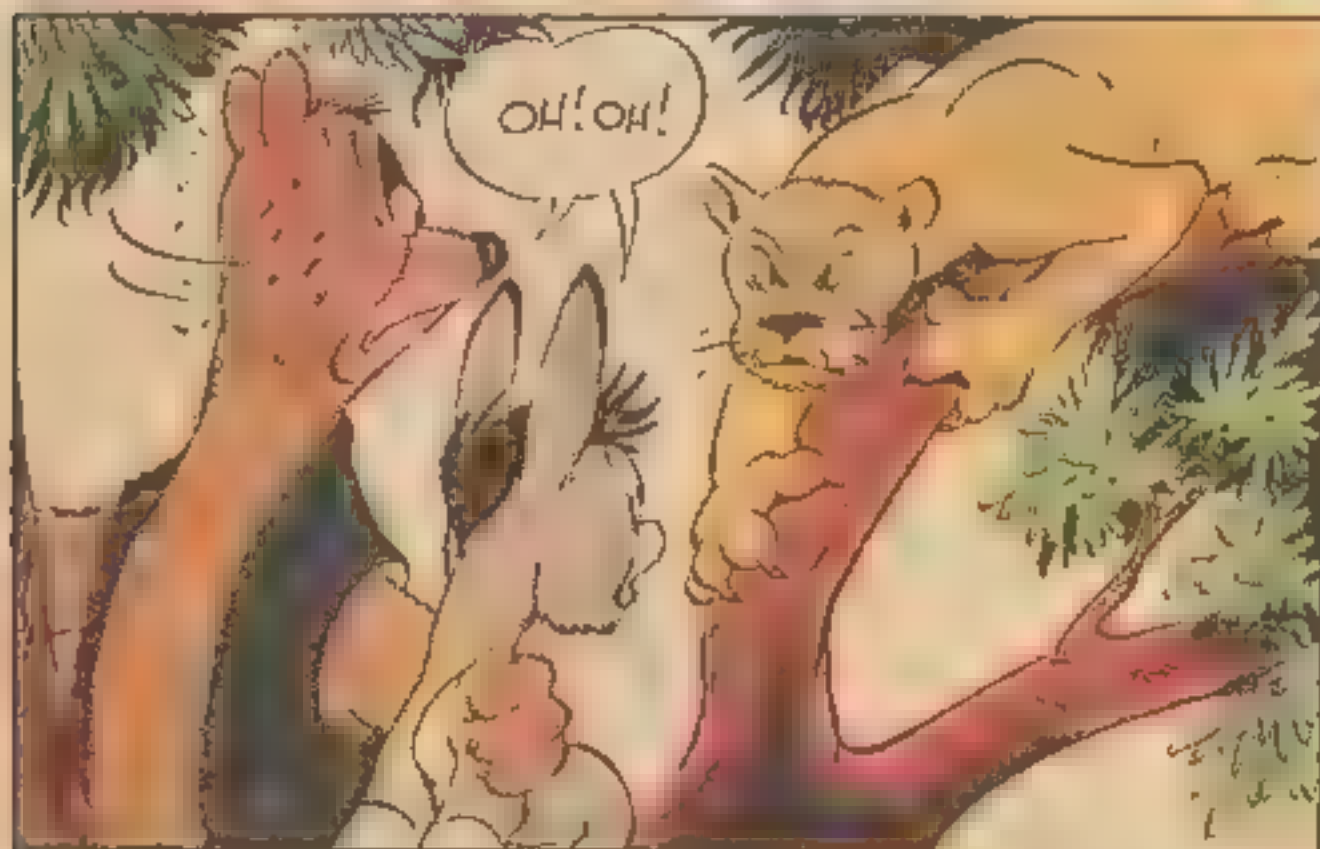
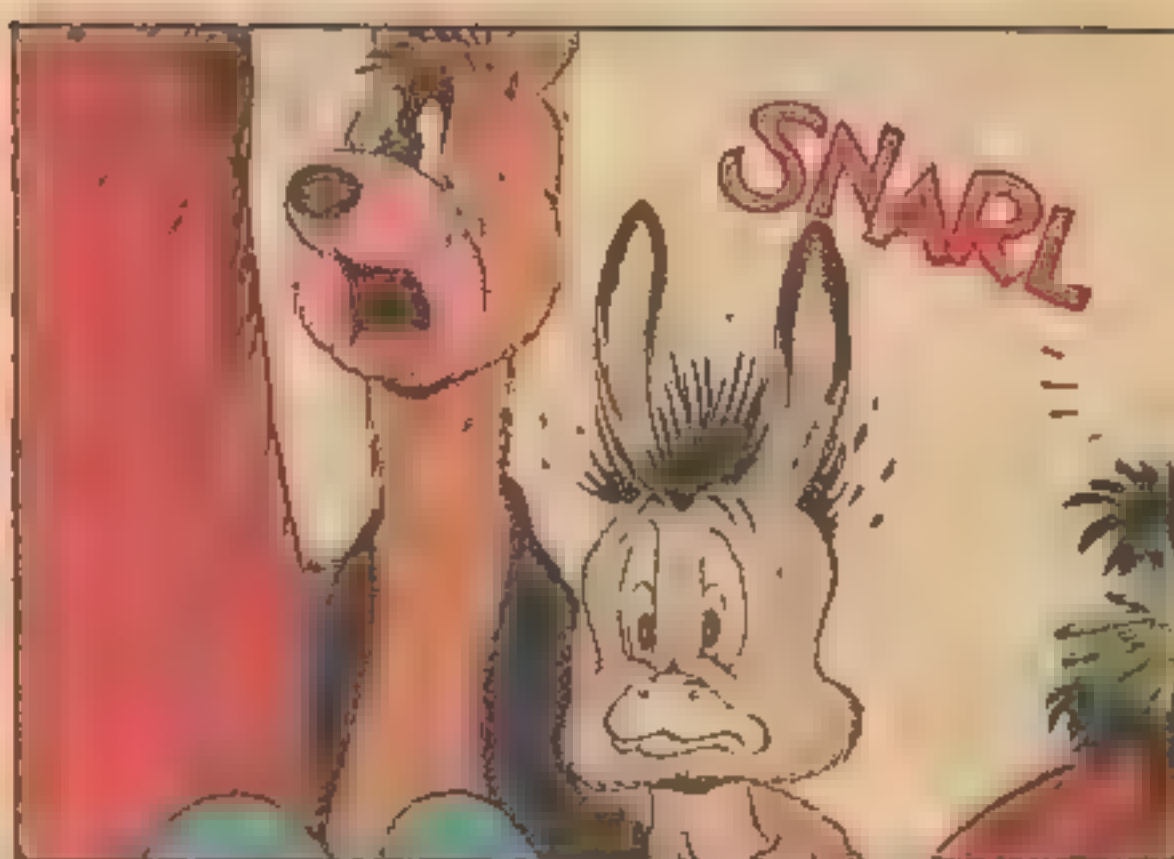
BARNEY BEAR **BENNY BURRO**

PRESENTED BY M-G-M CARTOONS

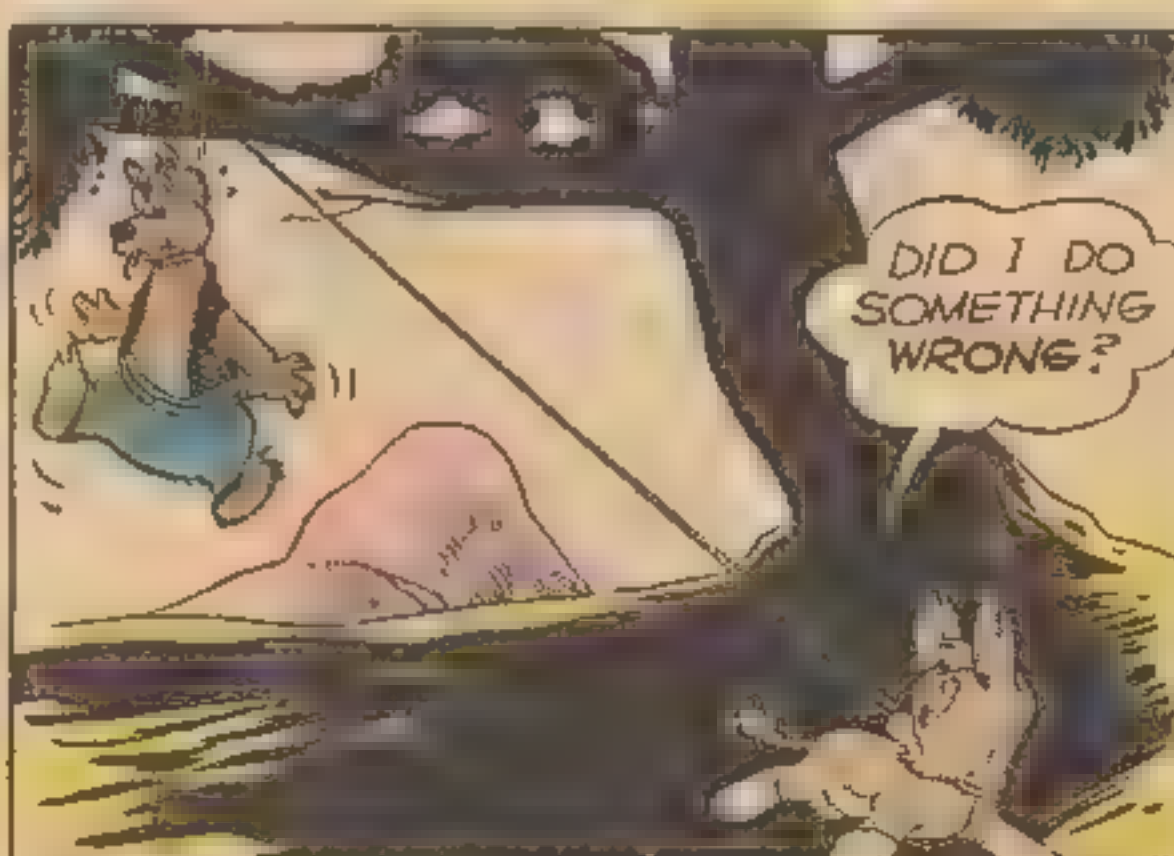
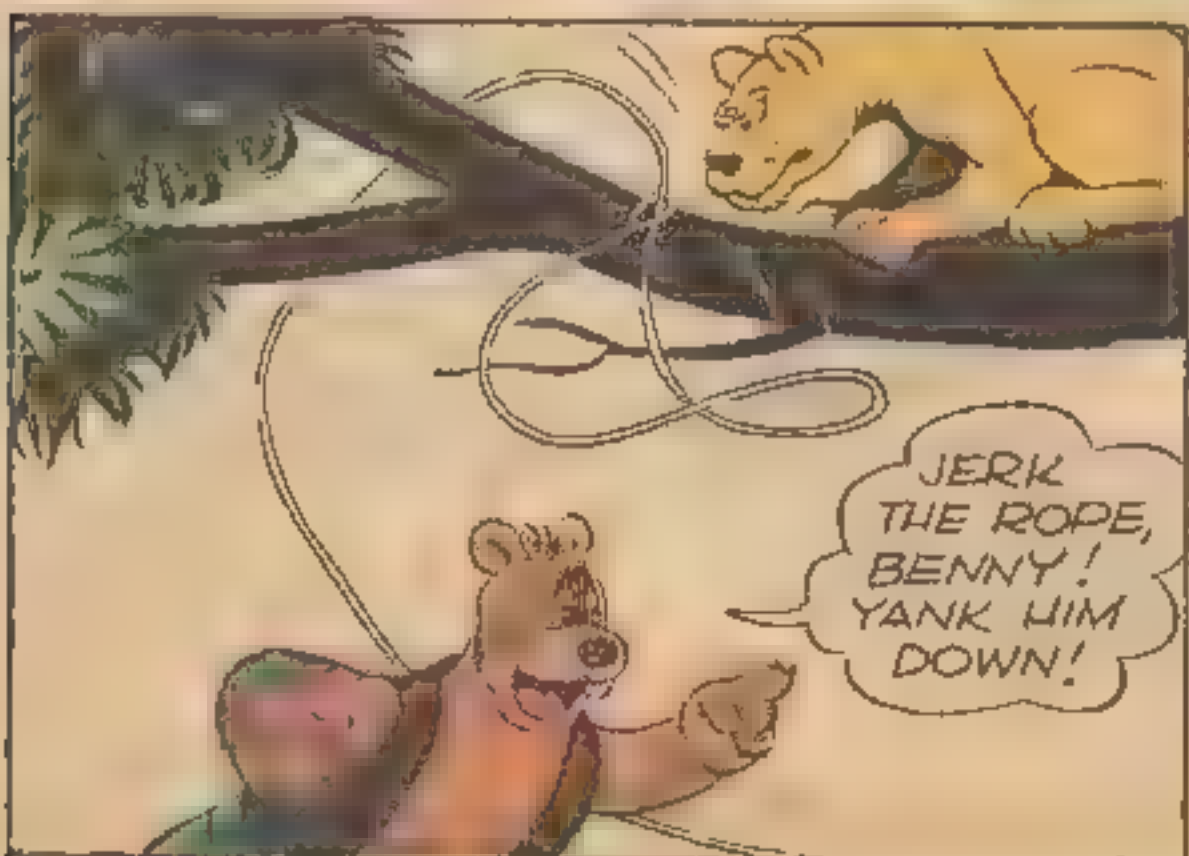


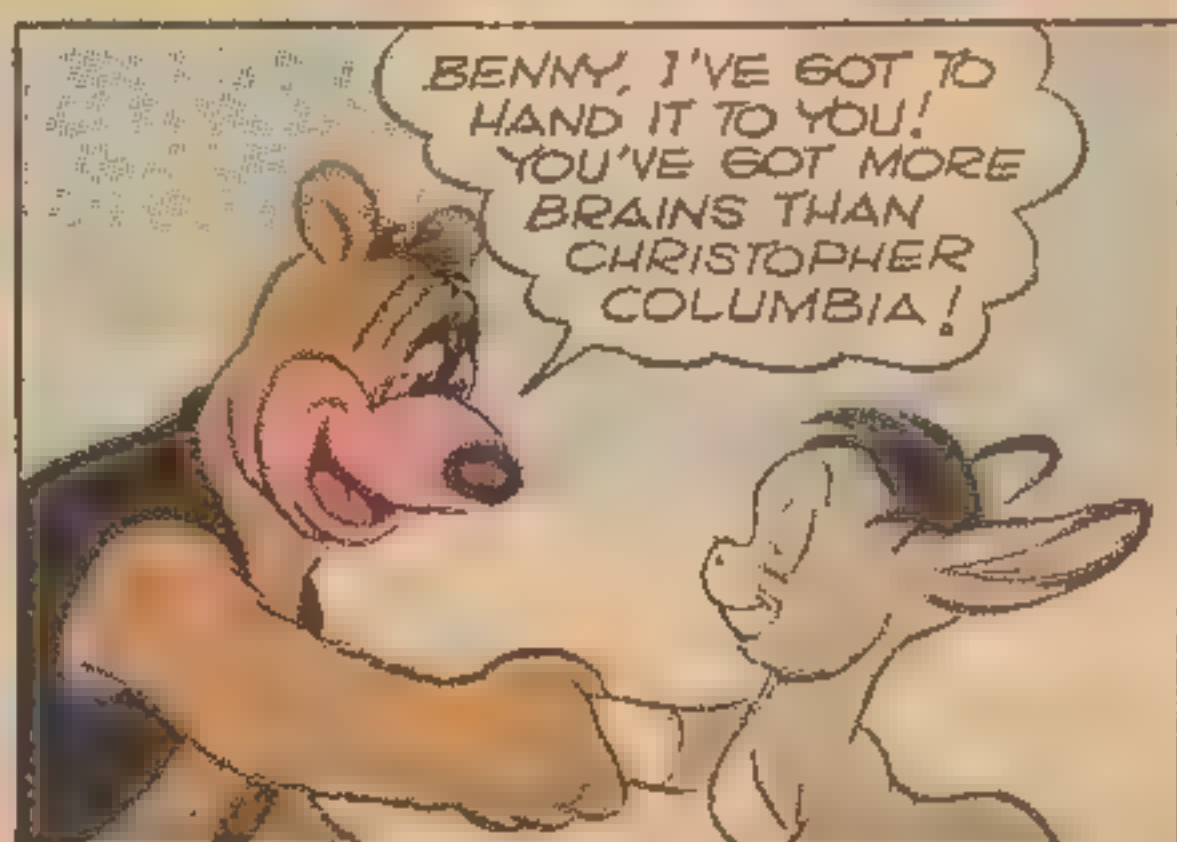
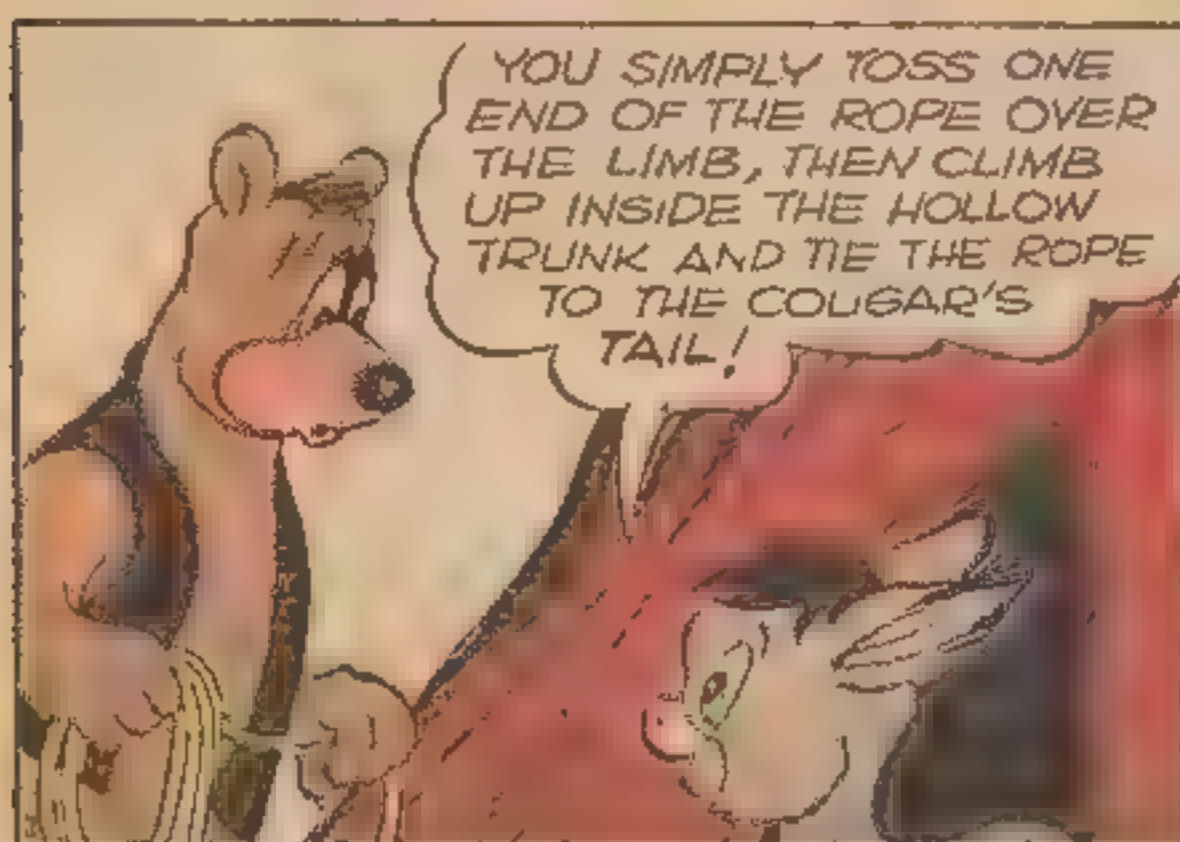
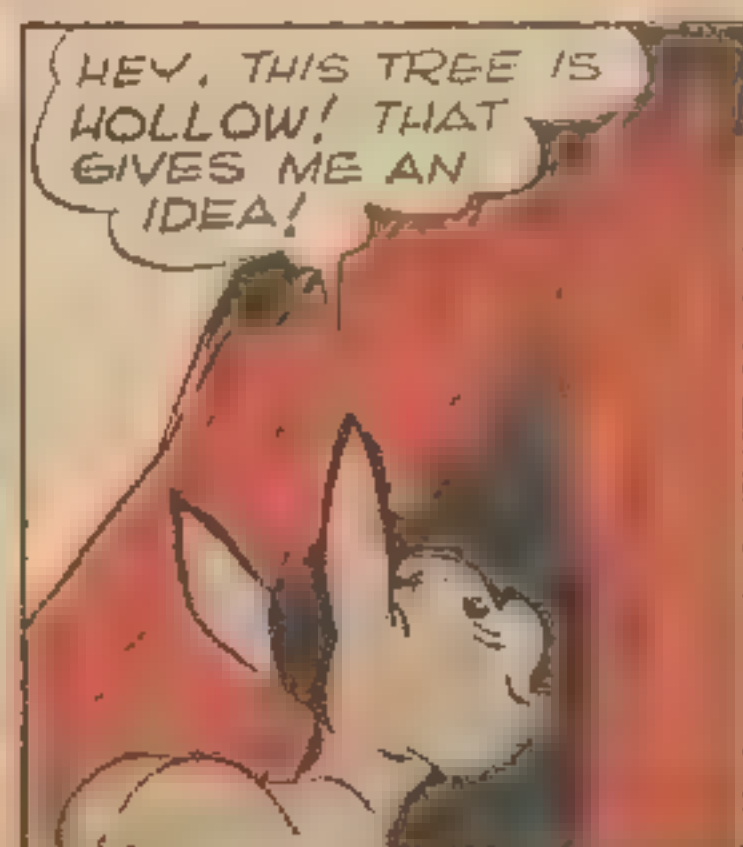
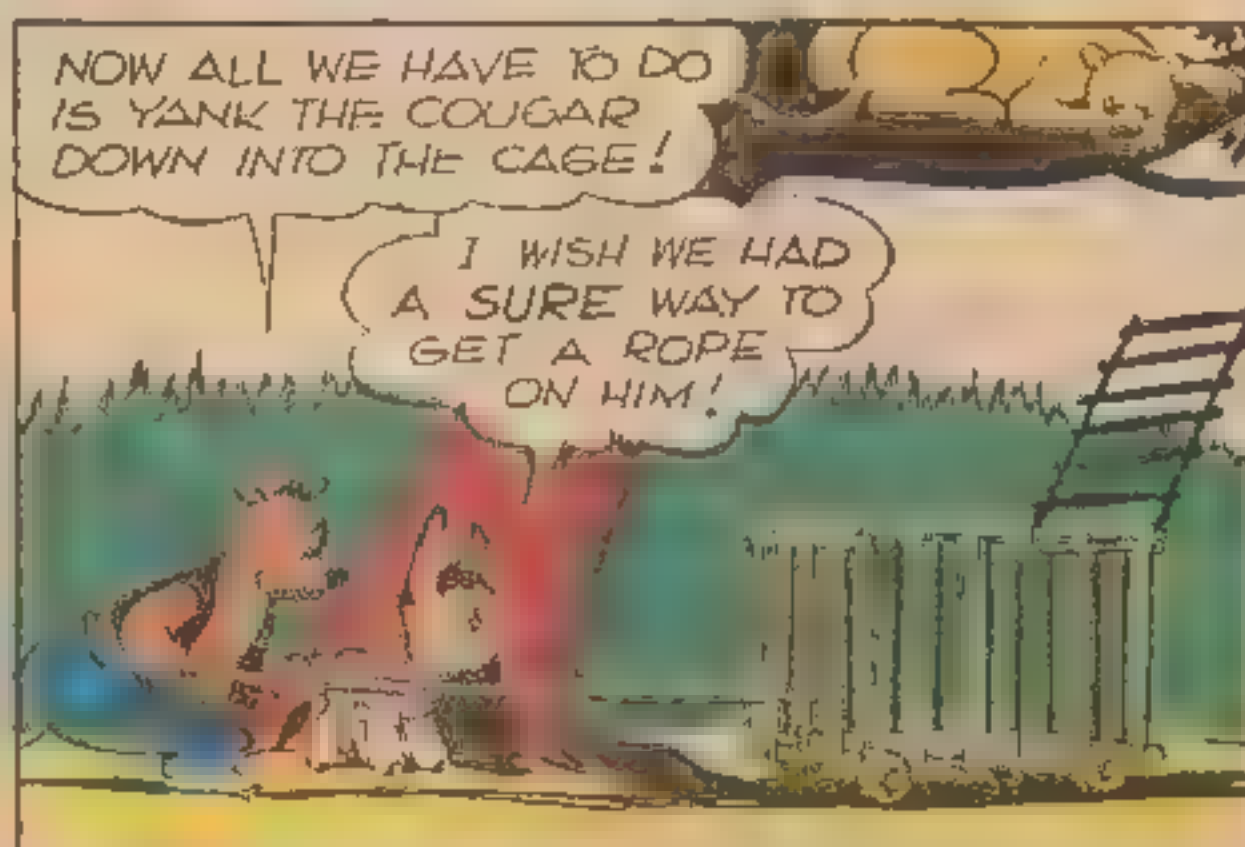
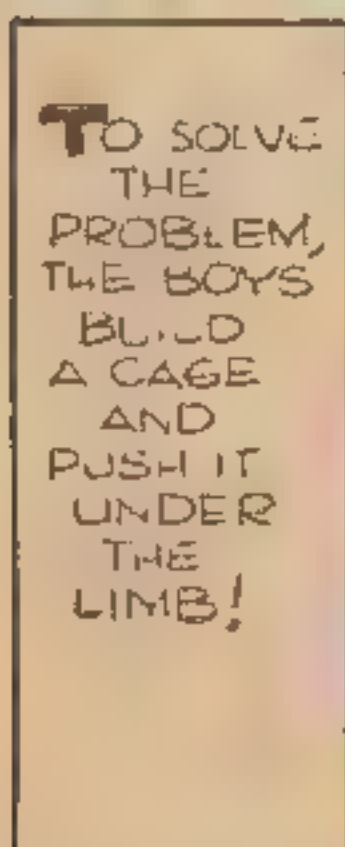
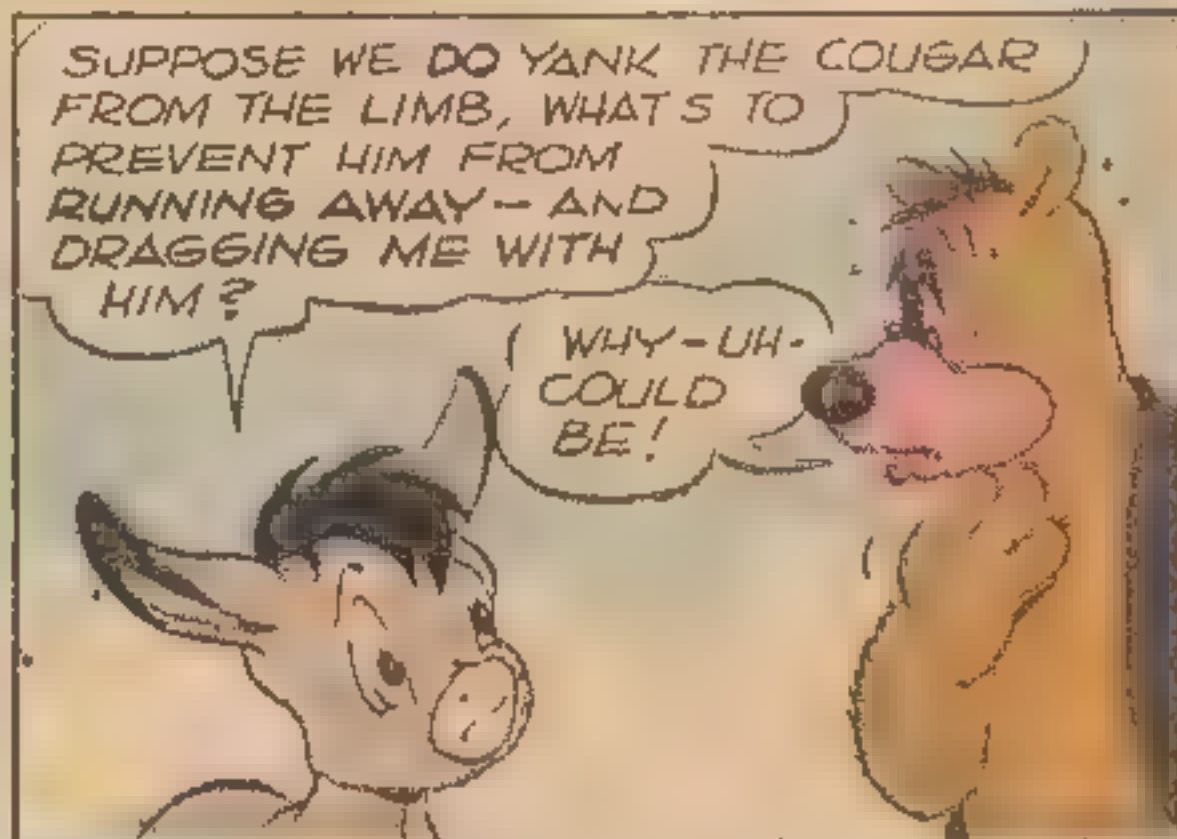
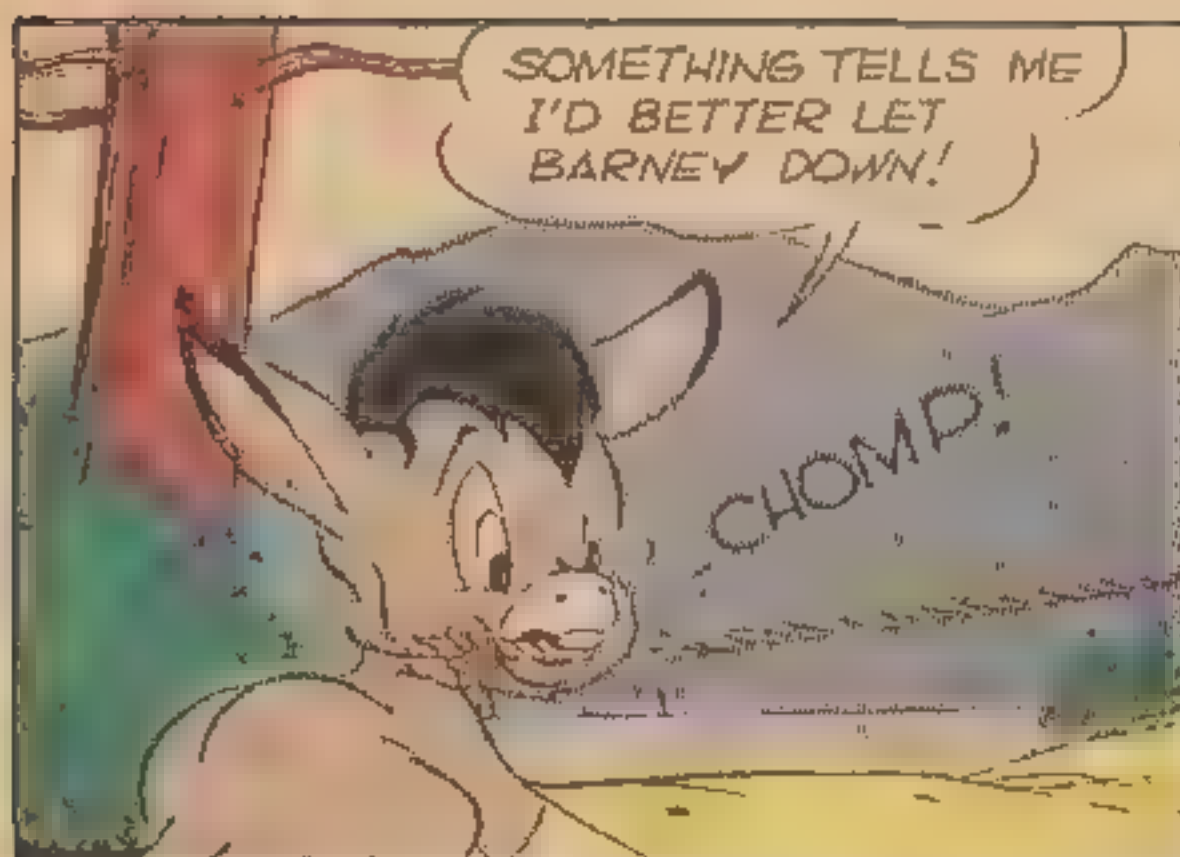


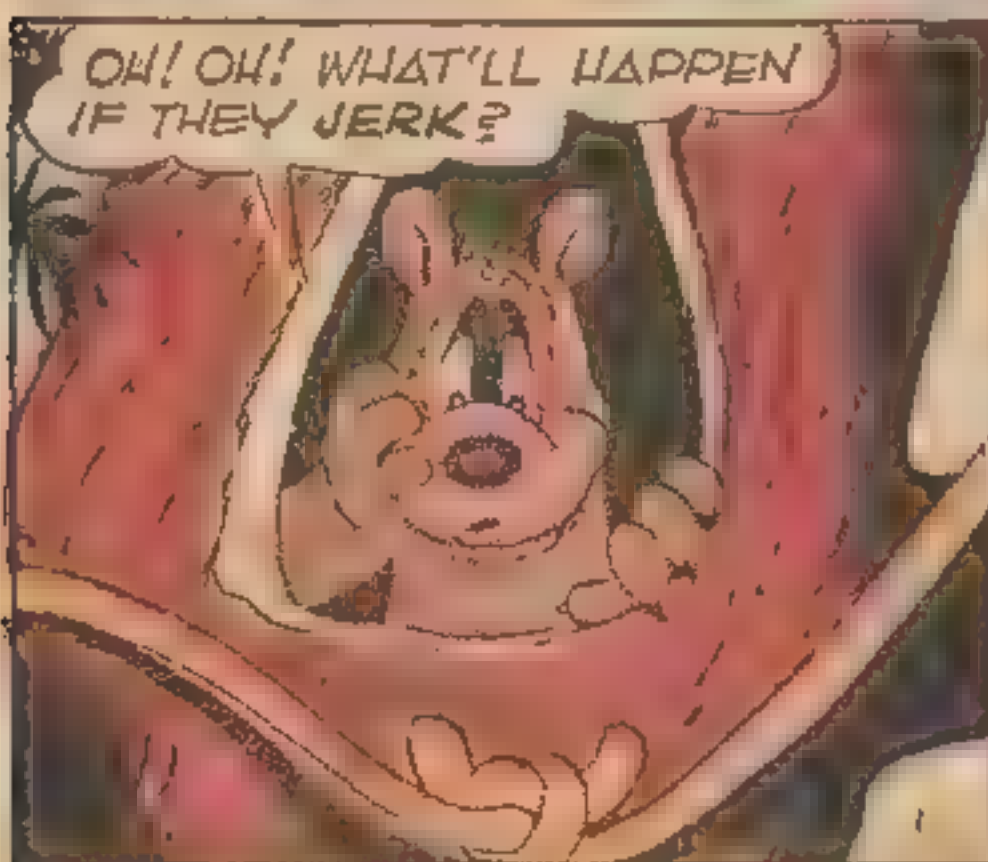
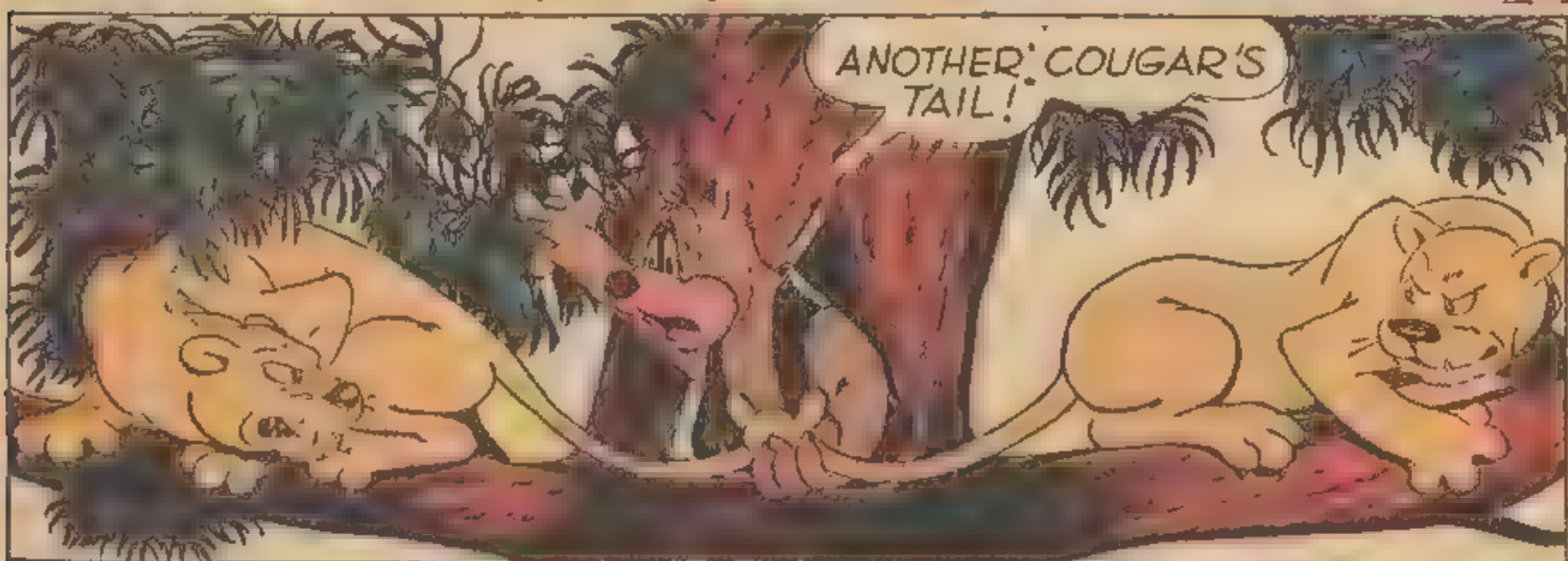
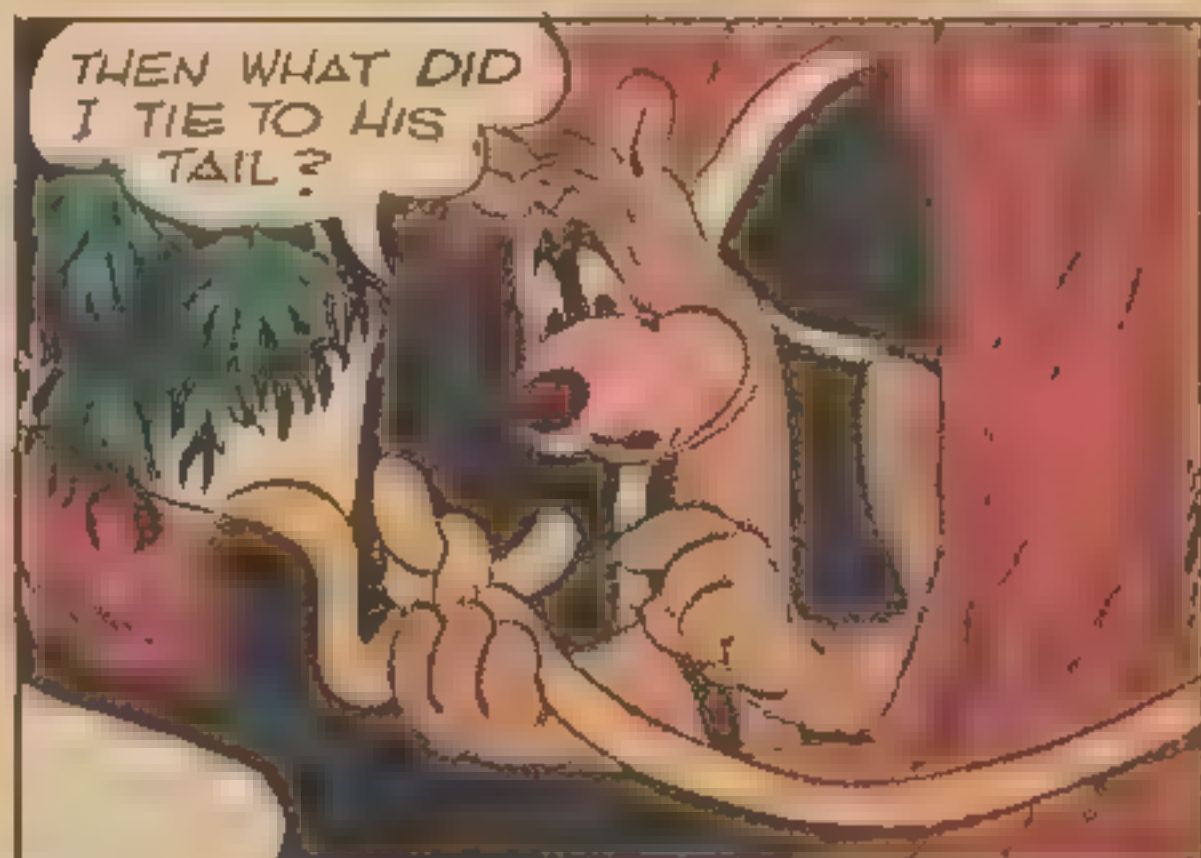
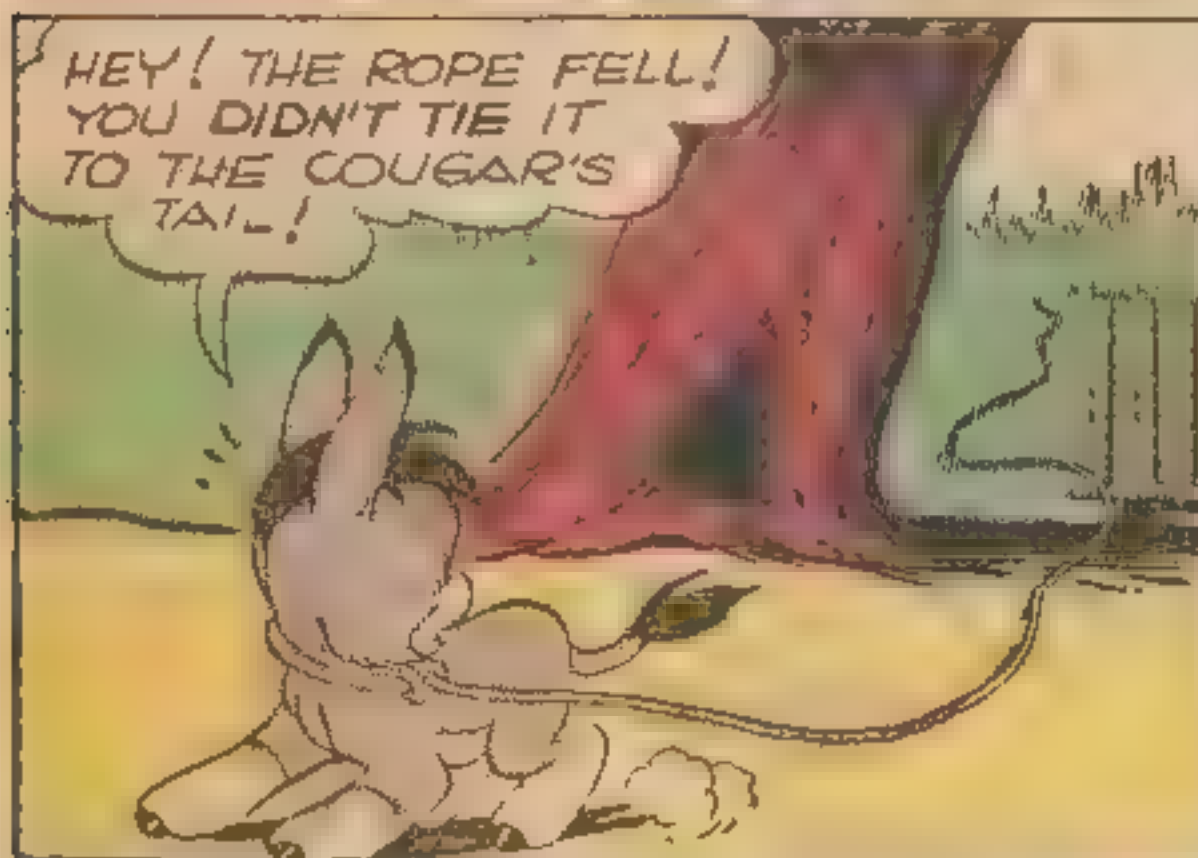
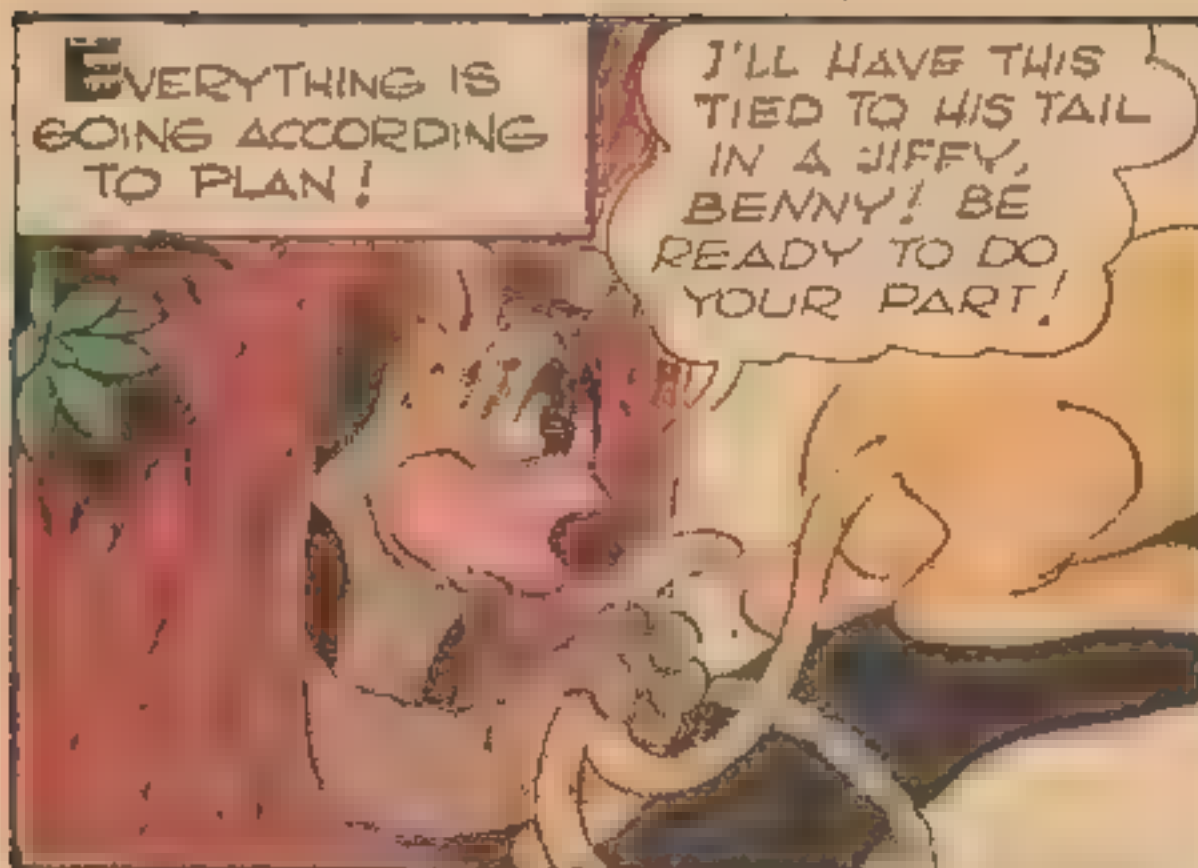


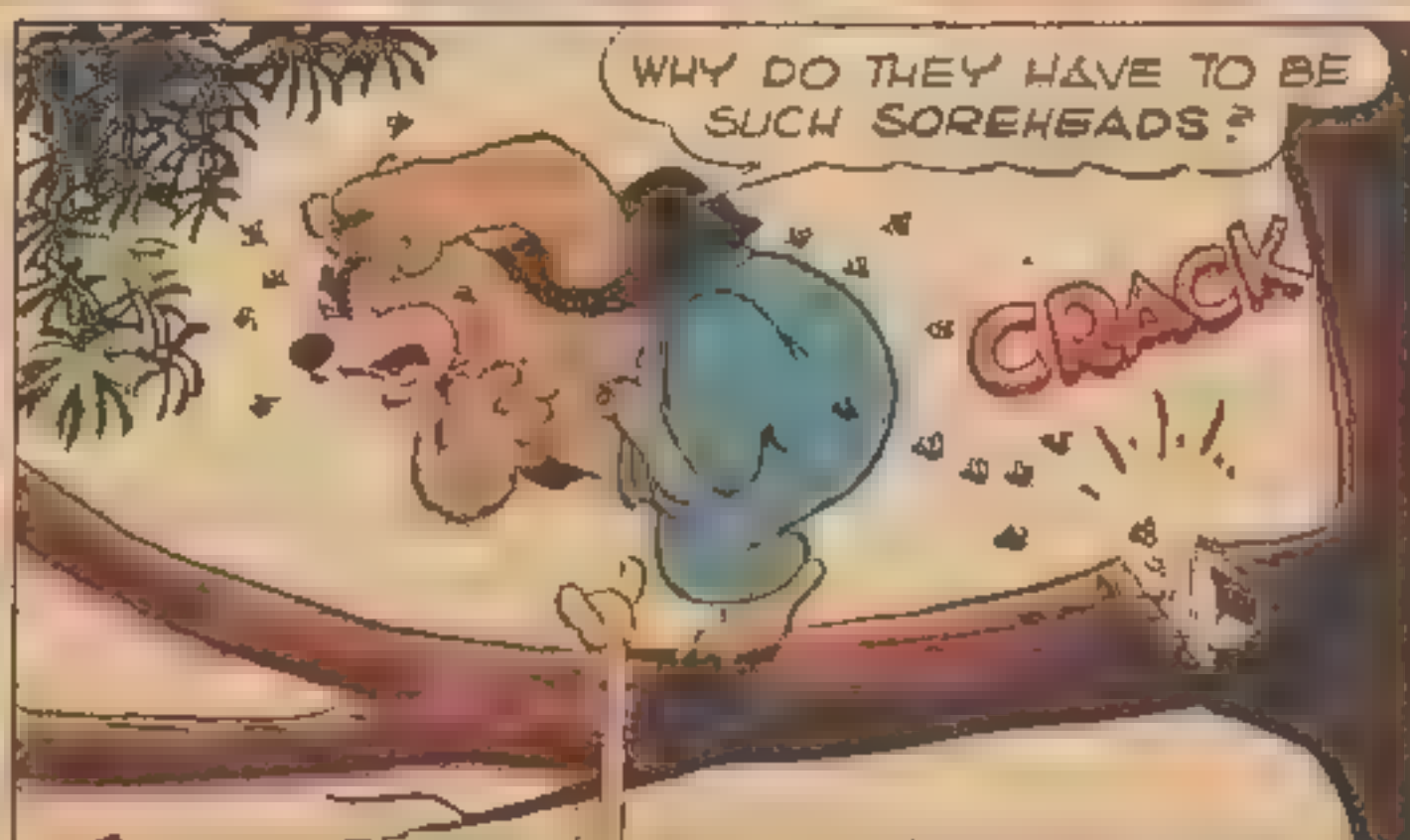
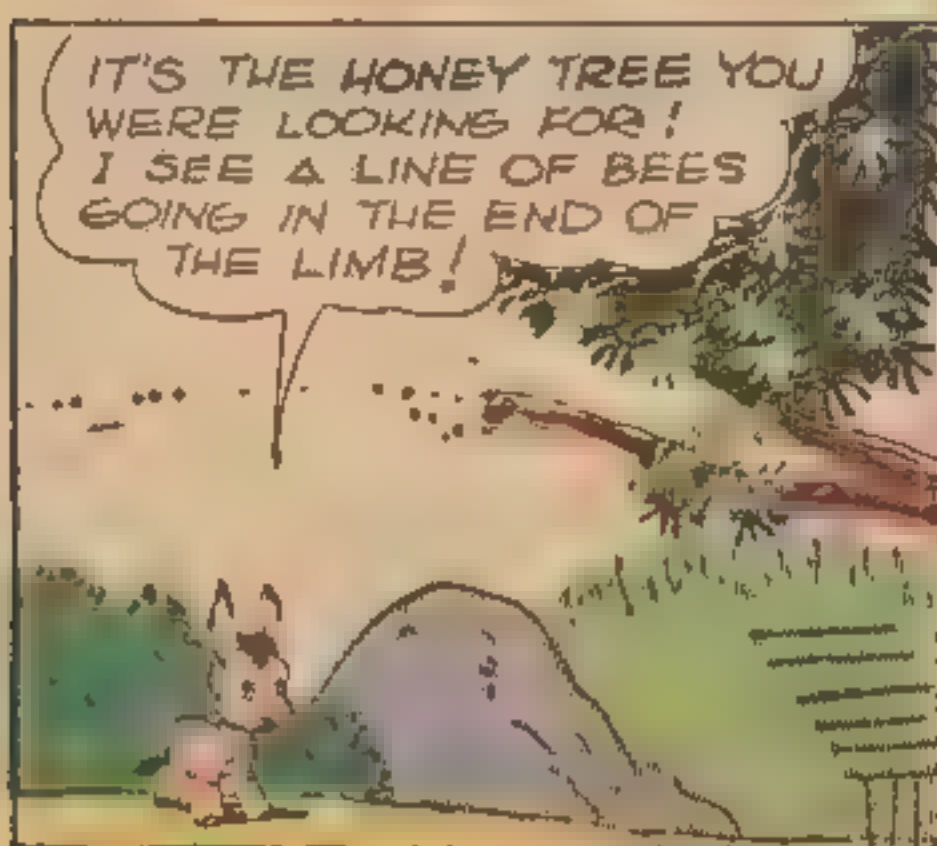
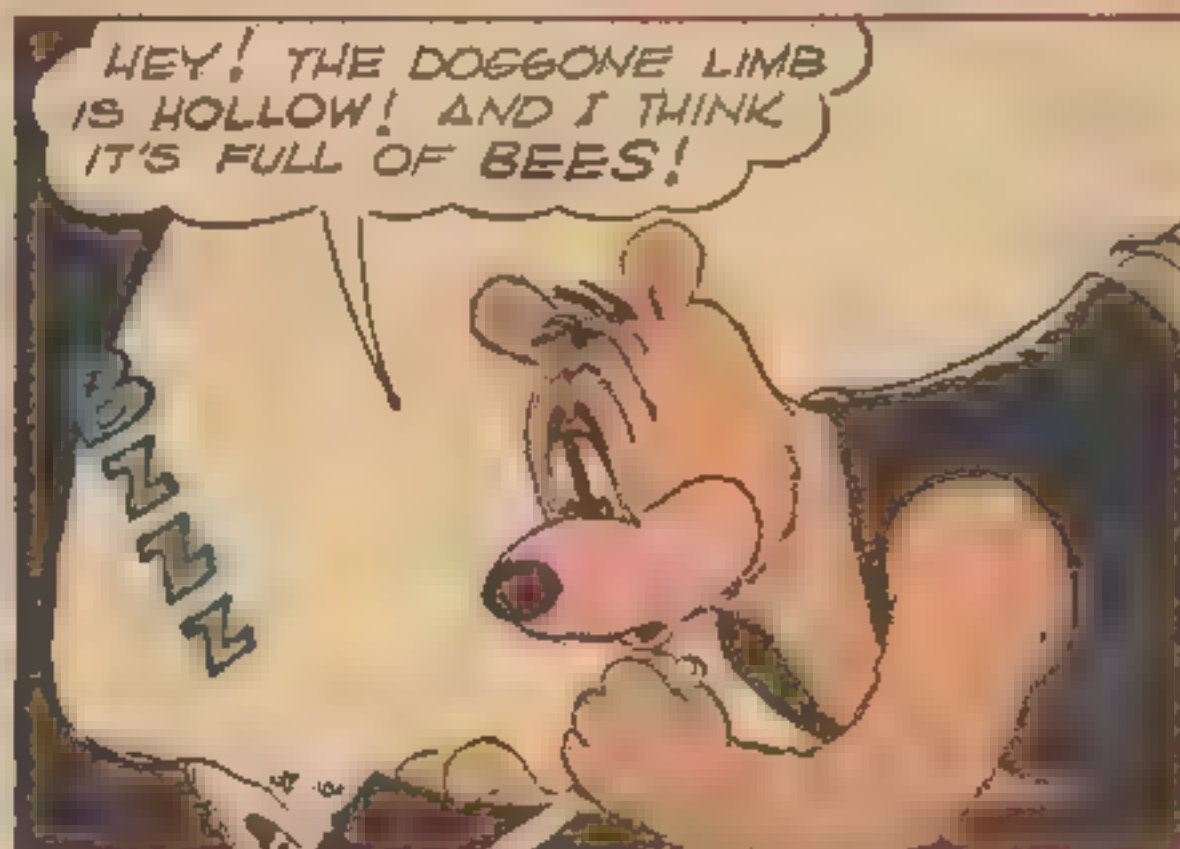
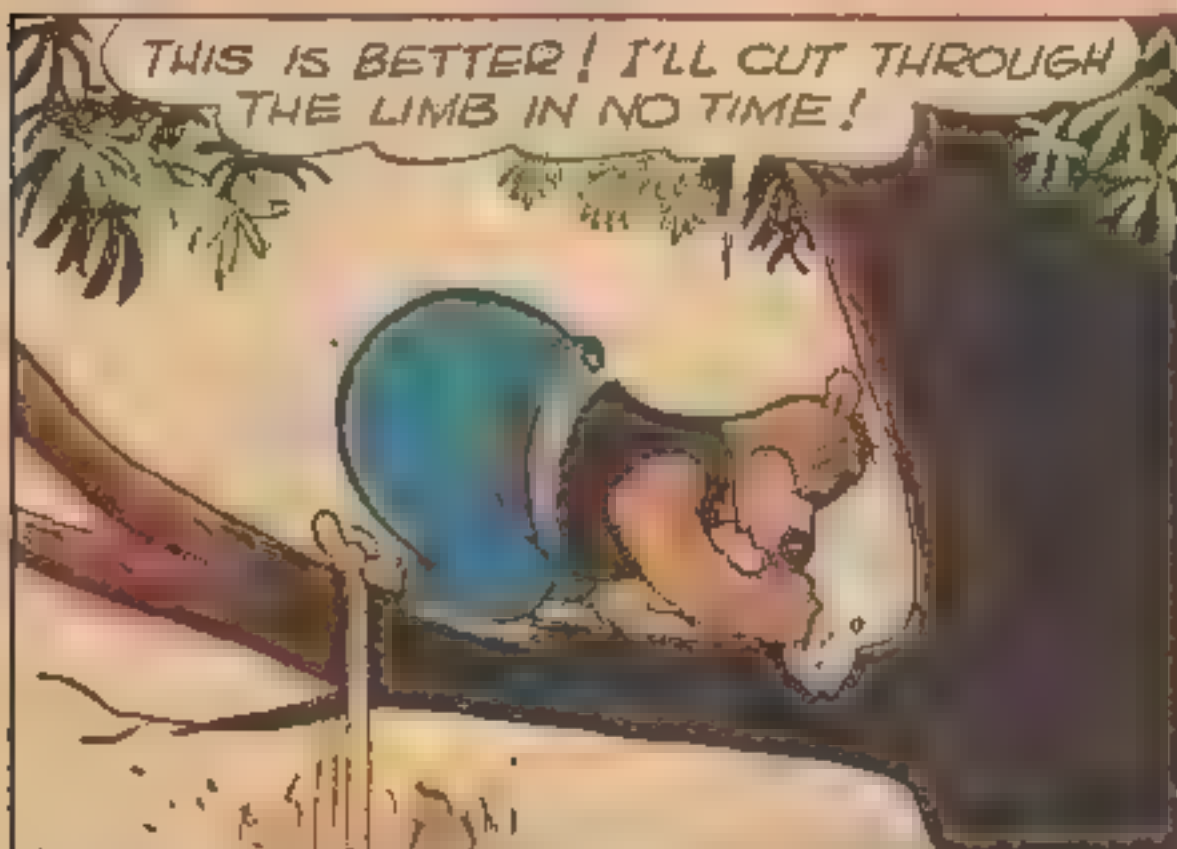
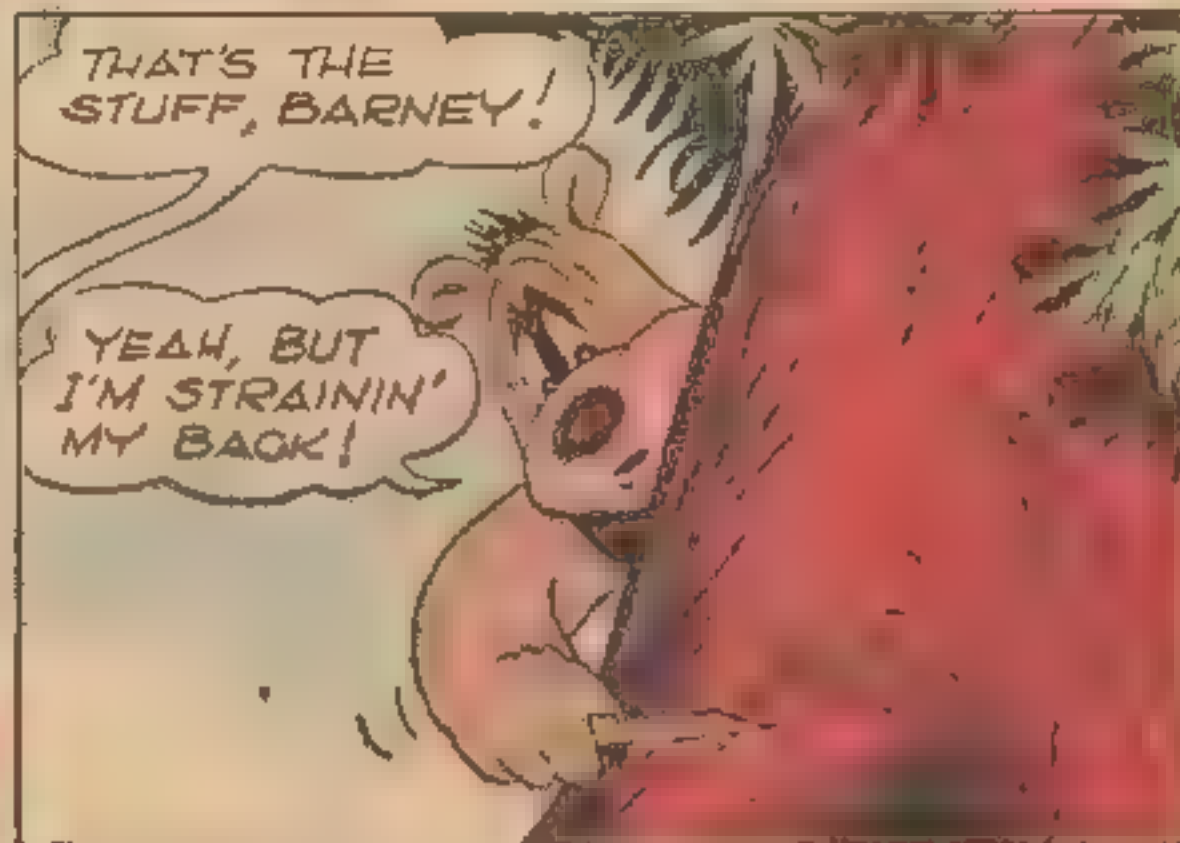
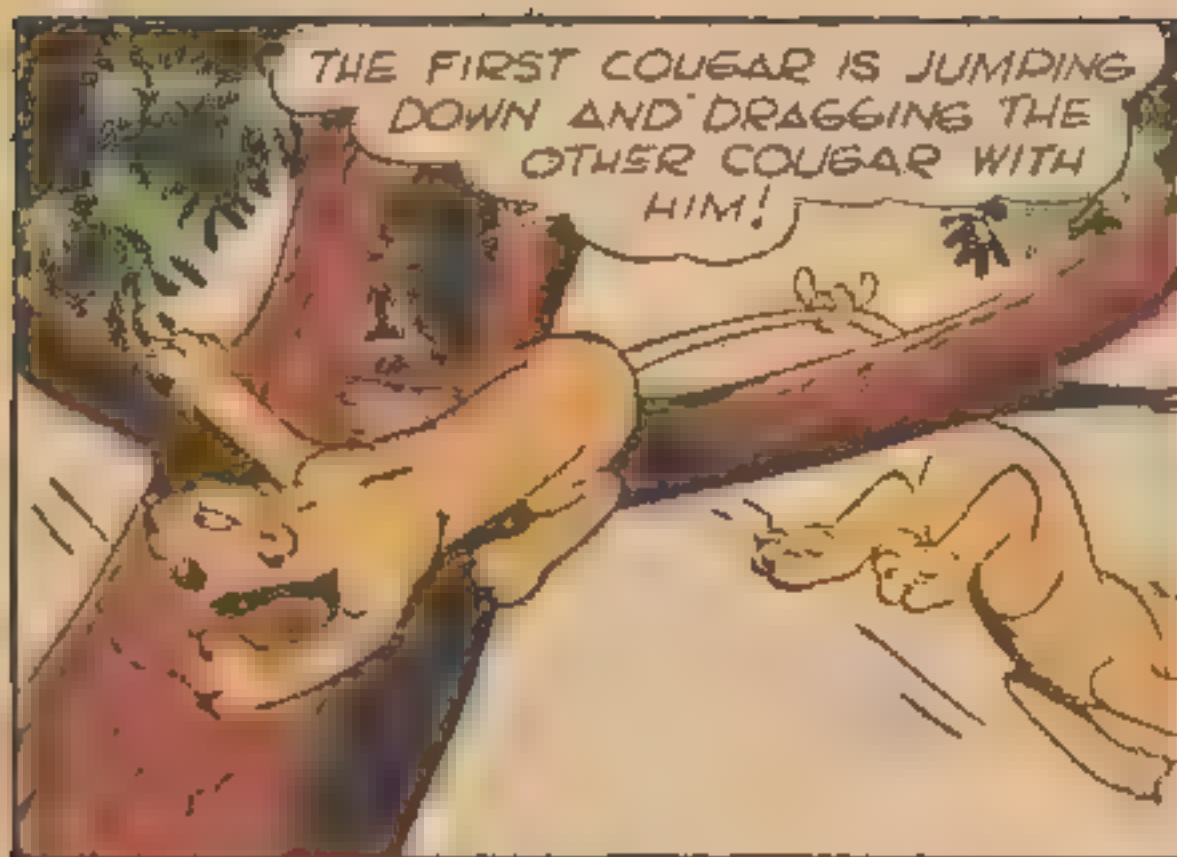


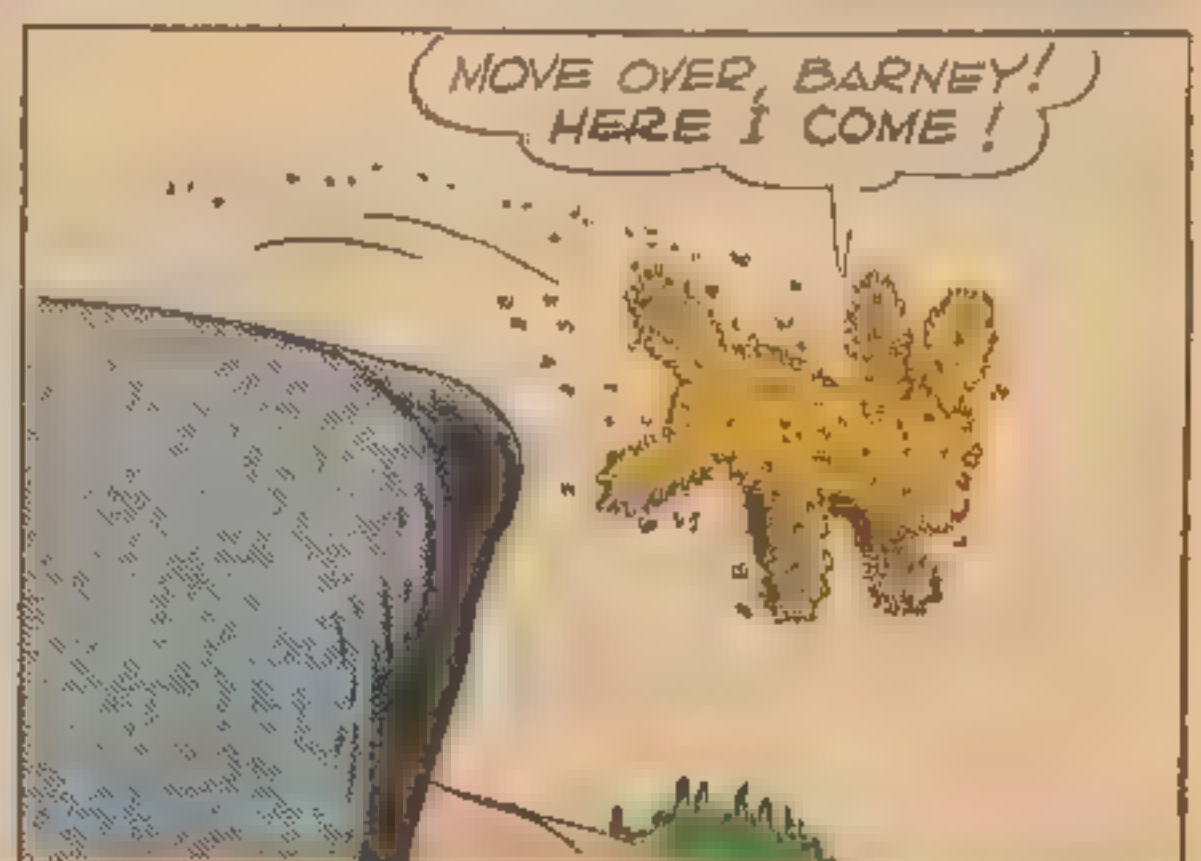
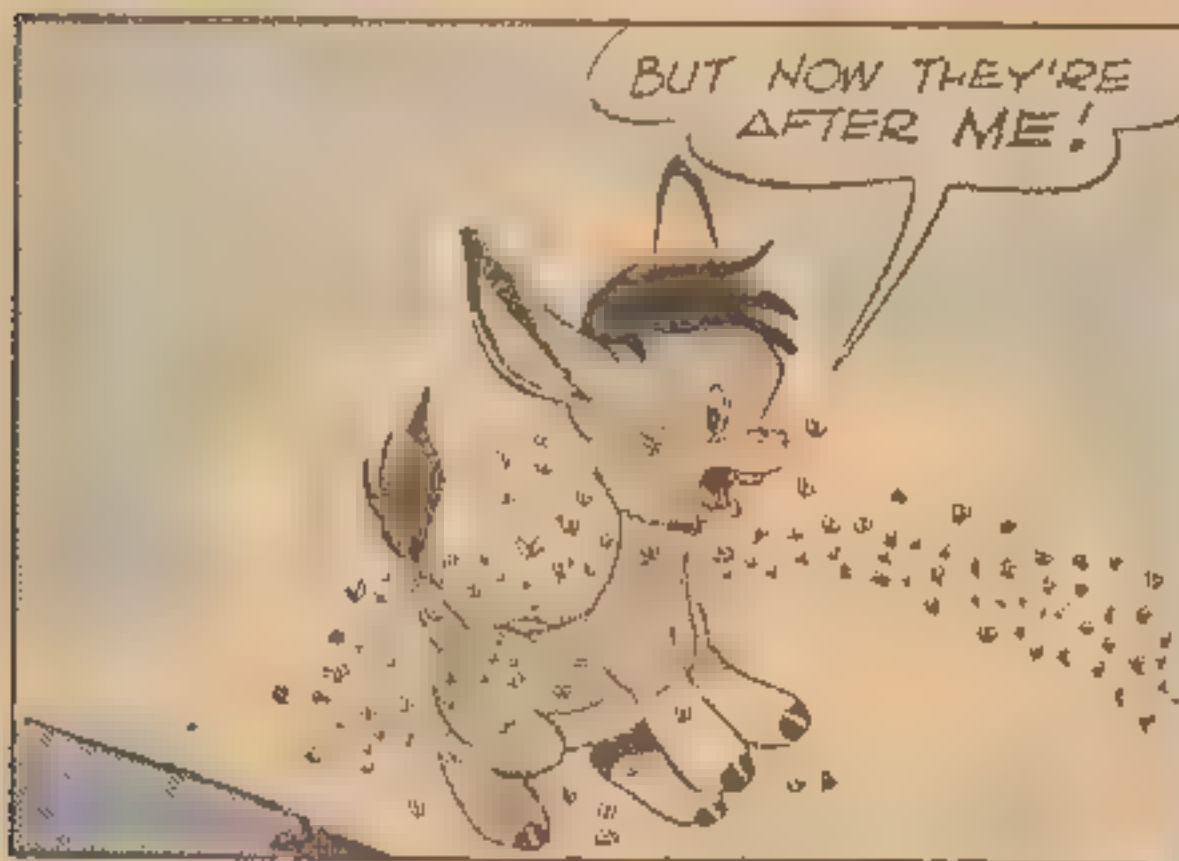
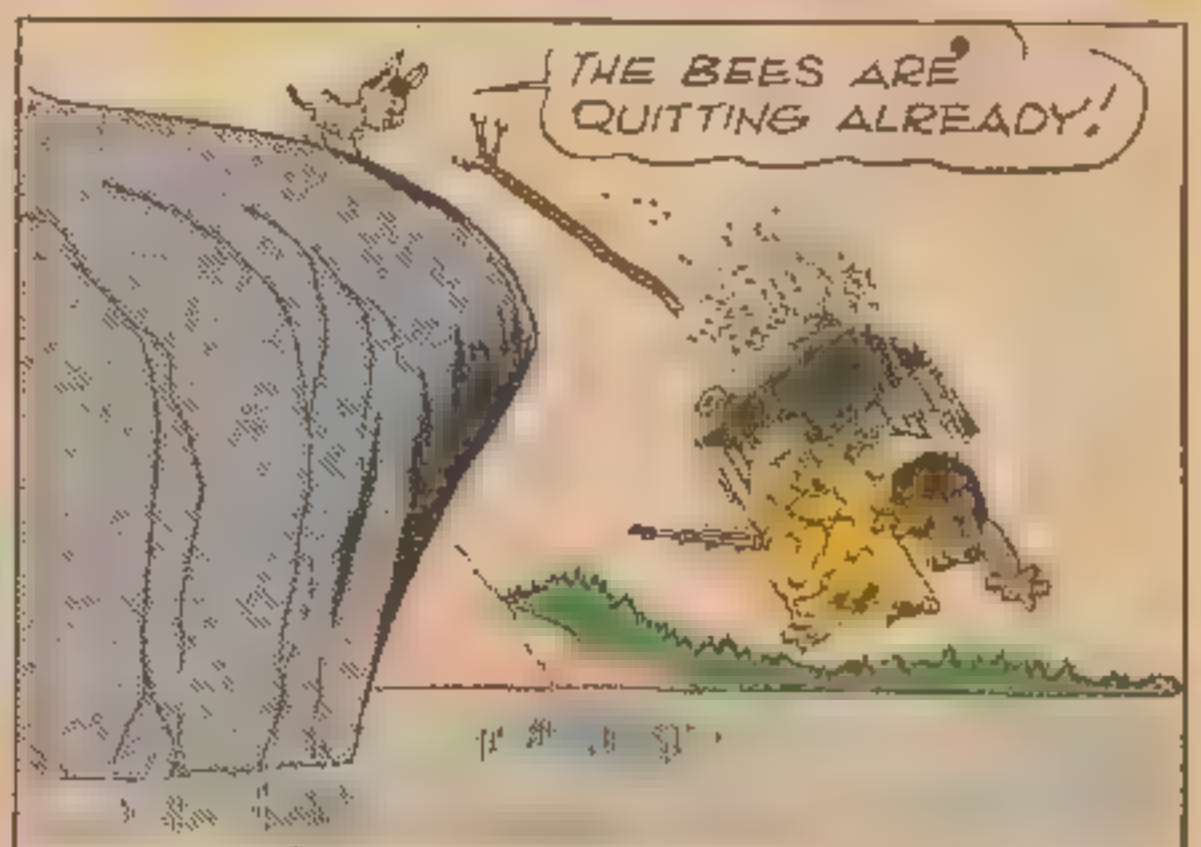
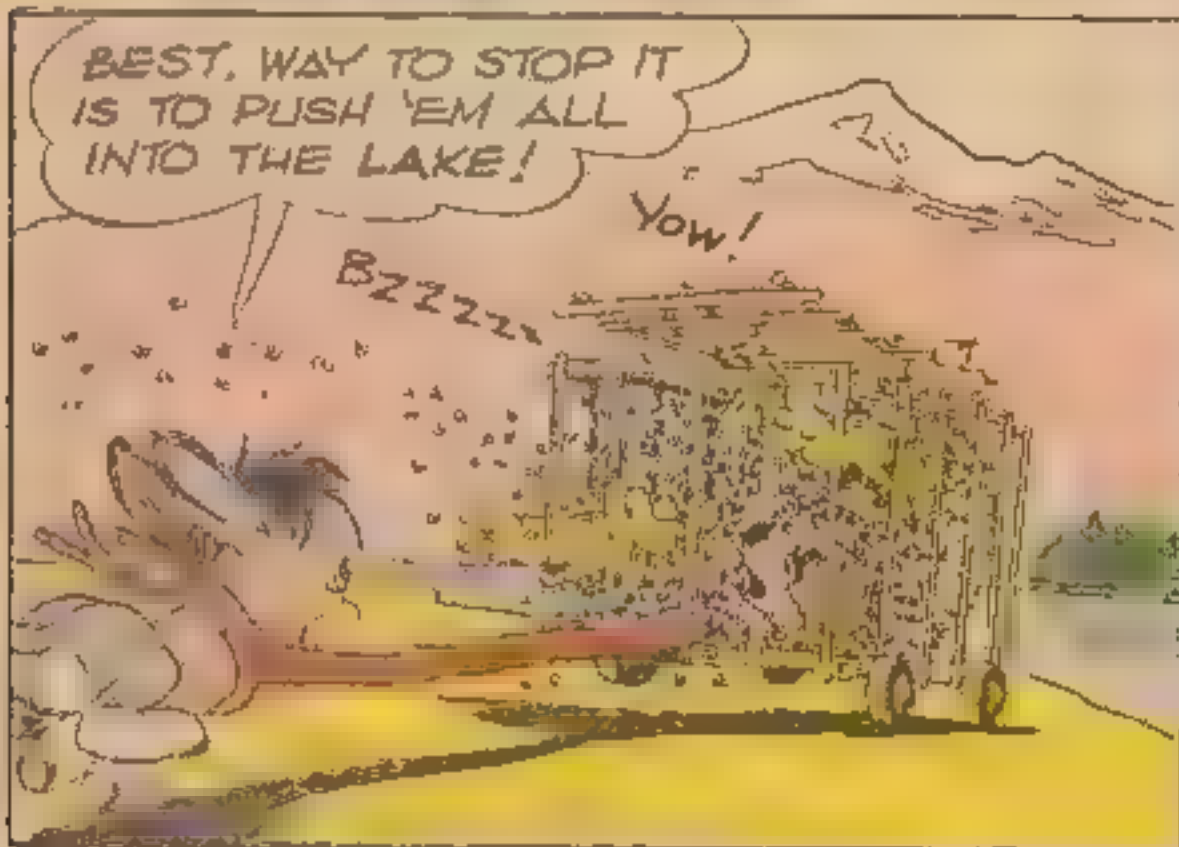
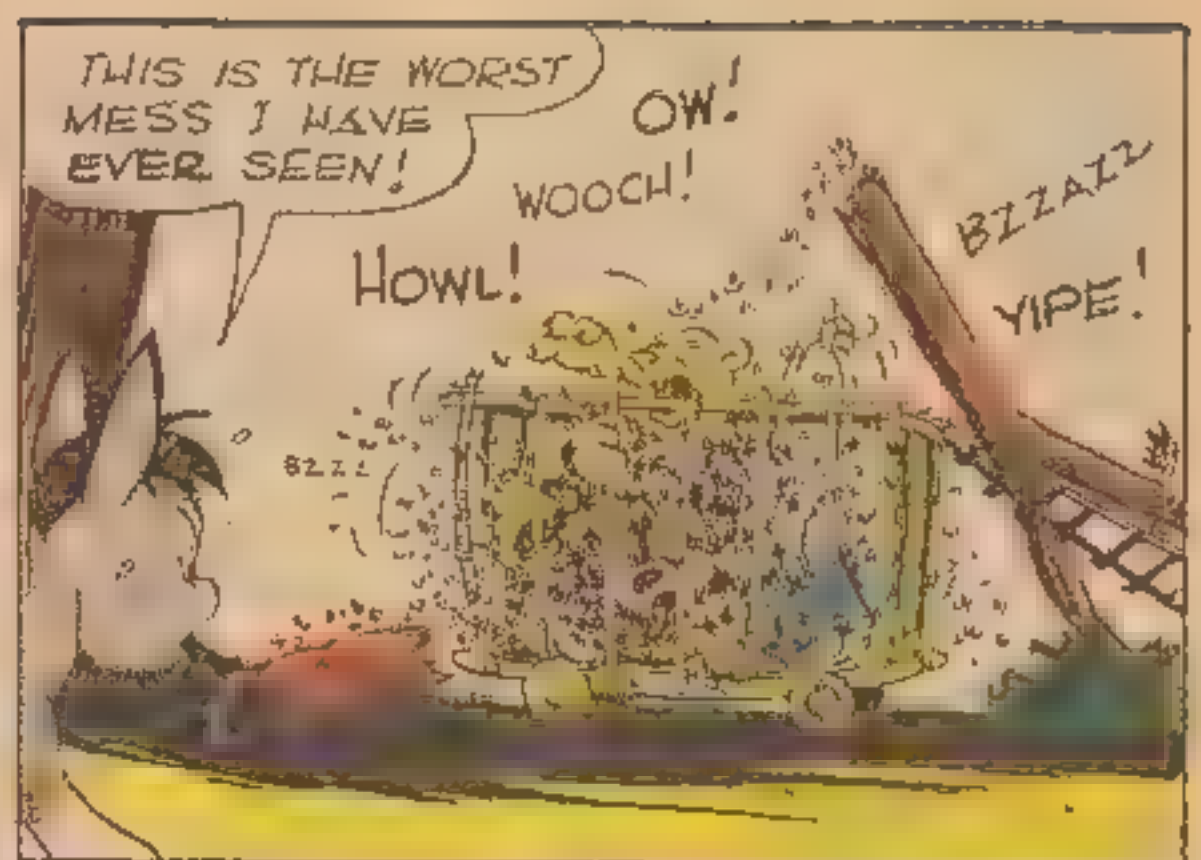
AFTER GETTING A ROPE, THEY DECIDE THAT BARNEY SHALL LASSO THE COUGAR WHILE BENNY STANDS BY TO YANK THE BEAST FROM THE LIMB!



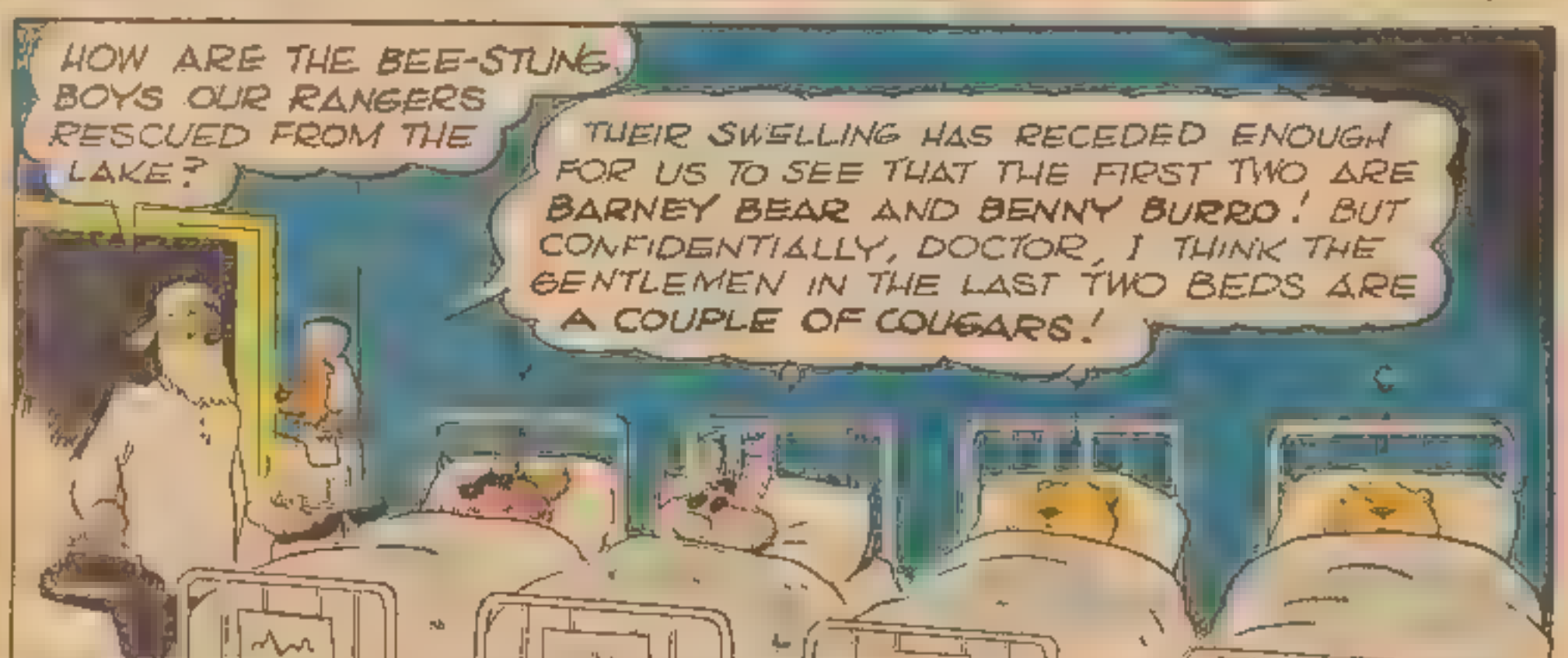








SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT THE FOREST SERVICE HOSPITAL!



BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

